

# REALLY DECEASED

KILLY

You want it  
Can't have it  
Can't manage  
No attachment  
I'm not from  
This planet  
Crash landing  
Diamonds on me and they dancing  
You want it  
Can't have it  
Can't have it  
Can't have it  
Can't have it  
You want it  
Can't have it

Jealousy envy and greed walk around and it follow me  
Fresh to death penalty secretly I'm ready deceased  
I got like no room to breath Tesla coop feel like submarine  
She Japanese Guyanese skin tone look like Hennesy  
More money more problems for me  
Mind frame expand off a beam  
Number 9 with rips on the seams  
Summer nights my ends didn't leave  
Remember nights my ends didn't meet  
Me and bro went half on a deegs  
Fast forward we in Miami  
Fuck three hoes trilagy on repeat  
More zeros but I keep it discrete  
My ear lobes they dance Billie Jean  
Broski still stuck in the streets  
Got Uncles in the bin BIN getting deezed  
Look round many depend on me  
Infinity stones think I found every piece  
Closed doors big collection of keys  
Back then paradise on T.V.  
Woke up no this not a dream  
No more living life on repeat

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And my bitch hold my stick  
Four five gliz it won't miss  
Everything hit  
Diamonds hit  
Check my wrist  
Tick tick tick  
Look at my bitch  
Thick thick thick  
Money come in infinite  
Take a trip then extend  
Talk a lot of shit don't make sense