

Murder & Millions

Key Glock

Cutthroat La Familia, yeah

Murder, millions
Finesse, love
Murder, millions
Finesse, drugs
Murder, millions
Finesse, love
Murder, millions
Finesse, love
Murder, millions
Finesse, drugs
Murder, millions
Finesse, love

Murder, kill for a dollar bill
Got that heat on my waist, you better be chill
This shit we call life real
House so big, front yard like a football field
And it's still getting build
I'm on my road to riches, you know what it is
I put that on King Mill
Blue diamonds sometimes they look teal
Why this nigga bitch up in my grill
All in Houston they calling me trill
In New York they be saying I'm ill
Glizzop told me I'm worth a bill'
Yeah lil nigga, a billion
Niggas want me dead it should've been done
My young nigga catch bodies for income
These rap niggas my lil son sons
That's why she call me daddy
Yeah these bitch ass niggas need pom poms
I kick me a stick, like a granny
Yeah these bitch ass niggas don't want none
Lord knows this shit a get tragic
I'll turn none to some I'm havoc
I'll take off my hat and then pull out a rabbit

All this pain made me fall in love with drugs
I grew up 'round hustlers, some dope fiends and some thugs
They say it will kill you if you love it too much
It's Cutthroat La Familia, and we rappers and what?

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