

Tiff Freestyle

GoldLink

What's up, you bitch-ass niggas? It's your girl ****, I'm here
with my nigga, GoldLink, and he's about to... he finna freestyl
e

Ahahaha b-b-b-baaaa

Let's get it

Yeah, rappin' to feed all my future children
Sexy Black rapper who tryna plank on a million
But I won't give a fuck 'bout shit until a billion
And all my niggas 'round me can talk about ridin' spinners
With the windows down, blastin' the heat, in the sunroof chilli
n'

Until that feelin', I'm never gonna forget my dealings
Niggas tried to jump us, I never forget the feelin'
A month later got gunned down, they caught him slippin'
Karma's a bitch, poor man to rich, I
Two to a four, four to a six, I
Honorable niggas who turned to a snitch, wow
Money on heads and diamonds on wrists, blaow
Top ten baddest, the realest done had him, it's that real
Fake smile, flat chest shawty, but boy, that ass real
Sex appeal, shorty a hottie, that shit is Max Steel
With sharp heels, that's a bad deal
Poppin' wheelies got niggas up in the 6
Connected to the border, they let me smuggle my sticks
Flew to Brompton, Cali, and me and Worthy just clicked
I live a life like Michael and keep it purple like Prince
Keep like seven with me, got niggas callin' me Vick

Yo bro, I just wanna say thank you, bro!
I've been waitin', the time is finally here
We workin'. Shout out my haters, I made it, bitch-ass niggas