

Ahaha, Lamest

Hop in the straight (Hop out the straight)
Jump in the Wraith (Uh, uh)
Look at they face (What?)
This why they hate (What?)
It's never too late (Uh, uh)
You get replaced (Uh, uh)
I'm twisting your fate (Uh, uh)
You lose when you play (Uh, uh)
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Bitch you in the way
Your salary minimum wage (Broke bitch)
You real or you fake?
Them statements cannot be replaced (Uh, uh)
I give and I take (What?)
They copy and follow my pace (They follow my pace)
We winning the race (What?)
Three dead and that's just in one day (That's just in one day)
See, I take the drums on the road (What?)
Them choppas with me at the show (Boom)
I grew up with nothing but killers
They talkin' and speakin' in code (What?)
Reload, unload, and reload (Boom)
Ain't fucking, then she gotta go
She looking like I'm speaking Spanish
I'm just saying, "I'm letting you know" (Just letting you know)
Ain't counting no bodies from past tense (Uh, uh)
I'm catching shit, ain't no passing (Boom)
I'm celebrating my new money (Huh)
Y'all dead broke on that mad shit
Trackhawk Jeep, it be the fastest (Vroom)
Bad bitch, she got her ass did
We ripping and racing through traffic (Move out the way, bitch)
I'm praying, I hope I don't crash it

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Look at they face (Look at them niggas)
This why they hate (Baow)
It's never too late (Uh, uh)
You get replaced (Uh, uh)
I'm twisting your fate (Gimme that)
You lose when you play (Uh, uh)
Hop in the straight (Hop out the straight)
Jump in the Wraith (Uh, uh)
Look at they face (Look at them niggas)
This why they hate (Baow)
It's never too late (Uh, uh)

You get replaced (Uh, uh)
I'm twisting your fate (Gimme that)
You lose when you play

Ayy, hollows blew up in his face, now they need his dental records (He a John Doe)
I got professional texters, come through with choppas, and send you a message (Grrra)
Pick up that bag, and hit jewelers and jack it, this Louis V jacket, a few niggas stash it
I get that work and my boo, she gon' stash it
Yo' bitch average, plus she bagless
Trackhawk booted, exhaust sound just like a dragon, ayy
Touch a nigga from Chirag, see more bullets than Madden, ayy (Brrra, baow, baow, baow)
Instagram bitch in the 'telly, countin' my rackies, give me some Becky (Some neck)
Remember I was sleeping in the trap, laying on the floor with the Glock on my belly (Strapped)
Got a few dollars and bought me a Pelle' (Yeah)
In a good way, how my closet is messy (Yeah)
I don't chase niggas, get hot with the dessy
Turn his dreads to meatballs and spaghetti

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