

Leeke

Foolio

Rrrah, rrrah, rrrah
Baow, baow, baow, baow (Ayy)
Rrrah, rrrah, rrrah, rrrah (6)
(Aiki, boot me up jit)

Ridin' through the city with my FN (6)
Put this on lil' Kendre, boy, that bitch that's my best friend (No cap)
Rolling all week, boy, I'm on that Molly Santana (Molly)
I don't wanna network if it ain't about no free bands (No cap)
Dropping bullets on the Bible while I'm loadin' up my rifle
Uhh, He dissing on the 6, I think jit suicidal (Ha)
We moving like the mafia, El Chapo, that's my idol (No cap)
I pray for all my friends and I'm killing all my rivals (No cap)
100K, he'll shake the room, sweep his block, we don't need no broom
They ask me how high I am, I'm Leeke high, I'm to the moon
Sixteen, they killed him soon, in the streets acting like a goon
You in my city, better check in, we spin Ben', we'll make you get in
tune
Thirty-five hundred for this new Drac', twenty racks for this Cartier
Fifteen for this Rolex, thirty bands on the opp's face
Mike Tyson, I whipped the case, takin' chances I could die today
I don't do no frontin' nigga, it's tax season, you gotta pay (Extortion)
Ten dead opps in three months, that's ten opps in one play
(In the count jail we fight hard, we weavin' the upper cut)
Twin gave my big brother noodles, he ain't even get to each lunch
Kenny K stay on my mind and them crackers need to free Stunt
We kicking shit like a punta', nigga, if I slide bang the gunna', nigga
(Rrrah)
Hundred rounds for a hundred niggas, like yo' mama we punish niggas
I don't squash beef, I eat that, yo' homie died, nigga spin back (Ha)
Old splat, them big facts, spin the block like Cracka Jack
I just love a girl with new minks she fuck 'cause I got a Cuban Linx
(Ha)
Baguetti chain cost a thirty piece, had a hundred choppas in the BMB
We spin block like DVDs, we got good crack like 80 [?] (Crack)
In LA won two rings, I'm shooting shit like Mike Magee
Bitch, I'm rollin' up this Leeke, shooting shit 'bout Teke (Rrrah)
Michael Jackson, beat it, these opp niggas got me heated (Damn)
L-E-E-K-E, Leeke, big perky's got me fiending (Friending)
I'm rollin' up this Leeke, bitch, I'm higher than Jesus

L-E-E-K-E, Leeke, L-E-E-K-E, Leeke
L-E-E-K-E, Leeke, L-E-E-K-E, Leeke
L-E-E-K- keep leakin' (Ayy, ha, nigga)
L-E-E-K-E, Leeke (No cap, he leakin')
L-E-E-K-E, Leeke, L-E-E-K-E, Leeke
I'm rollin' up that Leeke, spin' shit 'bout Teke
(L-E-E-K-E, Leeke) I'm killing shit 'bout Teke
Leeke, that's on gang