

3:35

El Snappo

3:35 in the morning, nigga
(You're a hitman)
It's like 3:35 right now
It's like 3:30, look
Uh

A real trapper, I know how to get that shit gone
I could set up shop on any block, got junkies on my phone
Dish detergent, Pyrex pot, put my wrist in a bowl
Got my wrist on froze, I came up from sellin' stones
I'm in my own lane, I ain't tryna keep up with the Jones
Snappo too original, these other rappers clones
Fuck a feature, I don't wanna do a song
A real street nigga, stickin' to the G code
Uh, life short, I want my money long
Pull up double-R, the paparazzi up they camera phone
Fuck nigga, I'm goin' Illuminati on every song
Uh, I ain't got no heart whenever I up the chrome
All I know is dope, huh, coke, huh, push-start
Drive the fuckin' Cullinan like it's a go-kart
You don't want no fuckin' problems, nigga, don't start
Huh, run up, think I'm Homer Simpson, show you that I'm Bart
Up the lighter, a nigga gettin' sparked
I'm the motherfuckin' largest, I think I'm Mozart
In the studio, I'm moving slow, I'm on that Wockhardt
Huh, if I'm a bitch, then pull my ho card
My wrist on froze, I came up from sellin' stones
I'm in my own lane, I ain't tryna keep up with the Jones
Snappo too original, these other rappers clones