

No Hook

Fat Trel

(Banger)

Yeah, I can't wait

(HB)

Okay, so

I'm one of the realest, I'm one of the illest
Just got a new check, and I fucked up the dealer
Got a new bitch, and I bought her chinchilla
Kissin' my neck, and her pussy vanilla
Cony these beats, and I'm probably a killer
Just copped a new house, and I'm ridin' with pillars
Gettin' money, then I'm probably with her
She bring a friend, and I probably hit her
In the back of the Bach, with a strap on my lap
Double cup, full of Act, I might have an attack
Fuck up my face, or get beat with the strap
Play with my pay, I pull up with a MAC
Its me and lil Tate, with a Drac', on the map
Your sisters are mice, and your daddy a rat
You writin' a statement, no takin' it back
Maybe you should've just stayed where you at

Northside shit, you don't know what the fuck goin' on
Twenty-eight, twenty-eight, SB shit, nigga
Brrt, hello? Ayy
When you walk in my trap, come straight to the back
Put it straight on her plat'
Ronald McDonald, I'm straight with the MAC
Tryna make mama proud, put my face on the plaque
She sellin' pussy, its straight on the at
Still hittin' licks, I got plays on the at
I'm the one who put the city on the map
Dripin' designer, look good in the trap
Go home, niggas know what's up, trap phone
Steady blowin' up, bad bitch, got her glowin' up
Lean in me, got me slowin' up
When you see me, I be flaggin', my nigga
Make a threat, we toe tag 'em, my nigga
Kill more, I be draggin', my nigga
Twitter talk, we body bag 'em, my nigga, yeah

Yeah, I heard them niggas don't like us, huh
I wear the rep with the lipes, huh
I got some killers in Rikes, huh
I like to whip with no license, huh
Beat up the pot, like I'm Tyson, huh
I just went shoppin' at Tysons, huh
Trap out the trap 'cause I'm righteous, huh
I put my bitch on the bikes, huh
Role play, I put my dick on her Colgate
Bought her this ice, its stone-age
No win, indictment, my whole name
Told 'em I'm winnin', I'm feelin' it
And my lil new bitch an immigrant
Foot in that pussy, I'm killin' it
All of my young niggas militant

Huh, brrt, hello?
If I'm tryna collect, then, bitch, what you expect?
Ain't got my money, we straight at your neck
Know what I've been, like respect with the Tec
Fuck how you feel, I just keep shit in step
Be or be trippin', she just want a check
Bitch, keep the pussy, I just want the neck
Choppers on deck, so we don't wanna reck
Still in the trenches, don't ask where I'm at
I love them strippers, and I'm eatin' ass
We hittin' licks, and I'm keeping the gats
We slingin' stones in the house made of glass
Don't do no Gucci, no snakes in the grass
I love my city, I'm all that they have
Key swept the brick, 'cause we makin' it last
Don't bump your music, 'cause you niggas trash
Here for the moment and gone in a flash
I love my niggas, I give 'em my last
I dumped your wife, left that bitch in the past
Fuck with the baby, its still in the trash
Lovin' this muddy, she just do not clash
She put that wet pussy all on my 'stash
You fuck that bitch, she gon' give you a rash
I talked to my cousin straight through the glass
I'm here to kill you, I ain't wear no mask

See I don't think you niggas understand, right?
Haha, when I talk my shit, I talk my shit because I can talk my shit
You niggas can't 'cause you can't, you feel me?
I do 'cause I can
Who gon' test me, huh?
I say SB shit, ay, 20 gauge, shit, ay
Got a nigga bitch, and she suckin' on my dick, ay
Pass her through the clique, ay, hurricane wrist, ay
Ay, birck, ay, baby, call me "Hurricane Chris"
Brrt, hello?
Haha, that way