

Off The Lead

Lancey Foux

(I'm working on dying)
Whew, huh

I just hit New York, she told me, "Welcome to the party"
Bad Eritrean, Ethiopian, Somali (Yeah)
Hoppin' out the 'Rari, she wanna fuck me for the car key
I got whole lotta redbones, I'm on the phone with Playboi Carti
(Whole Lotta Red)
It ain't nothin' to keep it real, it ain't nothin' to never spill (Spill)
I got killers out in Brooklyn, I got killers in Brixton Hill (Boom)
I'm on the M, no attempted, whether it's murder or the mills (Boom)
You can catch me out in Philly fuckin' with Oogie Mane and F1lt h'
I feel like my hands made to kill and the chopper got no chill
(Bup-bup-bup)
I can cook up the beat like Pharrell (For real)
I can fuck with the states like Estelle (Huh?)
I can still give you greaze like I'm gel (Yeah)
When you see me, greet me well
You can strip me down, I'll still shine (Shine)
Fuck your jeweler, fuck your ice (Ice)
You can be wrong all the time (Time)
But come correct on the price (Shine)
You've been scared all your life, I've been workin' on dyin' (Dyin')
Two new hoes, black or white, you know I roll the dice (Whew)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Got bands in the bed, I beat off the lead
I got a bad bitch obsessed, I got her boyfriend upset
And I've just been breakin' some bread
I'll give off an arm and a leg
Why would I speak if it's said?
You want some advice? (Yeah) Talk to Ted (Whew)

(Huh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
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I just hit New York, she told me, "Welcome to the party"
Bad Eritrean, Ethiopian, Somali-mali
Ethiopian, Somali (Chyeah, whew, chyeah)