

Adlibs Pt. 2

Jay Critch

Had to steal for the money, we got past
Shit get real outside, shit get tragic
Niggas still outside we in traffic
Niggas still ain't fucking with my ad-libs
I gotta have it, buying all the newest fabric
Jessica Rabbit, I put karats on a bad bitch
Soon as the bag in, flip it over like gymnastics
I gotta have it, so I ain't doing no relaxing
You know that I do the most for the cheese
I was down bad but I got this shit busting, we came a long way looking out f
or the Ds
Same nigga used to serve you Robitussin
The block is hot but the chain is on freeze
I'm talking money and they saying nothing
She do her thing when she get on her knees
I get the mouth but there is no discussion

I'm switching lanes in the Ghost I'm a phantom
It's 30 gang we don't fuck with no randoms
And when I get to the racks it's a and-1
See my whole team scoring no they can't stand em
Gotta make it flip but I really want the Bentley coupe
If you get a bag and lose it all then you been a fool
I got mob ties way deeper than your swimming pool
You ain't gonna hear me talking about it on no interviews
Matches just told me that he proud of me
I be working, tryna triple my salary (triple my salary)
Look at they face, can't believe that they doubted me
Hate in my heart, had to get that shit out of me
Falling apart, niggas need a new battery
Diamonds be beating, I might catch me a battery
I was sleepy, fill my lungs with the Cali weed
Top smut, think I got em all mad at me
Pop up in her mouth like a cavity
You still pop, shit is a tragedy
We just hit a stain on the Ps, you was dead wrong
Champagne on the PJ with the leg room
I don't pop beans smoke weed 'til my head gone
And if you get this shit backwards its redrum
She smoke this D like a Backwood her head strong
I went outside looking for someone to flex on

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