

Kilo

Lil Bibby

My name hold weight like a kilo
Yo nigga a zero
Self-made bitch, I don't need no fuckin' hero I got bank roll
Verses put me on, now Ima blow this money 'till it's gone [x2]

I'm sittin' presidential and I know they hatin'
Crazy thing about it I 'ain't even made it... yet
I make a rack off foreign features
These rappers on the bleachers teachin' lessons like they teachers, I'm like
..
Three tapes in, workin' on my fourth
When one door doesn't open don't wait on the porch
You go and get your money like it's payday
These hoes gon' run they mouth just like they relay and it's okay
'Cuz I'm takin' off, hit and run
Breakin' bread, you could hit the crumbs
Hit the blunt and then toss it, then throwin' holes in they coffins
Wake 'em up with my loud pack, makin' more noise than a sound track
Got more toys than a spoiled brat, playin' games that'll get you clapped
Clap it up for my season, pockets always cheesy
Fuck niggas keep dissin', we'll leave yo' mama and 'em crazy
Going 90 on Stoney though
3 fingers, East Side
Weak bitches gon' talk shit but a real bitch ain't gon' let it slide

My name hold weight like a kilo, plus I got them kilos
Runnin' shit like Nino, my plug named Carlito
I been outta town gettin' C-Notes, please don't tell my P.O
My niggas hot in these streets ho so that strap go wherever we go
Ball hard like D.Rose, this rap shit like free throws
Cluck say he need 3 blows, he sound like a police though
I'm splurgin', I ain't T-Row
Yo boyfriend a zero, I'm rollin' off a hero, yo baby-mama she deep-throat
I'm all about them figures, ridin' 'round with my niggas
I only fuck with them killas', and a couple dope dealas'
Pockets filled with them bank rolls, hunnit thousand, can't fold
Bibby got that straight drop just ask around bet they know
I'm feelin' like the shit, these verses gettin' me rich
And I don't fuck with no squares, unless you talkin' 'bout bricks
I be goin' hard no time off, these lil' niggas they rhyme soft
Play with me I let the nine off, commit a homicide then ride off

Yeah my name hold weight that's what my bars say
Young nigga that's runnin' 'bout all 'em apes no I 'ain't Tarzan
If I can get 'em my squad can, kilo
That's all me and my peeps know
I wake up with 'bout twelve bricks 'bout twelve hit I got three more
'Nother three go
Bibby call Carlito
Them thangs comin' them thangs goin' yo man hold my D-Note
Ask about me bet she know
Lil Herb hold up a kilo
On 79th bitch I'm Deebo
Runnin' red lights with 'bout three poles
Now I got the cops stalkin' me, I don't know nothin' don't talk to me

I be rollin' around blowin' QP's, bout 2 G's, and a [?]
So you run up, you get gunned up
Had 'em fifties blowin' 'till the sun up
If yo bitch fucked me she done lucked up
If she didn't suck me you should cuff her, 'cuz she one of a kind
Look at you and yo goofy crew with ya'll Gucci shoes, they ain't fuckin' wit
h mine
Who is you and these goofy dudes? Just lookin' new, get the fuck off the nin
e
Buss at his spine
Hunnit stacks for the Rolex, I'm a sucka' for time
Niggas mad like "Why you never come and fuck with us?"
'Cuz I'm stuck on the grind