

Lights Freestyle

Jenn Carter

Lowkey mali, what's the word
Damn YP, you mixed this?

She a ooter, I pass her the knocks
Finger the trigger, she aim like a cop
Body count when we spin in the block
Like, I'm a demon, I think they forgot
That boys is a dummy, got hit with the rock
Free my niggas that's stuck in the box
Everything dead, it's like everyone shot
Like, she feindin' to tote on the knocks
I be geekin', don't get me upset
Like, she be tryna just keep me in check
But, I be feindin' to aim for her neck
Like, I be ootin', you cannot forget
I cannot stay on the block
I be feindin' to run up a check
Za' in my system, got me feelin' wock
Bro-brodie, tuckin' a Glock in a Benz

I'ma make it this shit for my pops
I'ma keep clickin', I'm never gon' stop
Kartii my brother, he cannot get locked
Like, he be feindin' to catch him a opp
I use music to deal with my mental
That's so keep me a knock is essential
Like if I'm drillin', don't care, I'm gon' bend through
At the bottom nobody gon' help you
Had so much pain, so I'm showin' no mercy
TaTa said, ''Don't get shot out your jersey''
I'ma stay on the court when I'm up and I'm leavin' a message
No tellin' me, what?
I remember the pain in my gut, like, hungry, fill it with runtz
My bitch stay on my side, like my gun
So, you bitches is dumb if you think she gon' run, gang
I'm with Kartii, we feelin' incredible
Keep a Carter, the Jenny so edible
Fuck with the opps and I can't be a friend of you
I'm a demon, see what that Beretta do
Look in the mirror like, there is no stoppin' you
Catch a check and I'm always on go
Like to tact', I can't beat for a ho'
Bullets gon' hit him, he start movin' slow
Don't give a dap if you wasn't my bro
I can't wait 'til I'm out doin' shows
4-1 the movement, the city gon' know and your bitch on my body
She grip on the pole
Like, do not call me in the stu', I be writin' while I'm in the booth
I'm like a dentist, I flock at your tooth
In the booth, I be tellin' the-
Deal with the pills, It's steady blue
Don't come tryna think that shit cool
If you spin on my block we gon' flock at your crew
Like, I be buggin', don't know what to do
Bullets is spreadin', that shit is the virus
I be buggin' when I hear the sirens
And this drip is just like I'm a stylist

Stay in the party, just like Miley Cyrus
Me and Kartii, we don't need a hype man
That boy dashin', it's like he a hyphen
Shoot through the mask if that boy said he shiesty
Off the Jenny, I just get to writin'
Drip is so cold, it got me feelin' icy
When I hop in the booth, it be spicy
Drip is so cold, it got me feelin', what?
When I hop in the booth, it be, gang

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