

Dangling

Icewear Vezzo

I'm gone shine not stunt
Grind all month
Shine when we want, who shine like us?
I won, I'm winnin'
I'm done, I did it

(Peezy what it look like my nigga?) It look good baby
Taking road trips, that's why I ain't been in the hood lately (Been OT)
In that purple van on Forgi's, me and lil baby
And for them niggas think they made a steal, I went wood crazy
Countin up, me and Meechie hands tied
Stove so motherfucking hot, can't stand by it
Pints for \$260, I'mma bust 'em down and sell lines
Posted with then Calicoes on me nigga landslide (LAAAANDSLIDE)
Gucci belt showin, Trues on hangin
Strap pokin out (BLAH), jewels on danglin (Bitch)
Money on the flo, bitch it's food on the table
Broke niggas hate our music, we don't speak the same language
Nigga all I know is pints, cars, and pot whippin
Got the Chevy moonwalkin, and the watch jittin
Finna make another movie, tell them bitches watch this one
Ain't no motherfucking way in hell they can stop this one

See me in the club iced up, just danglin
Got a whole pint po'd up, I'm drankin
Nigga try to run up on us, it's dangerous
Spots ain't never slowed up, we bangin

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(Niggas know what it is) Well fuck it, what it look like?
Diamonds make me look bright, shinin cause I cook pints
Got it for the low ticket, I can make a good price
Everything stepped on, call that shit a foot price
Chain like a cold front, wrist like a igloo
I can buy a whole one, show you what a big do
Ridin in the Benz coupe, prolly gettin topped off
Yeah I got my fronts up, so I got the top off
Hit the yae with the soda, let it rock up
Twist it up like a trail, let it lock up
Everywhere they say, Vezz got it locked up
And they ain't even see me comin, I just popped up
Give a shout out to the jeweler, for the chain cause
Bout to go and get and Mueller, fully banged cause
I just went and bought a Prezi, for the [?] cause
AP fully blown, that's the Saints love

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Since the buffs got 30, and them clips with 2
I'm in the club with some niggas that be itchin to shoot
In the coupe palms itchin, gotta get to this loot
I'm in a tight circle bitch, you can't through this loop
If anything then, I'm in the second house on Bloom
It's December now, I should just stack it up until June
Fuck danglin in the club, I'm lookin for Blues
Watchin the news, I hope it ain't one of my dudes
If you can't roll with them big dog, stay on the porch
My old mans done with it, and passed me the torch
And now a nigga on fire, burnin shit up
And I'm cool with the supplier, he don't sell me no cut
This little bitch starin at me, like she can't get fucked
Paper bag stuffed with cheese, I'm carrying lunch
Told P and Icewear, we was on our way up
When we was pourin fo's, sittin in that Cadillac truck

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