

I Can Tell

Key Glock

(Let the band play)
(Chino)
Ayy

Shit gettin' real, yeah
Voices in my head, the devil tryna make a deal, yeah
Angels on my right, and I got demons to the left, yeah
I'ma stand ten toes down, nigga havin' no help, yeah
It's a lot of rappers hatin' on me, I can tell, yeah
It's a lot of niggas want me dead, but I ain't dead, yeah
Glizzock in the building, my nigga, I know you smell me
Yeah, jumped up in this rap game and I motherfuckin' rigged it
On the paper route, mind your motherfuckin' business (Yeah)

I get plenty (Guap)
They askin' how it feel to be independent (Huh?)
Bitch, that's a no-brainer, I know you see it (Know you see it)
I be ballin' on these niggas, they ain't got defense (Nah)
Yeah, diamonds on my neck got your bitch seasick (Big rock)
Yeah, and bitch, you know my name, you know I keep it (Big Glock)
I just poured up a four in my Sprite remix (Remix)
These niggas claim they drinkin' Act', shit, they can keep it (Keep that shit)
Yeah, Big Glock, he the shit, it ain't no secret (It ain't no secret, bitch)
These niggas hate me, but they really wanna be me (Niggas wanna be me)
I feel like MJ, I'm goin' for another three-peat
Uh, yeah, bitch, I'm airborne, they can't see me

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Yeah, young rich nigga still chillin' in the trenches, yeah
Told my gang this summer it's gon' be a killing, yeah
I had to tell some fuck niggas keep they distance, yeah
I had to tell my bitches they can keep they feelings, yeah, huh
To theyself
Bitch, I'm tryna keep, keep, keep gettin' wealthy
I had to fall off the bitch 'cause she was too messy
Yeah, I had to fall off the bitch 'cause she was too messy
Yeah, I just can't stop flexin'
I'm 'bout to put some yellow diamonds in a Skydweller
Gettin' tired of all my foreign cars, might get a box Chevy
Ayy, I just checked my bank account and this shit gettin' serious, serious

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