

Bitches Ain't Shit Freestyle

Gunplay

Bank filled to the brim, spilt on my rims
Wind-shield to the wing, cup of gin to the chin
Jewels on my limbs, do not attempt
Reach and I teach you, stay at arms length

Bank filled to the brim, spilt on my rims
Wind-shield to the wing, couple gin to the chin
Jewels on my limbs, do not attempt
Reach and I teach you, stay at arms width

Street's so great, sky stone gray
Where the bitchesA Let's see what the iPhone say
Money won't stop and time won't stay
Broke motherfuckers say crime don't pay
I hide no face, still find no trace
A rap says I put that fire on that lace
Hostile, since coke in the nostril
Skinny as pasta with a big ol' moss berg
Maybach machine, all you hear is cha-ching
Never flew where I flown, all you see is the wing
All black up from the shoes to the ring
Including the mink, I am as rude as you think
Back on the turf like I never left the nerf
Feel sorry for my mother, shouldn't never have to birth
I never had a gift, damn sure I had a curse
Now who next to climb out the back of that hurse
Yea, you already know Gunplay
Don Adolf, Logan
Hail Logan ha-ha-ha-ha