

No Condom

Key Glock

One thing for sure, I'ma go and get some money
I looked up in the mirror and told that nigga keep it comin'
No time for these bitches, I'm too busy gettin' money
It's a cold world, 30 in my Gucci bomber

I ran it up and never fumbled, I'm just fuckin' up these commas
Got bitches on my dick, I slam em' like my first Nyanis
I'm sippin' high-tech red, got a double cup of bumpin'
I walk up in the building freshest nigga in the function
Oh, that Glock? Nah, nah, that's Glizzop
Hoppin' out the drop with a drop on these wrists
Smokin' good weed with a bad-ass bitch
I told you I been playin' with Stig since I was... What?
What come after 5?
My nina my main bitch, I know that she gon' ride or die
Got all this water on my shirt, look like my diamonds cryin'
I'm bout my franklins just like Kirk, you nigga, smile, fry
These diamonds came up out the dirt, now I got all kinds
And all sizes
I got money on my mind, nigga, at all times
We got the blind leadin' the blind, these niggas rappin' lies
Every penny, nickel, and dime, I need all of mine

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He lookin' at me funny, I must've fucked his bitch or somethin'
He probably read a text how I be all up in her stomach
But little do they both know I'm married to the money
I'm bout to fuck the rap game up with no condom

T-R-O, T-R-O