

# Shame

Key Glock

Young nigga six figures up  
How the fuck you feel  
I pulled up in a coupe  
They thought I signed a deal  
You don't look familiar  
Real recognize real  
Bitch I'm money hungry  
You know I can't miss no meal  
Why the fuck these niggas so lame, lame, lame  
Knowing damn well they can't hang with gang, gang, gang  
Throwing bullets and [?] make it rain, rain, rain  
I'm flexing so hard it's a shame, shame, shame

I'm running to the money  
Bitch I feel like Usain (Bolt)  
You talk down on my name  
Bitch I [?]  
Don't talk down on the gang  
The choppa sing eddie kane  
Stove top Glock  
Bitch you know I keep the flame  
I need everything  
Bitch I feel like Jesse James  
You talking bout running up gwap  
I'm on the same thing  
You thinking bout running up on me  
You gone loose your brain  
300 for some flip flops  
They like what a shame  
Niggas talking foul  
I'ma take 'em out the game  
Stretch a fuck nigga  
Then I'm going at his chain  
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VVS diamonds  
Dripping on my sleeve and collar  
Never been a trick  
I keep my stick like Harry Potter  
I said VVS diamonds dripping on my sleeve and collar  
Never been a trick

I keep my stick like Harry Potter  
Niggas plotting, watching  
Pulled up benz, I dropped it  
Bitches jaws dropping  
Smoke kush, I'm a Rasta  
No, I'm no pill popper  
Big rocks look like fossil  
Shit dripping like faucet  
This shit get colossal  
This shit get colossal  
Ain't no talking  
I'll off 'em  
Ain't no talking  
I'll off 'em  
I play with fields of that green  
Like I'm golfing

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