

Days

KILLY

What?

I just told Richie we rich

Think I seen it all, I seen better days
Got some remedies, so I don't feel a thing
Got some enemies that wanna even things
People who was down, but not down today
Walkin' through Shibuya, my bitch anime
Ninety-nine percent my past, will you stop askin' me?
I could teach you how to spend ten racks so casually
Everyday shit, imagine this on Saturdays
The lean don't look the same mixin' in my arteries
Two bad bitches, we touchin' all in harmony
This thing in my bag, got a voice in my head, keep tauntin' me

Fifty floors up, just landed at John F. Kennedy
43 bust, use your [?], John Kennedy
Every weekend I was fuckin' on a bitch, playin' Trilogy
Kiki in her feelings, I'm a demon, might fuck her in Tiffany
Call me a three, Ed, Edd, and Eddy
These hoes, they so petty, pretty
You might tell your bitch she bad, but she gave you like no cudi
I was down below with no money
Still had hoes runnin'
And my clothes was so bummy
Suck me 'til her nose running
I got used to road running
My army leave you no thorn
Feelin' like an ottoman 'cause no, I cannot fold on 'em
What you need to understand, I never shut the door on 'em
Stuck to the plan, we in high demand
I won't show face for no money
Bullets stealin', switch the slideshow
I pour all the pain from this styrofoam
I can't feel a thing that be high or low
We got hollows for our problems

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