

Try It

Jay Critch

Hey!

La musica de Harry Fraud

The talking never gets to me
I came from the jungle where the lions and gorillas be
We ain't showing sympathy
How you say you get to the money remains a mystery (hey)
Talkin about it but can't show it, nigga you lyin then
Hood fave, my shit jumping up out the frying pan
You say you gon' do it, why you ain't try it then [x2]

B-B-Broke niggas can't sit with me
I've been on the road, three four she can't get to me
She won't ever mean shit to me
Cause I can get a clone and my clothes came from Italy
She want me to bone cause it's slippery
Shit be in her throat, in the zone when she look at me
Smoking out the O's but I started from a nick a week
Juggin for too long, who you foolin with the trickery
I show out when I show up
I was younger, I said I'd be like me when I grow up
I'ma crash trying to see how long that I could do the donuts
Sippin' splash, got a necklace cause the water on me froze up

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Let's go
Trolling never get to me
I'm holding so it's lit for me
Rolly is a gift for me the rolls is like a lift for me
What you assholes putting out don't do shit for me
Pennywise rappers, you clowns ain't doing it for me
I'm still waiting for them to shine dawg
Money talks now you niggas getting quiet though
They say love don't cost a thing, I don't buy it though
My bitch thick, always say she on a diet though
Salads and sushi, carrots and Gucci
I collab with real niggas not balanced with goofies
When you drippin' in them diamonds and designer baby
The skin gotta be thicker than Rihanna lately

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