

Adlibs

Jay Critch

I be up all night thinkin' how we gon' get it
Young boy ran off on the plug for them digits
Ran off on the plug twice and we split it
Yeah I'ma get us out the hood in a minute
Yeah all my niggas from the hood, they with it
I get high like the crime rates in my city
Yeah I need an I8, no Honda Civic
Yeah I need an I8, no Honda Civic

Ay, who he? I don't know who that is
Nigga pushing weight like I bully fat kids
Heard your mixtape, boy it was average
Niggas best songs ain't fuckin' with my adlibs
I just want to count money, smoke jagged
Heard the boy movin' funny, let him have it
Bad service, he could get static
Boy it only takes one call for the ratchet
And that's only if a nigga don't have it
Pull up on your block right now, make action
Got this music shit poppin' and crackin'
Got my whole block sayin' nigga keep rappin'
Word to Block, I remember I ain't have shit
Now your thot sayin' I'm the main attraction
Now I'm hot, hoes tryna sneak back in
And the block hot but I sneak with a MAC-10
Block hot, they gon' creep if you lacking
I'm from the block, same block I was trapping
Fuck the cops, free Melo, he was stacking
Came from shoebox money in the mattress
I done made a couple bands by myself
Hit licks by myself, I don't need no help
I got bad hoes and my hoes top shelf
You smokin' that trash, that's bad for your health
And I really ran off on the plug
If you talkin' 'bout drugs KD got the belt
And you boys ain't really from the hood
Leave you swimmin' in your blood, that boy Michael Phelps
But I need an I8, no Honda Civic
I don't do no blind dates, can't love no bitches
Where I'm from snitches getting way more than stitches
Young nigga, I'ma turn the rags into riches

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Ay, KD, Jay Critch hood favorite
Cops take me, best believe I don't say shit
Came from dirty dollar caps and them ranges
Jumped off the porch but I jumped off the pavement
I was probably with Laron in the basement
And with my niggas Swoop and 500 getting faded

I was probably hitting juggs 'til I made it
I could call Tango, you could get a facelift
I could call Four-Oh, you could lose your main bitch
Wrist like '04, we been on the same shit
RIP D-Block, we be on that gang shit
Ain't about the money then you speak another language

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Jay Critch, hood favorite
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It was average
Fuckin' with my adlibs