

(Please, Slimeball)

(Plug)

Fuck, fuck, fuck

Out of town, I see faces, I see different places
Look at my scam, this shit amazing, how I fuckin' made it
Where you reside? What you savin'? We gon' fuckin' take it
I could've been in different places, but I'm fuckin' lazy
Tinted whip, I slide, drivin' crazy, whip got one-eighty
Get my blick inside, I can get this bitch in different places
What you talkin' 'bout? Nigga yappin', what you fuckin' thinkin'
'?

I spent too much racks on drip, like, what the fuck I'm thinkin'
'?

Woke up next week, I woke up off drank, like, what the fuck I'm
drinkin'?

It ain't safe out here in the trenches, told lil' twin keep his
banger

I don't even need no fully installed in my fire, I just spam my
finger

This a K5, 12 had thought it was a fuckin' Stinger
With my fine shit, push up, I turn off all my fuckin' ringers
Now when I go 'round all my folk, they think I'm fuckin' famous
You got a fire, that make us both, let's see who really a aimer
Park on the side of the road, shoot a ghost, I'm tryna let out
the anger

'Member back then when we used to roast, now we on the stage li
ke singers

Kept me outside when I got that loaf, too many racks, it get ta
ngled

Catch you outside and you better not loaf, they know the opps g
et strangled

Spin out the ride, I made a O, I left a O where I spun out
Shots gettin' fired, nigga go ghost, nigga don't know who done
that

Put on that drip, I ain't gotta do the most, I ain't even too m
uch stuntin' that

Hood too small, where you gon' go? You ain't got nowhere to run
at

Damn near got geeked, I ain't think where the blunt at
Traveling, dig my fire up when I come back

Nigga tryna 1v1, Mortal Kombat

I made this shit high, I'm where the sun at

Twin got it too hot, I want my gun back

Fuck, fuck