2 For 1

Key Glock

Glizock

Glock Schwarzenegger (Yeah), I'll terminate you (Uh)
Arts and crafts, nigga (What?), I'm playin' with the paper (Yeah)
Sippin' syrup, maple (Uh), drippin' in Bottega (Yeah)
I just pulled up with my chopper like the Undertaker
I'm a money maker (Yeah), I get it on the wake-up (Uh)
I'm a rich nigga, but I still might pull a cape up (Yeah)
Never been a hater (Uh), I stay in my lane (Lane)
Heater on my waist (Waist), it's a cold game (Cold game)
Ain't got no shame (No shame), I'm tryna whack somethin' (Whack somethin')
Round of applause (Applause), I'm tryna clap somethin' (Clap somethin')
Yeah, these niggas bitches (Bitches), they need tampons (Tampons)
I got ten foreigns (Foreigns), told Glizock pick one (Uh)

Yeah

Too many whips, I can't decide (Skrrt, skrrt)
Too many bitches on my dick and three many niggas hate my grind
Ten toes down, I need all of mine
Yeah, I be gettin' money, like, all the time
I might drop a bag, but don't drop no dimes (Uh-uh)
I've been runnin' this shit up for a while

Yeah, yeah, please pass me my cup, cup, tryna get high, Elton John (Yeah)
Bullets make you duck, duck, goose, you better run (Yeah)
Bullets make you duck, duck, goose, you better run
And ain't shit change, bitch, I'm still goin' dumb (Yeah)
And dumb (Yeah) and dumber (Yeah)
I make this shit look Yeezy, niggas masked up like Donda (Fah)
Yellow diamonds on me, this shit hittin' hard like thunder (Uh)
I'm all about my bread, every motherfuckin' crumble (Yeah)
Thirty rounds in my G-lock, hit you with a combo (Bah)
Yeah, I used to be up on the block just like Mutombo (Yeah)
If it's about money, then I'm all ears, Dumbo (Yeah)
I wake up every mornin', grab my heat, like Alonzo, bitch (Uh, uh, uh)

Too many whips, I can't decide (Skrrt, skrrt)
Too many bitches on my dick and three many niggas hate my grind
Ten toes down, I need all of mine
Yeah, I be gettin' money, like, all the time
I might drop a bag, but don't drop no dimes (Uh-uh)
I've been runnin' this shit up for a while (Yeah)

Money comin' in, I stack it in piles (Yeah)
Brand new whip came with no miles
Like P.O.P., just hold it down
It's paper over pussy, I am not no clown (Uh-uh)
If I hold my wrist up, we just might drown
My T-rex pick up a hundred thou'
Glizock, I'm a dog, but I do not growl (Uh-uh)
But my diamonds bite
I get higher than a satellite
These niggas ain't nothin' but snakes and mice
Gamblin' with life with a pair of dice
This shit ain't sweet, ain't paradise (Uh-uh)
Ran the money up, I ain't scared of heights

But if I go broke, I might pull a heist
Ran the money up, I ain't scared of heights (Uh-uh)
But if I go broke, I might pull a kick door (Let's go)
Dough (Dough), dough (Dough), dough (Dough)
Dough (Dough), dough (Dough), dough (Dough)
Yeah, I'm all about that dough (Yeah)
Green light, it's a go (Yeah)
Glizock, that's my bro (Yeah)
And it's bros over hoes (Hoes)
Yeah, these niggas hoes (Hoes)

Uh
Glizock
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah)

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!