Crystal

Kaaris

I won't trust these bitches, these bitches gon' tell
We don't trust no snitch around
None of these bitches, these bitches gon' tell
I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter
I serve the whole bail
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at 12
(Niggas shooting at police, BLAOW!)

Je me devais de les kalashnikover
Je me balade au cimetière avec mes trophées
Je fume un joint de beuh pour me doper
La guerre on va la faire, y'a R, je suis opé
Je leur pisse dessus comme sur une aire de repos
Les couilles se voient même de dos
Balayette en traître, j'suis pas ton te-po
Ici tous les coups sont vrais, t'es pas au rt-spo
Ce qui te touche ne m'effleure pas
J'rentre dans le carré comme Bobby Shmurda
AK chargé et tu smurferas, Crystal, ck-cra
J'mélange dans la cuisine, tes implants, ton legging
Sur le siège chauffant, ce n'est pas un leasing
Mon gang est sur le listing
Tu m'attaques il parait
Rafale et ta chatte disparait
J'augmente la dose dans le trafic
Et la criminalité sur le graphique
Même dans la saleté faut que je m'applique
J'fais des hat tricks, je viens d'Afrique
J'prends le pouvoir comme Napoléon
Roi Soleil éclairé par les rayons
T'es ébloui par mes xénons
La gifle te donne les oreillons

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I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter
I serve the whole bail
Got the molly, got white
Got the lean, got the kush
Got the purp and the pills

J'suis dans le bunker comme Oussama
Psychogun, rayon Gamma
Tout droit, direct dans vos tarmas
En même temps que la Jordan 11 Blue Gamma
Depuis "Vendeur de nah nah"
Organisés comme le Fatah
Je défouraille tous ces bâtards
Je les mange en steak tartare
Tu veux rapper comme moi, t'es cloné

J'fais du liquide, de la monnaie
Je passe devant toi, t'es sonné
Tout se passe sous ton gros nez
J'suis pépère, BTTF, Zanotti
Armes de guerre, je possède toute la panoplie

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Selling bricks on deck like Jackie Chan
Got them hoes on deck like shoestrings
With a brand new Lambo shoestring
I'm a gutter ass nigga I don't do 'caine
Got a whole lot of Autotune on it, no T-Pain
36 O's in the whip, no keychain
Young ass white bitch, Amy Grant, nigga
Young rich nigga hanging with penitentiary niggas
Motherfuck the feds, fuck Illuminati
Nigga we ain't scared, this a kamikaze
Order more bitches, order more bottles
We doing this shit, we might not see tomorrow
Two hundred bitches from Paris on my timeline
They might have went all the way this time
Treat a nigga like a one of a kind
Diamonds hanging, I'm in Sierra Leone
Fuck with a rich nigga if that's what you want
Come fuck a rich nigga, that's what you want
Ace of Spades and kush, oh that's what we on
You niggas trying to buy me? Know they some clones
Drink your molly, mix it all on up
These Persian bitches know they all want us

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