

## Black Friday

lamsu!

Imma kick that shit that these boys like to hear  
Diamonds on me, dancin' like a chandelier  
Bitch, don't you see me standing here  
I'm fresher than a mannequin  
Suzy go runnin' through commas  
I get a check and a bonus  
Thumbing, finessing through hunnids  
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My momma say I'm two hunnids  
Lions and snakes in a jungle  
My city feel my struggle  
Animosity feeding my hunger  
Knocking shit door like it's me again  
Balling out, put me on CSN  
I could never be obedient  
I got all the ingredients  
Wait, hold up  
Bank, can't fold up  
Drank, my soda  
Out the park like Sosa  
Do this shit for my culture  
Come here baby, I'll coach ya  
I ain't talking no babies  
My sound is ultra  
I'm just barely getting over  
I got mouths to feed  
These boys okay  
Ain't got nothing on me  
Ain't got nothing on me  
Ain't got nothing on me  
Wop, wop, OG  
Top spot, my seat  
Looking at my competition  
Don't nothing move without my permission  
My flow consistent  
I over did it, I go ballistic  
I rode the rhythm with no collisions  
Type of flow that might go the distance  
How that boy so cold from Richmond  
When my chain olympics, cause it's multicolored  
White and yellow go gold together  
My necklace interracial  
My city is inspirational  
I'm at the top, just like fellatio  
Candy my paint  
Heartbreak the Gang  
I smoke the gas every day  
But when I smoke [?] take me to space  
I ride around to the face  
Straight to the neck  
Thirty, pay for my set  
Drake, mine for the [?]  
Name carry weight, I need all of it  
Not a set less  
Even when I'm on break, I do interviews  
That's bench press  
I'm fly like insects

I'm a person of interest  
Really hate when the family tryna fuck me over, that's incest  
Woke up, out of cold sweat  
Big dog, gotta go get  
For that paper, I'm a Labrador  
If I see that shit, Imma go fetch  
This shit too easy  
I'm 0-6 Weezy  
I sent my baby girl eggplant and zucchinis  
Rembrandt off the green leaf  
These boys ain't seeing me  
When your shit drop by just press skip like [?]  
Little boys ain't being me  
I'm too ready, name too heavy  
I'm Six Speed, I'm like bitch please  
When I press the gas, I'm like Tom Petty  
Your palms sweaty, hands shaking  
I don't walk around by the Grand Lake  
With my tan bae, I got a text from Jay  
Go back in cause the fans waiting  
I ain't playing no games, like Tim Tebow  
Young Six Speed always my way like Carlito