

WALKED IN

Eem Triplin

Yeah, I-I-

I just walked in, I'm the richest nigga, let's go band for band (Sauron)
I'm the man, I said, "Fuck my ex," won't see that bitch again
Rubber band, I'm the rubber band, rubber band man
I got hoes just so that you know she probably one of those
At the show, none my opps better be posted at the show
Give a fuck what you heard about or what you fuckin' know
Bitch, I'm posted, with a Glock 43 up under this coat
Nigga try me then I put him on a bench like I'm the coach

Hoes mad, I'd be mad too, I'm all a ho had
Hit the scene, my hoe 38, she ridin' in that Jag
AMG GT 53, you see me ridin' past
Pretty E, bitch, I'm pretty Eem, the nigga of your dreams
Watch your tone when you speak to me (Yeah)
'Cause I rock with a real piece on me
I heard that boy wanna feature me
But he can't afford my feature fee (Hahaha)
Move out the hood to the suburbs, I be where all my teachers be (Ha)
Get off your ass and get you a job, that's where your broke ass need to be

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Uh, I went from rags to riches, bitches you have (Sauron) I had them bitches
(Yeah)
I'm the only nigga from my fuckin' city to run up a milly on my business (On
God)
And I keep it fifty-
fifty, not a hundred 'cause I do not trust you with my business
Call me Walt White in the fuckin' studio, cookin' like I am a chemist
If I said shit then I meant it, uh
You a bad liar and you broke (That's tough)
You still owe me money, bruh, don't act like it's up
She came through with her friend I ain't fuckin this up
She a goth bitch so I'm fucking her rough
So focused on money I can't fall in love
Only put my trust in the powers up above
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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