

Kitchen

Icewear Vezzo

(Damn, Max, this one's too hard)

Big

Fuck a nigga talkin' 'bout, nigga? Yeah, yeah, yeah

Fifty pointers bulgin' out my bezel, this bitch icy (Damn)

Fuck the world, I can't keep no plug 'cause we too slimy, yeah

Pop a thizzle, blow a pound of Runtz, I'm looking Chinese (Drank God)

Big F&N clip stuck on that bitch, I call 'em Siamese

The way this Rollie dancing in the sun, this shit look ignorant

Ghetto nigga, I done put my Wraith on twenty-sixes, yeah (Skrtrt)

Hit the hood, drop a heavy bag, they think it's Christmas (On God)

Beam on the Glock, shit blue and red, look like the Pistons (Detroit)

You screamin' rest In peace to your mans, but you ain't step by him

Walk him down, I just helped you out, now you can rest by him

Sold a nigga five thousand blues, them bitches press-downs (For real)

Before I found a plug in the city, I beat the Lex down (KY)

I really have my way with this shit, I don't do no cappin' (Uh-uh)

Hit the titty bar with my Glock, I call that pole dancin' (Get it?)

You ain't got no respect in your hood, they don't get no action

Poured a 4K, popped two Perkies and now I'm slow dancin'

Made my first million, bought jewelry, bitch, I'm a statistic (Yeah)

Set him up, he in that trick bag, I'm a magician (Hah)

Love that fashion, spent a light ten on some good Christians

When I cook, it always come back, I got a good kitchen

Ayy, bitch, I been Crippin' (Been Crippin')

If I tell a lie up in this song, then you can quit listenin' (Quit listenin')

I done drunk up twenty racks this week, I'm finna quit sippin' (Quit sippin')

Postin' on the Mile with them killers, it feel like South Memphis (South Memphis)

Plus I come from the trenches (The trenches), this shit ain't nothin' new (Blrrrd)

Young nigga with power in my hood, I'm who they run to (On God)

Gangster by myself, gon' shoot my gun and kill somethin' too (On God)

I'm smokin on this opp pack, chillin' with the nigga slumped you (Gas, gas)

Ayy, ain't too many niggas like this (No)

Try to fight up in this club, make you fight for your life, bitch (Hold)

Forty pieces straight to Memphis, shout out to my white bitch (My white)

Got all these rappers coppin' Cartier, but this some light shit (Some light shit)

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