

# No Diet

Digga D

Ghosty

Whip it, set it, flick it, cheff it  
Cop it, chop it, press it  
Cop it, lock it, sell it  
Rob it, fly it, drop it, dry it, it's there on demand, I supply it  
You know the coke ain't diet

Your nose to the gun then buss, lean, lean with the gun like Russ  
No one ain't dying, they lying on us, no carb in the yard then I'm flying it  
dust  
Truss, no loyalty, she's lining them up  
No royalty, your queen give it up, cheff chest and back, I'm leaving him rub  
bed (Ching)  
Up and down, no seesaw, detour, oi, dodge that neenaw  
I got 6 and if you add 3 more, then I'm somewhere where I might get recalled  
And I'm tired of seeing the can, whole ting get shell down  
(Woy-woy-woy-woy-woy-woy)  
Got the fairy .44, big bang (Bubu)  
Bro don't box like Joshua, shank game popular, do man proper, shotta  
Throw me a box and I got ya, man take risks for the pounds and prosper  
Prosper, they had me in the can like Foster, let the Star buck for the cream  
, no Costa (Cream)  
Don't really want beef, who's copying me? Some silly imposter

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Spill some juice, KA  
And it was a carnival crush when bro CJ got three in a day  
17 with a .38, praying that they come my way  
.32's, .25's and .40's, conceived in the 90's  
Born in the noughties, cover these tats' when I'm going on walkies  
No porkies, jail house filled stories  
OT, hit town, need more fiends, so I'm on the M, switch lane like Tory (Skrr  
)  
Bill up my spot and I'm leaving it gory  
Surely, surely, bro's faster, he'll do it before me (Neeaw)  
You want it? I got it, call me, I whip it and lock it at Pauly's  
This one's feeling horny  
Got a rusty ting from South with the mouth, she ain't getting more than Morl  
eys  
I'mma buss in her mouth by all means

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