

Elite

Fat Trel

(Yung Lan on the track)

Ah

(Damn, TBDigital)

Phew, phew, phew

Yeah, ayy, ayy (Go, go)

Hold up

I pulled a strap out the side of the face

I'm inside of the Wraith with some mothefuckin' weight (Skrرت)

And I got killers surrounding the property

Why would you copy me? Fuck out my way (Skrرت-skrرت)

Shoutout my driver 'cause, man, I just told him to pull this bitch over

He know I don't play (Skrرت)

I know you see that we come from the street

Papa my killer, he really elite (Skrرت-skrرت)

Better pray he don't come when you sleep in the middle of the night with a m otherfuckin' knife (Skrرت)

She told me, "Gleetchi, you just got released but you still in the streets"

Bitch, you motherfuckin' right (Bitch)

Man, all I know is go trap with the soldiers

This new ARP in the back of the Rover (Skrرت-skrرت)

Pull up on E, you can get you boulder

One to his chest, make his motherfuckin' shoulders clap (Glrrrd)

I got this motherfuckin' chopper that came from the south

It just might do the Nolia Clap (Boom-boom)

Niggas want beef on the internet, I can't get into that

Them niggas hoes for that (Swear, what?)

And I got Trap with me, counting in the back with me

Whole lot of hundred, he known for that (Skrرت-skrرت)

I got some youngins who coming from under

Get hit with the stunner, your dome was cracked (Skrرت)

Henny, my cup If it's up, then it's stuck

When I pull up in Trust, bitch, you know I'm what's up (Skrرت-skrرت)

Pull up with my mud and get two to the gutt

If I throw on some buffs, bitch, you shit out of luck (Skrرت)

She thinks she falling in love, it's lust (Haha)

I'm in this bitch with the thugs, it's us (Skrرت-skrرت)

And I went Cartier bussed down, crushed

Smell like I don't give a fuck about my loss (Skrرت-skrرت)

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I know you see that we come from the street (Yeah)

Papa my killer, he really elite (Ayy, ayy-ayy, skrrt-skrrt)

Ayy, fuck my wrist up, injury reserved (Skrرت, skrrt-skrرت)

Pouring up codeine until I urn (Pour up)

Dope inside the trunk, they pulled me over

I'm getting life, I can't afford to swerve (I'm-I'm gone)

Kick a door and change, so fuck the planet (Let me get that)

Trap money gave me the advantage (On God)

I got plugs from here to Calabasas (L.A.)

I could really re-up speaking Spanish (Hola)
We got guns that shoot, fast force (Shoot 'em)
Two hundred on the foreign dashboard (Vroom)
I get any drug you ask for (Yeah)
Switching cribs, ducking task force (Fuck 12)
I ain't making hooping, hated practice (Damn)
I'll lead you, Gelato, to the trappers (Gas)
Bow to choppers, give them to the shooters (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Still screaming, rest in peace to Boosa
A hundred K and hundreds in the ghetto (Hundreds)
Rip the Arm & Hammer 'til it's yellow (It's trap)
I remixed the dope until it's gray (Skrrt, skrrt)
I just made like fifteen K today (On God)
Junkie house, thirty days straight (Straight)
Begging me to leave some on the plate (Yeah, the plate)
Tryna convince the plug the center on it (Yeah)
Then one day he telling me the way (On the way)
I've been sendin' P's to different states (Yeah)
Trap jumping, digi' 'bout to break (Break)
I don't serve a nigga I don't know 'em
Typa should've had you fight a case (Fuck out of here)
You won't believe how much I really make (Turnt up)
Fuck rap, I'm known for making plays (On God)
Tracking numbers said it's on the way (Yeah)
Never made it, drove a nigga crazy (Trap)

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