

FYTB

Key Glock

(Sosa 808 got this bitch knockin', nigga, ayy)

Yeah, I came in the game flexin', I was born to ball, yeah (Flexin')
With a big bag, a nigga fly like Santa Claus (Bag)
Man, these niggas rappin', cappin', actin' like they got it all (Cap)
But they don't, dawg, man, these niggas fraud, uh
Glizock, he for real, he the real deal, y'all (Yeah)
Yeah, they say it's time to kill, just look at my skeleton
Yeah, I hop up in my whip, my whip look like Megatron
Yeah, motherfuck your deal, I made that lil' shit in six months (Yeah, that's
s real shit, nigga)

Nigga, fuck you talkin' 'bout? (Fuck you talkin' 'bout?)
I had racks on me then, racks on me now, yeah
I was strapped back then, still strapped now, yeah
Your bitch seen Glizock and she damn near blacked out, uh
Yeah, I really live the life these niggas rap 'bout, uh
I ain't wrestling with my mouth, no, I don't rap battle, uh
Yeah, young nigga came from shit, but I didn't tap out, uh
Have you ever spent a night up in the traphouse? Huh?

God, please protect my cheese 'cause these rats out, yeah
I can't give no ho my seed, I can't crash out, huh
I brought the racks out, baby, I brought the racks out (Yeah)
Bitch, I got good credit, but I still cash out
Yeah, just left up out the mall and I don't even check the tags
Yeah, I just hopped up in that new Benz, skrrt skrrt, and I smashed
Yeah, Glizock, he the shit, and man, these other niggas assed out
Yeah, Glizock walk up in the building, your bitch, damn near passed out

Nigga, fuck you talkin' 'bout? (The fuck?)
I had racks on me then, racks on me now (Yeah)
I was strapped back then, still strapped now, yeah
Your bitch seen Glizock and she damn near blacked out, uh
Nigga, fuck you talkin' 'bout? (Yeah, bitch)
I had racks on me then, racks on me now (Yeah)
I was strapped back then, still strapped now, yeah
Your bitch seen Glizock and she damn near blacked out, uh
Yeah, I really live the life these niggas rap 'bout, uh
I ain't wrestling with my mouth, no, I don't rap battle, uh (Nah)
Yeah, young nigga came from shit, but I didn't tap out, uh (Nah)
Have you ever spent a night up in the traphouse? Huh?

Bitch, I ran it up, I still'll gun your ass down, yeah
Seventh grade bumpin' Waka, I love them gun sounds, yeah
Now a nigga drinkin' Wocky, I take mud baths, yeah
These lil' niggas just be talkin', ain't got no cash (Ain't got no guap)
Yeah, you broke, boy, he broke, boy, yeah, you niggas fucked up
Thought I told you bitches that I'm blessed, I didn't luck up
Glizock, let me hold somethin', shit, nigga, hold up
Put that on my daddy, I paid cash for my Rolls truck, yup

Nigga, fuck you talkin' 'bout? (Yeah)
I had racks on me then, racks on me now (Yeah)
I was strapped back then, still strapped now, yeah (I'm talkin' 'bout right
now)
Your bitch seen Glizock and she damn near blacked out, uh

Yeah, I really live the life these niggas rap 'bout, uh
I ain't wrestling with my mouth, no, I don't rap battle, uh
Yeah, young nigga came from shit, but I didn't tap out, uh
Have you ever spent a night up in the traphouse? Huh? (The fuck?)