

## 5 Mill

Icewear Vezzo

Da Realest

Turn the beat up a little bit, whew  
That's right, hm  
Yeah, mm, yeah

Hop up out the ride with that big bitch and get to trippin'  
Police push up on me on, had to blitz it out the window  
Get a nigga dropped, fah-fah, we whacked the witness  
Forgiatos match the blicky, threw my Bentley right on sixes, hu  
h

Did a turn around and bust my Rollie, get new jewelry  
My nigga caught a case, they snatched the bond, he missed his h  
earing

The feds been in the hood for like two weeks, shit gettin' seri  
ous

.40 cal., I keep it near me, pop that pussy nigga cherry, huh  
Ain't no in between, you either solid or you're fakin'  
Hunnid on my necklace, I have stones to match the bracelet  
Jump on 75 right off the road, fuck her today shit  
Ain't got time to hug and kiss, gon' suck my dick, ho, I'm impa  
tient

I'm a lean sippin' nigga, Amiris on my son  
Motivate the trenches, turn a sinner to a nun  
Fetti takin' two, can get a brick for twenty-one  
Hit the crib, we threw the guns, stuffed the blender by the tub  
, yeah

You hang around with niggas catching cases, hit the stand  
Like how you look yourself up in the mirror as a man?  
My OG told me, "Youngin, stack it up and keep a plan"  
Don't let em' infiltrate you, hater and a rat go hand in hand  
Keep that glizzy on me tight, skizzy for the white  
Half these niggas pussy with a dick, so you a dyke  
I got Diors every color, bitch, we ain't doin' mics  
Hunnid thousand on that nigga, killed my baby it's on sight, ye  
ah

Fuck them other niggas, we be in them trenches  
I put twenty-fours on my new Wraith, it needs suspensions, yeah  
Fifty thousand dollars on a pendant, this bitch glisten  
Up the F and N right on the lot and hit your engine  
How a nigga never gave you shit, feel like you owe 'em?  
Got so many snakes up in my lawn, I need to mow it  
How the fuck a bitch just slimed you out and fucked your homies  
Gave your name up to the feds? Better watch out, these bitches  
bogus  
I'm a pill-poppin' animal, KelTec toter  
Thirty in my glizzy, hit your brain, leave your shit open  
Calculate my steps and all my moves, yeah, I've been focused  
Made five million off this music, fuck these rappers, we ain't

social

Bitch (Da Realest), hm