RIP Young

Isaiah Rashad

Mane, you know what's goin', you got cheese, I got dope
For the nine hunnid strong, I got P's, I got coke
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We work to work
You late to work
I holla, then they send it
You know my plot was colder than Chicago in December
My bitch came up in Inglewood
Her mama was her daddy
And when I'm in the Midwest
She say holla at your family
My dog pass me that cup
Taste like candy, bitch
My dog out layin' down the law
Ain't breakin' no laws
Or serving out the rock
Southside still fuckin' in the car
Still flippin' in the car
Still shootin' out the car
Lil' hotbox smokin' our jar
Now I'm fuckin' on a star
Hold up, I got a call

Been sayin' that I'm a cool cat, fuck that
Tellin' bitches I'm a Top Dawg, get shot
Roll the window, let the propane outside
Bunch of niggas doing donuts, yeah
Got the money in a headlock, big dog
Every time I hit the red lights, just shine
Ain't nothin' but a good day, don't die
They don't teach them how to pump fake, big shot

Ain't trippin', I don't wanna lose count
Talkin' my shit
It was just us, bitch
Fuck it, I'll drive
Hop in my ride
Pass me that dutch, bitch
On the westside
On the one-ten
Swingin' my nuts (Swingin' my nuts)
Fuck it, let's grill
Fuck it, let's spill
Spend a few crumbs
Pop smoke, pop shit, pop bitch
Young nigga, don't pop too much
Spaceships
Fake broke
Kanye, young nigga don't stay too long
Big truck, big wheel, big wop
Them niggas probably hate my guts
Tryna gain my trust
But it's all out of lust

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I'm thugged out nigga, but I just seen a motherfuckin' rainbow nigga
I ain't that motherfuckin' thugged out nigga, that shit beautiful than a mot
herfucker
My baby mama probably at the end of that bitch with her gold diggin' ass, ni
gga