

# IT GET SCARY

Kankan

We ain't got no love, we ain't got no  
We ain't got no love for the other side  
We ain't got no love for the other side  
We ain't got no love for the other side

We ain't got no love for the other side  
We ain't got no love, it's fuck the other side  
We ain't got no love, it's fuck the other side  
We ain't got no love, it's fuck them other guys  
Sipped up right now, I ain't worried 'bout them other guys  
Sipped up right now, I ain't worried 'bout the other side  
Sipped up right now, I ain't worried 'bout the other side

Top ski, you know that  
Too P and you know that  
Honestly, yeah, I need more money, I can't go back  
Niggas ain't even call me when that money had got low, yeah  
Got too rich and got too cocky, nigga, yeah, you know that  
Push shit like the mob, you know that  
M-O-B, you know we quick to get you toe-tagged  
M-O-B in the middle of the mall, leave you whacked  
Live like AMG, yeah, we in the club throwin' racks  
That's alright, that's okay  
This money solvin' all my problems  
You the type to put up with that bitch, I could live without her  
You the type to put up that bitch and don't even get shit out her  
I'm the type to hit up Rick, nigga havin' money showers  
You the type to share your bitch, nigga, yeah, you know that's ours  
Can't fall out, yeah, 'bout a bitch, say that all the time  
My niggas stayed down, now they rich, yeah, they been on they grind  
Yeah, yeah  
Sure you know  
You know, you know that  
You got some more  
Went and got some more racks  
Know we get you gone  
Draco make him run four flat  
Cut my ex-ho out the picture, it's gon' take way more than that  
Cut my ex-ho out the pic, yeah, I got lit, I can't go back  
All my hoes, they bad, you know I don't do no ordinary  
My pendants went out sad behind these hoes, this shit gettin' scary (Scary)  
Yeah (Scary)  
Niggas be rappin' with rats inside of the bag, this shit gettin' scary  
These niggas talkin' 'bout racks, yeah, that they had, this shit embarrassin  
g  
Niggas talkin' 'bout these racks, yeah, that they had, this shit embarrassin  
g  
I'm tryna find Wock' like SpongeBob tryna find Gary  
I turn up in that box and I'm spendin' racks on commissary  
Lil' nigga, I'm too strong, came in this bitch, can't let 'em tear me  
Lil' nigga, under my pillow, it's a blicky for the tooth fairy  
Yeah