

Dad

Duwap Kaine

Ayy, Nine9 really kickin' shit, you heard?
Nine9, made it!

Uhh, niggas flex they bands, they look pitiful
And I be flexin' on these niggas till it's critical
Swear these niggas stealin' swag like a criminal
They can never get it right, man, that shit difficult
I be geeked up, you think I'm focused
OG in my lungs, what I'm smokin', yuh
Flexed up when a nigga hit the surface, yuh
In the hills so I ain't got no service
Niggas flexin' wrong, I swear they defeat the purpose
Smokin' Backwoods, not no bong, I wake up, the birds chirpin'
I'm not from Atlanta but I'm in my zone
Was stuck in the trap, you can call it my home
Money keep callin', I pick up the phone
I was servin' the ice cream with no cone
Had to Quit the lean, sippin' two styrofoam
You know what it is, I'm that dude
Rockin' designer, shit, I think it's cool
I hop out the Uber, I'm makin' a move
And I made this song, just so you can groove
Been on the block, what I got to prove?
Had to calm down, I got somethin' to lose
Had to pick the 'Rari, like I couldn't choose
Bitch, you know-Bitch, you know-Bitch, you know I'm the truth
Too much money, can't walk in my shoes
Run it up, can't worry bout you
You wanna be me 'cause I'm droppin' the roof
Told my bitch, "ben look better than you
Fuck twelve, what the fuck is a rule?
Diamonds wet like a motherfuckin' pool
Icebox when you look at my jewels
Turn the A upside down like a bat
You talkin that shit, I ain't worried 'bout that
Smokin' on green like a black cat
Yo' rollie tickin like a hi-hat

Gettin' this cash, know niggas mad
Workin hard like I was my dad
Take his bitch, man, I feel like my dad
In a foreign car, man, I feel like my dad
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