

# TOLD

Kankan

(EJ, they can't fuck with you)

I fell in love with the seals, I mix the Wock' with the Tris  
Yeah, I just popped two pills, yeah, now I'm higher than a bitc  
h  
I ain't sign no new deal, I'm mixin' Wock' with the Tris  
That's how it go in the field, we get the drop from your bitch  
Yeah, we get the drop from your ho  
I'm in LA smokin' on dope  
I'm in LA blowin' on Metro  
Smoke 'em, boom 'em, we give the opps headstones  
She a groupie, his ho keep her head down  
On the move, ain't gettin' no rest, ho  
Make a movie with this ho givin' head  
Shout out to my dog in the feds  
Move wrong, red dot on his head  
Yeah, yeah  
Move wrong and we leavin' you dead  
All these Runtz got a nigga so sick  
New Chrome Heart crosses all red  
New pole, Gen5, that bitch dead  
The stones on froze, baguetties  
New drop-  
top Bentley, this ho givin' head and she don't need no restin'  
In a relationship with these meds, yeah, we goin' three years s  
teady  
I'm ridin' around, yeah, all through town, nigga, yeah, ridin'  
with that fetti, huh  
I gotta tell you, that bitch chop you down, nigga, like Jason a  
nd Freddy  
New Draco, it'll chop you down, nigga, don't got machete  
Blow the Gen4 like confetti, huh, blow the Draco like confetti  
It's fuck 12, if I get jammed up, you know that I ain't confess  
in'  
The rent up, gotta just cut off these hoes, these hoes blockin'  
they blessings  
Yeah, yeah, huh, these hoes blockin' they blessings  
I just recouped on my deal, you know these racks gettin' spent  
Ain't sign no new deal, recoup all the racks, lil' bitch  
Hop in and made a few mil' and went and put rocks on my bitch  
We in Skyami, yeah, just for the night, huh, nigga, just for th  
e week  
And my lil' nigga still scrapin' the pipe, look like he signed  
to the streets  
Gotta keep Gen5, gotta keep me a pipe, lil' nigga, you know we  
OD  
And we on defense, stuck in the deep end, you know I'm keepin'  
it P

Nigga, no cheap shit, nigga, RIP shit, you know I'm keepin' it  
ski

I'm in the deep end, mixin' up codeine, nigga, with my ice  
We havin' motion, you know it's right there when you know that  
we payin' that price

We by the ocean, I'm changin' the weather, I'm rockin' Margiela  
with ice

We in Booby Trap, yeah, with these racks, throwin' racks all th  
e way to the roof

In the Bentley truck way in the back, niggas told, you tellin'  
the truth