

Head Tap

Don Q

Yeah, yeah
Nigga dead that
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Nigga dead that
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
Bitch, get your head tapped
Nigga
Gang
Yeah, yeah

Heard 'em say them niggas comin' for me
Got nothin' on me, nigga, dead that
Heard he said he gon' get me hit, I was with' his bitch when he said that
You the nigga that was givin' clues, got my lil' homies in the fed snatched
Pussy you deserve a head tap
Head tap, nigga, head tap

I see the statement, nigga, cut the pretending
I'm not the-I'm not the one for opinions
I come in the buildin', I'm tryna be low, though
I'm duckin' photos gettin' rushed by civilians
Tell your friend we havin' group sex, you better ask them hoes what I do bes
t
I'm already icy, the summer is comin', I might have to cop me a new set
Make sure the face it flooded
Yeah, these niggas they hate to love it
If you tryna book me I might break your budget
Drippin' water tryna stay above it
Rob who? You better change the subject
Yeah, and I'm darin' a hater touch it
50 thousand worth of jewels, what I got to prove? And I waved it in public
Yeah, all of these pieces are custom made
I do not sleep, I've been up for days
I been workin' like a nigga want a raise
Now I'm the king that the hustlers praise
No more winters and why I'm probably gettin' high on the beach sittin' under
shade
I met a plug out in Cali, he told me he'll pull up on me with truck of Haze
The last scene I was last seen in the Maserati that was matte green with the
flat screens
And I zoom by off two lines and a half beam
Amiri denims and my raps clean
Follow, I left you a trail of sauce
They copy whatever we wear in sport
You see the ice through the tint when I steer the Porsche
Gang

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From the east coast to the midwest
Joy Road to Dexter and Waverly
I got some killers that play for keeps

Nigga don't play with' me, they will go cray for me
Yo' bitch wanna spend every day with me
I cannot babysit, get her away from me
I got that pipe at the show with' me, I got a loaf on me, these people payin'
' me
Shoutout to the people that pray for me
Every day Jesus was savin' me
Boopin was sendin' them head taps
If they play with' you, bruh, I'm erasin' you
Fame and all, deal and all, I be still in the field like slavery
Hundred chains like slavery
In the skyloft weighing keys, like, "Niggas ain't fuckin' with' me"
You had to pay her, I fucked her for free
That white boy got mad and turned to the Hulk
The kids in my hood want into me
[?], look at my piece
Jeweler take [?], we get it for free
Them nigga's swag, they get it from me
Don Q famous, he still in the streets, bitch
Let me clear the air
Niggas don't compare
All my bitches gettin' money, got [?] and sell hair
Rolly Prong set, whole neck wet
Real nigga with' a check, niggas ain't a threat
What you hear?

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