

# In LA

Jay Critch

Ayy

Jay Critch, Hood Fav (Beat– Beat– Beat–)

That's why I don't write this shit

(Beat Boy taught me, Beat Boy taught me)

Yeah

In my trap, it ain't no discounts or no coupons (No coupons)

Pushed the wrong button, now the roof gone

I'm on some big money shit, nigga, fuck you on? (Fuck you on?)

Still standing tall, niggas folding like futons

Got the tool on, I dare a nigga move wrong (I dare a nigga move wrong and sh it)

Act a fool on, I'll let it off and you gone (Boom, boom)

I'll bring some bands to your block and put your crew on (Put your crew on)

I'll cut my hand off so I don't need a new arm (Cut off my hand)

I'll still be the man when my grandkids in schoolyards (I'll still be the ma n)

Talk that money, little niggas funny like Duval

And these niggas' money too short, need a new job

In LA, I'm bumping Too \$hort, money too tall

If I call the hitters right now, they gon' shoot y'all (Baow)

Tell these niggas go and pipe down, they ain't do nothing (They ain't do not hing)

Double cup calm me right down like woosah

These rappers living two lives, keep on telling new lies (Keep on telling ne w lies)

Know niggas that stick up, aim at your medulla (Aim at your medulla)

Money called, I picked up, look at how the crew drive (Look at how the crew)

Some niggas had switched up, they worse than the new guys (They worse than t he new)

I don't give two shits, niggas worth two flies

Run up on my crew wrong, I'ma let two fly (Two)

And I might do wrong, but at least I move right (Right)

Two diamond chains hitting like they got in two fights (Ice)

I don't know who telling, a nigga like you might (Might)

VVS's late night shining in the moonlight

I'm moving with some shooters and I'm moving with some felons (Moving with s ome felons)

These bitches gonna do you, they'll finesse you if you let 'em

Need a M&M up in the account and that's a melon (Melon)

With the dogs, if I sic 'em on 'em, they gon' get 'em (Get 'em)

And my pockets large, remember I was scraping up the pennies

I made a way, it's hard, but a nigga balling like I'm Penny

Ten car garage, young nigga want it, I'ma get it (30)

Go and do some fraud shit and turn your back and then regret it (30)

I was broking laws, but up in the trap, I had good credit (Jugg)

Nigga moving off and he got the packs, he getting shredded (Jugg, jugg)

Thinking shit is soft, nigga, once it's up, we never dead it

Don't get X-ed out playing games, ice on me shredding (Ice on me shredding)

Brodie got good aim, that boy got medals (That boy got medals)

When them niggas hit your corner, the pedal down to the metal (Skrrt)

Shooters send you right to Hell and make you dance with the Devil

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