

Y?

KILLY

Why everybody they lookin' the same?  
Why everybody tryna copy my chain?  
All of these hoes want attention for free  
Refurbished Rollies not impressing me  
I'm never hiding, just posted my drop  
Tryna get higher, I love when it drop  
Caught me a liar and cut off his tongue  
I can't get tired, I'm running it up  
Most of my foes really move like some hoes, but the worst of it all is we started as friends  
I love my bro, he on go, got eleven on road 'cause he always keep one in the head  
Issey Miyake I mix with the Arcy, know she getting wet 'cause we started a trend (What?)  
If I wanna link I just text her a ping  
She gon' drop everything 'cause she know what I meant (Yeah, yeah)

Back on my bull, I'm seeing red  
Merino wool, I don't get wet (Yeah, yeah)  
I bend the rules, lower my tax  
Move like a fool, get pitched like a tent (Yeah, yeah)  
Could make half a ticket if I checked my DMs  
Back independent, got business expense  
Bottega Veneta, spent five on a lens  
Back of the 'Bach, not a regular Benz  
Stay on the grind, I need something to show  
Stay in the sky, I got places to go  
Take all the phones at the back of the show  
'Cause they doing the most and they dying to post  
Most people I know are dying to live  
I talk to God, but of course I have sinned  
Knot in my pocket, there used to be lint  
Gone like Team Rocket, I blast off again  
Roll with a freak, I pull her hair  
Don't really speak, nothing to share  
Tints on the glass, you see the glare  
Had to live fast 'cause life ain't fair  
Down to my last, who would be there?  
Down to my last, who'd have my back?  
Bring racks with me everywhere  
'Cause racks won't ever stab my back (My back, my back, my back)

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