

No Caller

K-Trap

Pipe it up PJ
Nostalgia

#31#, you don't even know who rang it
I just buss this plastic bag and smelt that stench, ask "what's the damage"
Talking wass in front of my boujee ting, now she's asking "what's a 'matic?"
Next one asking "what's a whoosh? ", told her the one where we had to drag it

Better hide what we got in the car or it's back to the wing where there's not enough staff

Running low on snow 'till I put it on my boat, now we've got enough hard
Other side ain't got enough heart and we go on bikes if there's not enough cars

I was in the T house breaking a half, watching the door like I'm not in the charts

Like bro said, do it and laugh, do it and run, do it for fun
And we happy, done it with two 'till bro went coo and done it with drums
I clapped when shh got whacked, what a brilliant one
Anytime that we mash that work, play it dumb like it didn't get done
Tap bro-bro when I see my man, gimme this one
But he's too selfish, he's tryna finish this one
Oh well, my works is his works, teamwork makes the dream work
With a.44 on tour, let's see who we see first

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I used to dial with a 141, just to tell bro control this package
You know how many 101's got sold before I went and bought a cannon
Don't even ask no questions, 'course it got-got if got caught lackin'
I can't even fit this 4's in my Amiri jeans, I'm into smokey fashion
Opp block tour with a S on the dashboard, make sure there's no more dashing
Handting and whole load of Rambo's, that's a normal pattern
Them man are no certain gang ting, they're tryna force the badness
X5 tryna get in front of the Benz, bragger
Got this razor blade, still tryna cut all these bags up
Still turn this soft to a rock in a two to the mick, no Jagger
This beef gets real, no banter, still tryna turn these pricks to ganja
Got this rose gold all on me, these two chains ain't even from Atlanta

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