

Double R

1818, bitch

Y'all know what the fuck goin' on

Y'all know we really run this shit

(WavyBoyProductions) Ayy, yup

Yup

Stretch the pack, I throw it long like I'm Cunningham

Taxin' for P's in my trap like I'm Uncle Sam

We put the hundreds and fifties in rubber bands

Can't get 'em all, reimburse 'em then

I made an oath to the trap, I won't work again

Back in the trap, flippin' work again

'Member them days I was ridin' on the 10-speed

Now your boy up in a big league

I ain't been to Johnny, but wait 'til you see them new VV

They ain't gon' want me on TV

Blinded by riches like Stevie, these niggas can't see me

They mimickin', wanna be me

Posed in the drip, now your bitch hollerin' out, "Come and see me"

Give her good dick but she [?]

These niggas hoes, catch him in traffic wit' the Drac' and I bet I'll unload

Tryna get rich, that's the goal

But these niggas testin' my gangsta, so I'ma expose 'em

No, he don't really want smoke

Said that he gangster, but [?]

Fuck your big dawg, he a ho

I jump on they foot, she be tellin' the [?]

We get 'em in for the low

My clientele good, I ain't posted in front of the store

They done fucked up and freed Ghost

One step on his shoe, then I'm dumpin' 'til you hit the floor

Fuck all the internet posts

A hundred some shots in the car, now his ass gettin' ghost

We stashed the dope in the floor with the junkies

They runnin' in after the swing in the door

I hit the plug for a boat

Finessed and made jugs on the low [?] low

Wait 'til I ice up my throat and ice up my wrists

And put ice up on all of my hoes

They ain't gon' like when I pop out with trap money

Backends, I serve you a load of my show

The .30 is on me, I up it and blew it

And trust me, Lil Leak, he gon' come out to go

But, nah, I'm really just sayin'

Niggas out here pullin' humbles and think they the man

These niggas makin' these diss songs

Catch you in the endzone, get blitzed up on you and your mans

Make your bitch eat up the drip

Thinkin' 'bout textin' me, make his ass eat up the clip

Plug gave me up on the flip

Deposit it, profitin' when I go make me a flip

Might have a meeting on the ship

I'm on the island, [?]

I can't see none of these shrimps, big shark in the water

Red meat, these lil' niggas can't swim

You see the "F" on the rims
I'm in the car doin' the dash with a bitch named Kim
Drippin' salt might make a spill
Might leave a stain, but I'm still out here packin' a steel
My youngin, he fresh off a kill
Fuck all that talkin', he ready to do him a drill
Boy, you ain't nothin' for real
All that tough talkin', you had the big gun off a peel
You the same nigga that cappin' on bodies
They know I got that will, you ain't got no kill
I'm the same nigga that post up with choppas
And wait on you bitches to come do a drill, bitch

Stretch the pack, I threw it long like I'm Cunningham
Taxin' for P's in my trap like I'm Uncle Sam
We put the hundreds and fifties in rubber bands
Can't get 'em all, reimburse 'em then
I made an oath to the trap, I won't work again
Back in the trap, flippin' work again