

Scripture

Duwap Kaine

Kaine, I love you, daddy

I can't, I can't fuck with you
And I get high like a quality picture
Came with your partner, then your friend gon' die with you
Sipping lean, no Sprite in the mixture
Walking sicko, I feel sicker
Stick on me, bullets stick like a sticker
Bullets hit him, make your man read a scripture

Yeah, still sipping
Bitch nigga, yeah, I need a prescription
Trap booming like a motherfucking business
Hollow tips hit him high, he still living
Keep hating 'cause this just the beginning
Too many killers with me, they vicious
Got a bad bitch with me, look delicious
Got mob ties, throw your ass with the fishes
Why the fuck you doing all that for bitches?
Too much money for me to mention
You bet, riding around in a Beam', not a Hellcat, bitch
Gas stay on me, yeah, you smell that shit
Got a badass bitch, you got a stale ass bitch
All that work, you can't sell that shit?
Good gas got niggas mailing shit
Can't sell it for retail, bitch
Before the win, I took a L, bitch
She said, "I'm broke," I can tell, bitch
Change your clothes 'cause you smell, bitch
Put up racks and they failed to hit
Once them opps slide and them Glocks hit
Draco's under my stick, I got too many options
They love my shit, they be vibing
New whip, I'ma cop it
Smoking A1 crop, bitch
You an informant, you a cop, bitch
Ride low, twelve can't stop shit
Gang going brazy like a moshpit
.50 round all in the moshpit
Smoking cat piss, smoking cow shit

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