

Spike Lee

Key Glock

(AIMONMYNECK at it again)
(Blazer outta spaceship)
G-Lock
Yeah
Yeah

Ayy, Chrome Heart frames on my face like Spike Lee (Spike Lee)
Six figures sittin' on a nigga white tee
Screamin', "MOB," these hoes don't excite me (Excite me)
I been playin' with them M's since nineteen
Racks too big, so I barely wear tight jeans (Racks)
She like, "Boy, you geeked up," bitch, I might be (Yeah)
Nine millimeter and I squeeze it like a Hi-C (Baow)
Talk too much shit, yeah, that's why they don't like me
Chrome Heart frames on my face like Spike Lee
Six figures worth of diamonds sittin' on my white tee
Screamin', "MOB," these hoes don't excite me
Young nigga playin' with them M's since nineteen (Yeah)
Racks too big, so I barely wear tight jeans
Nine millimeter, let it squeeze it like a Hi-C (Baow, baow)
Talk too much shit, that's why they don't like me
I pop too much shit, that's why they don't like me

Yeah, I'm tryna roll up an opp and put him in the air (Air)
Yeah, if she ain't right, then the bitch gettin' left
My nigga got caught with some bales, made his bail (Bail)
Look at my left wrist, this bitch cold as hell (Phew)
Yeah, I mean cold as ice
One in the head, you better think twice
Niggas be switchin', I can't leave my pipe (Pipe)
These niggas be switchin', I can't leave without it
These niggas some bitches, these niggas be sour
I'ma go get it, I gotta go get it, on my road to riches, these niggas some c
lowns (Phew, phew)
The Glock came with switches, the Maybach got switches the way this bitch bo
uncin' up and off the ground
I'ma kill a fuck nigga whenever I see him, just tell mama 'nem hold it down
(Yeah)
Since I was six, I was man of the house (House)
Ten years later, playing 'round with a pound
Ayy, I didn't play then and I don't play now (Now)
Can't name one nigga touched me
In a two-seater with a whole hundred rounds (Rounds)
Cap, you ain't never ever seen a hundred pounds
Yeah, I used to serve my uncle grams
Auntie talking 'bout, "Do the right thing"

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Nine millimeter and I squeeze it like a Hi-C (Hi-C)
Talk too much shit, yeah, that's why they don't like me

Ayy, two twin Glocks on me like I'm a Pisces

Gucci with the J's, ayy, you know I'm not a hypebeast (Uh-uh)
Niggas ain't really on shit, just typing
Dog-ass nigga, I be runnin' with some hyenas
Ayy, niggas ain't really on shit, just typin'
Dog-ass nigga, I be hangin' with some hyenas
I made it off the block, then made a couple million, then got me a spot out
there by the white people (Yeah)
Just fucked around, spilled some Wock' on my wife beater (Wock', Wock')
Left wrist like Ike, right wrist like Tina
Talk to therapists, I like money, I don't like people
Ridin' in the AMG Benz, I don't like beamer
Skeleton AP, bitch, I'm the reaper
Stay fresh to death, yeah, this young nigga lethal
I got that bag, yeah, that bag, I'ma keep it
And I got it on me, this shit not a secret

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