

Mobsters

K-Trap

100k for the plain Jane, different mechanism
Louis shades, six-seven-five, I got better vision
Bought it competition, but I'd rather chauffeur driven
My nigga rang me for the skorpz, told him, "Hold a minute"
Gold tips, but I like my bitch up in white ones
Dark world, sitting in the trap 'til the light's done
All real, made a quarter mill', took me five months
Lost it all, made it all again, didn't cry once

Plug talk, these ain't Colgates, I just air ones
Trap boy, walk into the T, five pairs up
Bare tops, got a few bottoms, but there's bare tops
Opp block, got about five, that's our first stop
I need better wealth
Gave them hot shells
Now it's soft shell yellow tail
Yacht, sipping '42
Cop the glizzy and the .40 too
Then we got the K, that's a naughty move
We just moving heavy weight, sell it straight
Fill the trolley, but I see my nigga do the pellet way
Grip the shotty, you ain't tried to do a man the pellet way
Better going MIA, you ain't getting NFA
Compact cost me 5k but it's feather weight
Spa day, in the steam room, need to meditate
Narcos, doing dope deals in a hot tub
Bought her two heels, she was hot stuff
Sea view, eating seafood, bring the lobster
Red wine, eating spag' bol' with the mobsters
Hotel, talking to the link 'bout wholesale
Lost it all, made it all again, I'm like, "Oh, well"

Likkle bro just land road, now he's straight again
"Welcome back, here's a care pack", gave him eight of them
Culinary skills, he's a fool with the catering
President, I'm just tryna make the trap great again
I see them tryna see what's on my hand, boy
It's a BQ, niggas thought it was an Android
Niggas tryna scheme on the G's, but the plans void
One call, that's a car full, full of hand toys
Name another rap nigga had them landing
Switch on the lamp, what's the stamp? Check the branding
She looking at the tee, thought it's Louis, but it's Lanvin
I pulled up listening to Raggaman, I'm random
Jugging at a high level, I can make the white treble
Kettle on my wrist fully rose, this ain't bimetal (This ain't bimetal)
Last six months, copped like five bezels
Told your bitch, "Pattern with the G's, why settle?"

100k for the plain Jane, different mechanism
Louis shades, six-seven-five, I got better vision
Bought it competition, but I'd rather, chauffeur driven
My nigga rang me for the skorpz, told him, "Hold a minute"
Gold tips, but I like my bitch up in white ones
Dark world, sitting in the trap 'til the light's done
All real, made a quarter mill', took me five months
Lost it all, made it all again, didn't cry once