

# Free Kill

Icewear Vezzo

(Reul, stop playing with these niggas)

Spin around and hit them boys again since they want recognition

What? (Drank God)

Big gang, nigga, Drakey gang, nigga

Know how we comin', nigga

Yeah

Pour me up, though, gang, alright

Spin around and hit them boys again since they want recognition

I won't stop until them niggas dead, bitch, we gon' step for Rizzzy

Thirty poking, we got TECs and glizzys, chopper came with Mickey

Pint of Wocky, barely sip that Trishy, all my hoes keep blicky

Yeah, bitch, we oh and fifty

Black Amiri, stuff about one-fifty of them Rollin' 60

Hit Ohio, I just got two brickies, on the road with Whitney

On a mission, oh, he owe that? - Bitch, I'm gon' blow that whistle

Hmm, yeah, I put my hoes on bitches

Bust her down and tell her what I want, yeah, I mold my bitches

Niggas on the 'Gram, they cuffing rats, I don't pose for bitches

Ghetto niggas, Forgis on the Wraith, put my Rolls on sixes (Rolls on that, nigga)

Yeah that's my jewelry talking (My jewelry talking)

That new Maybach got a voice, sound like Siri talking (Sound like Siri talking)

Why all your homeboys keep on dying? Niggas clearly soft (Too soft)

Brick of dog, bust it out the wrapper, this the purest raw (Skrirt, skrrrt, skrrrt, skrrrt)

Yeah my Trackhawk cost one-

twenty, that's how that Jeep feel (Drank God)

Man I snatched a nigga soul, that's how this beat feel

Yeah, do a mixtape for my label, I need three mil' (Need three mil')

Pussy reachin' for my chain, we got a free kill (We got a free kill)