

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
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You want it
Can't have it
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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