

# 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  
Brrrt, 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, brrrt, 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"  
Brrrt, hello?  
Haha, that way