

Case Closed

Key Glock

Okay
Let the BandPlay
Yeah, (uh) yeah, (uh) yeah, (uh) yeah (uh)
Yeah (uh)
Ayy, it's kinda cold over here, throw me that jacket
Yeah

Went from sleeping on the floor
Now my jewelry box froze
Fuck a boat, fuck a store
Counted millions in a coat
Bad bitch, booty swole
Got her on bankroll
Can't fold, that's a no
Headshot, case closed
Buss it down with the bros
Put that up, go get some mo'
Selling bags out the backdoor (shh)
Keep that on the low
Bad bitch, booty swole
Got her on bankroll
Can't fold, that's a no
Headshot, case closed (woah, woah)

King shit, I rock gold
Who is this? Come get your ho'
Hop off my dick, this bitch annoying
This M.O.B., I need my coins
.223 inside the foreign
Fold a nigga like some laundry
Money coming, money going
I get it in, Monday to Monday
With the carbon on the drum
Spin the block and have you running
Yup, I'm the number one stunner
Got good credit, use cash money (dough)
Ayy, shoutout to God, even though I had slept on the floor
My racks very large, shit 'cuz, niggas, I got antidote
Yeah, you don't want antidote
It's Glizzock, I got plenty smoke
I smashed her on the first night
She like, "boy, you unforgettable"
I told her no relations, I'm a player, I'm a juggalo
I'm sipping on some Barney and I'm rollin' up some Piccolo
Lil Wook bettin' ten and fo'
And I bet I can hit your ho'
I just bought a Richard Mille
I coulda went and bought a Ghost
Yeah, I just spent a lotta money
Boutta make a lotta mo'
Yeah, I just woke up in a mansion
Nigga, you know that I work

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Headshot, case closed
Buss it down with the bros
Put that up, go get some mo'
Selling bags out the backdoor (shh)
Keep that on the low (be quiet)
Bad bitch, booty swole
Got her on bankroll
Can't fold, that's a no
Headshot, case closed

She took her trip just to go see Dr. Miami (woah)
He ran his racks up and took him a trip out to Cali (uh)
I seen that new coupe, said instantly
I gotta have it (gimme that)
I asked where that pussy belong to
She said fuck him, I can have it (yup)
Bitch been talkin' for twenty minutes
Talkin' 'bout she the baddest (okay)
Bitch, I just got this new load
Now I need somewhere to stash it (for real, though)
Talking all that boss bitch shit, ho'
You just need a real nigga to smash it (hold up, huh)
I just turned a bad bitch to a ratchet (woo)
I put VS stones in my glasses
Stuffed a quarter mill' and twenties in a mattress (trap)
It used to be who get the arm up the fastest (trap)
Now a nigga make millions off of adlibs (yeah, yeah)
My niggas and 'em pop 30's like Advils (yeah, yeah)
Shoutout to my nigga, show he's mad real (Queens)
Might drop a country album and buy a mansion in Nashville (uh, huh)
Yeah, you heard me, stupid ass niggas
Nashville

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