

Warzone

DJ ESCO

I got the Rollie from models in shoebox, I brought 'em back out
I just got through from smashin' on tour, my booty blank out
I'm on a pill, ridin' my top off, I got that Mac out
I got a four, that half of white, I'm in a crack house
You ain't never had a gun, no caper, you don't know them licks 'bout
Finesse the same nigga three times, then had to take the plug out
I took the same pill three times, I feel like I took off
This my young nigga that grew up in the warzone

He tryna take care his own family, they puttin' a lot on 'em
I'm in Fendi, but my bitch, she from the island
It's extended because these figures, they been eyein', yeah, yeah
Before I made it, get it in the night, yeah, yeah
If I pull up on my best days, got a pocket full of racks
I got Mariam, I got Kida, that's my fourth and fifth bitch
They been ridin' with me from the beginnin' when I started this shit
I been lyin' to 'em from the beginnin', now it's hard for me to quit

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My young nigga don't smoke on swishers, but he got a Swiss account
They tried to sue the kid on battery, had to switch accounts
We gon' turn this shit to a murder scene, fuck what they think about
I clean my jewelry off with the Listerine, I done made it up
I put my crack sacks and some [?] at my granny house
We go and start a fire up anywhere like Boyscouts
Someone told me go hard or go home when I caught the Lamborghini trap
That was back, I copped the Maybach
That was that, copped the Rolls Royce
Got a 458 Spider, matte black, inside of the red one
We had to bad migo run and then the feds come
Went through the black Migos money, went platinum, was 21
We turn a money fight in the club, nigga, to a thunderstorm
I done got [?] in the air now, throwin' under arm
I just did bust out, started cryin' from all this jewlery on
I still can't believe that's me when I turn the TV on
How I'm gon' give up on me, I came out the murder zone, yeah

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