

Larry's Freestyle

Larry June

Keep the hammer like I'm Bob the Builder
But I'm never building nothing (Oh no!)
I don't really got a preference
Do the papers, Woods, or the Dutches (Yes Lord!)
Hit him from a distance, he didn't even know
I seen the nigga coming (Gawd!)
Aye, this the injunction
Take my advice
Aye, this a premonition
I might can save your life
Quit acting like a bitch
And if you send the pack, don't send it overnight
Triple beam scale, these packs ain't light
Five Ps in a [?], 45 ghost with the light
Sippin Jeremy got me feeling right
Twenty bands for my new ice
I don't trust the bitch at all
On the low these bitches sucking pipe
Out of mind, nigga out of sight
Out of sight, nigga out of mind
Said the same shit two times
Still the hardest nigga on the mic
Your bitch hit my DM tonight
Clean my rims, then I hit the block
Fucking 'round with the Taylor Gang
God damn, I got too high
20 bands in my skinny jeans
So I gotta pack the big chop
Gross income 200k, never had a rap check in my life
I don't ever trust niggas
Half of 'em fuck niggas
Hit my phone 30 times mad cause I never ever fuck with 'em
That's signs of a hoe, bruh
You mad, cause you broke, huh?
I ain't even write this
It's all off the dome, huh?
Let's see how many niggas try to jack the flow, huh
I know you niggas watching
House nigga on the internet posting choppers
I just made a hundred thousand
Living good, eating Thai food, on the island
Chillin' with a little stallion
I'm the motherfucking greatest, if you feel you better
Nigga we can see about it
You punk bitch, wanna hate and shit
You ain't even got your nails did
You don't even got a whip, bitch
Watch your mouth, talking to a pimp
Drinking coffee, peeping real estate
Get it cheaper, heard the market rising
Take the equity and start a business
Drink a lot of water, watch your diet
I'm at Barney's spending hella dollars
Saint Laurent, and the new Givenchy
I don't fall in love with a bop
Fuck her twice and then I make her swallow
I a four door scrape hotbox God damn oh my gawd

Aye sweetie, hand me that asthma pump please, thank you
A nigga can't even breathe, help
Hella on
Smoking strong
Two phones
Two homes
Aye, homes
What you need?
I gotta pack
God damn
Chopper hit him
Automatic
Niggas actors, movie script
Cinematic, chopper snatch ya
You a bitch
Run that
Had to switch it up, cause the beat dropped
With a Puerto Rican, getting big top
Spent a pretty penny for my wrist watch
Niggas hustin' backwards like criss cross
I'm the biggest boss since Rick Ross
Got some niggas that'll knock your wrist off
For that Rolex, that you flexing on 'em
God damn Sledgren, you're doing good
Getting high playing Xbox, Balmain hoodie
I ain't stressed out
Young nigga just got knocked down
So it's time to bring them fuckin' techs out
Hit the pack with the knife
Let him taste it if he wanna
If he want it, then I bring the rest out
I might take a trip down to Pittsburgh
Just to tell my nigga Sledgren, "Good Job!"