

Kill Shit

Fat Nick

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All these drugs got me numb, I can't feel shit
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Choppa, choppa, where you at?
This 30 make a running back
Pop a perc, pop a flat
Blew these bands and made 'em back
Hey, watch out, come my way
Creepin' where he stay
Keep it low, in the bushes, migo let it spray
I know you hate me, maybe want to rape me
Your pockets [?], your money still wary
You thuggin' on Twitter, in person you playin'
Ain't gettin' no check, your career, it be drainin'
We shootin', no aim bitch, [?]
These pussies ain't with it, just suck it and take it
Rico on the thousand, you still get allowance
My diamonds, they jumpin, the money still uppin'
Pullin' up, we fool 'em
Why you think my toolie boolin'?
Ed just mad she losin'
Runnin' back, I know she droolin'
Skrt skrt skrt, I'm outtie
All these narcos up inside me
Lean lean lean, I'm leanin'
I can't feel my fuckin' body
All my figures flexin' now
Trap house jumpin' off the ground
MAC-11, let it rip
[?] about a hit
No, no, no, can't fuck with me
Oxys swept me off my feet
Ya girl, she bought a meet and skeet
A pretty price to fuck on me

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