

Experience

Don Q

Yeah, Don

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah)

She know what's up, she ride with me, she gotta hold this Glizzy for me
That's my bitch, she got a business, I punch all her inventory
My homie posted on the strip, you know we gotta grip this .40
If my soldier make a hit, just trust me, it ain't Rick and Morty
I ain't worried 'bout you rappin' niggas, you ain't that familiar
I get love from the trappin' niggas 'cause I had experience
Creep so low, I damn near gotta crawl in like a caterpillar
Yeah, he told, he a rattin' nigga, but that cat'll kill you

Yeah, bitch, you know we really drillin'
Brick of fetti, I'ma sell them pills 'til I make fifty million
Pop out at them niggas show, we hit shit in the building
Scurby nigga, turn a rapper chain into some memorabilia
Dirty sipper, I'ma pour this drink, my cup filled to the ceiling
Pack of pills on me, I'ma take 'em like they penicillin
How I'm not gon' trap when my oldheads was really the kitchen?
With them pigeons, so if shit don't work out, then I still can get 'em
Brodie told me them boys cappin', we know niggas hurt
Hit that switch and cut the power off, end them niggas service
Or catch 'em lackin' at the crib, I damn near split the curtains
Pop two beans, pour me up a six, I love to sip with Percys
Remember takin' bird baths with the bitch to Turkey
I had to go and get a bag, man, that shit was urgent
Everybody can't be a star, you need a Kendrick purpose
They comin' at the door, since when you niggas get the curb?
Don't get peter rolled, I get 'em boys to green the go
Dirty .380 and I got it from the fiend I know
A scammer bitch, she send them numbers and give me the part
I ain't gon' lie, she really teach me, though, long as I keep it low
But y'all be tweakin', though
See this Patek, she gon' fuck off rip, I barely speak to hoes
Big chopper, keep a broom, I'm tryna sweep the floor
I only fuck with shooters and the robbers, you niggas be with trolls

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It's a dirty game when the shooters tellin', that's a thriller
How he sayin' names? I seen killers tell on other killers
Caramel seats, I came up from sellin' that vanilla
I gotta keep me some protection 'cause my section gettin' realer
Most ain't make it to see twenty-five, so I was worried
They either died or got twenty-five from the jury
I know niggas you can't rob, they gon' die for that jeweler
I tell 'em, "Fuck it, if they catch you, we gon' slide 'til they buried"
Ain't no sense in dyin' over shit that we can buy back
What, that boy gon' need a casket? Tell his mama buy that
They slide through bangin' drums, it sound like the hi-hat

It's in my aura and where I'm from, you know I can't disguise that

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