

Walking Dead

Famous Dex

Walking through the trenches
Money in my britches
30 in my pocket
Hollows in this rocket
Smokin' till I'm weezin'
Ball out every season
Count more than my teachers
100k for features
(6k for my finger
My pockets never empty
Lil boy, don't come near me
Shooters, they crazy, doin' hits out the Bentley
Sippin' none' but wop
Dope in my sock
Write your name on the Glock
We kick in your door, never talk to the cops)

These niggas phony and fake
That boy gon' talk to the jakes
Eat all my shrimp with the steak
Take all his food off his plate
These niggas don't know the plot
Pull up and pop out his top
Blowin' this dope out the roof
Run up with slide and finish the lot

That lil' boy don't want war
Tell me what all is his fuss about
Them boys just snatched his chain
Caught the man lackin' in the parking lot
40 on me it go boom
I fuck his bitch in a room
Maserati it go zoom
Born in the Chi, boy, I came from the zoo
(They knew we came from the zoo
30 shot on me, I aim it at you
Smokin' on glue
My bitch from Peru
Lackin', end up on the news
Hit that boy with the tool
Diamonds on me feelin' cool
Hundred bitches in the pool)
Hundred bitches in the pool
They sniffin' that coke, man they thinkin' it's cool
They get so high, like the moon
Pickin' it up, I'm so rude
Twenty-five for some jewels
Bankroll my pocket, Margiela my shoes
I know this boy wanna be me
Diamonds so cold, I got AC, yeah

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