

# MOONWALK

KILLY

Oh no  
Yeah, yeah

That shorty wanna come around but I can never let her  
Look up at my wrist and I remember last December  
When you turn your back they gonna change up like the weather  
Ridin the horizon I could never ever let up  
Let the drugs talk  
Gucci wrist watch  
And my eyes low  
Hit the moonwalk  
Let the drugs talk  
Gucci wristwatch  
And my eyes low  
Hit the moonwalk

I ain't met a nigga yet  
Yuh  
Fuckin with the set  
Fifty thousand on my neck  
She suck it till she out of breath  
Ayy, moonwalk on these bitches like my name was Michael Jackson  
Diamonds, ayy, dancing, ayy, and my pants sagging  
Too much money in em need more pockets I can't fit em  
Pussy nigggas I can't feel em  
She ain't met a nigga realer

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