

Intro

GloRilla

I'm sick as fuck, fuck this shit

Glorilla

(Macaroni made, Macaroni made)

Ballin' like Ginóbili, coolin' with my homies
Some rockin' red, some purple like some codeine
Your nigga wanna know me, bitches think they know me
Say you with the shit, I won't believe it 'til you show me

The only wave I'm ever ridin' is the nigga head
You tryna beef about the nigga? Baby, I just want his bread, ayy

You say you 'bout that life, I wanna see you shake it
And word to all my whoadies, I wanna see you make it
He heard me rap about that wet-

wet, now he wanna know how true it is
And tell that nigga if I let him hit it, he gon' be a lunatic
Tell him, "It was nice to know ya," movin' on just like I'm Lud
acris

I'ma have him on the bounty tryna find me like a Frigidaire
Rack some shit, keep it pushin', make sure ain't no witness lookin'

Hit the gas, disappear, guess my weed was never here
My gangster nigga with the MAC and my Hoover nigga steady stack
in'

My Grape nigga'll get shit crackin', my Piru nigga super jackin'

Ayy, I ain't no killer, but don't push me
Gotta have some dough, lil' nigga, if you want the cookie
Fuck a chorus, hit up Macaroni, send me a no hook beat
Didn't go to college, but I make a grad bitch feel like a rookie

They didn't believe me, now I got these different places tryna
book me

And yeah, I make somethin' shake, but none of you bitches ever
shook me

Yeah, upgraded to a meal, so now that nigga wanna cook me
Say he don't like takin' chances, but know that that nigga took
me

Could be the richest bitch in the game, still gon' need a boost
er

Or cop a million-
dollar cope because I hate them fuckin' Ubers, ayy

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