

# Astronomical

Lil Durk

808 Mafia

Ayy, we gon' switch it up a lil' bit  
Ayy, we doin' all high speed  
Talkin' 'bout that skrrt, know what I'm sayin'?  
Turn up, turn up

Can fuck on any bitch I want 'cause I'm conceited  
At this point, I want the drugs, they really know I need it  
Get it low from the plug then I take it back to get remixed  
Steady runnin' off on your plug, you know that ain't no street shit

Ridin' 'round with a hundred racks sittin' on me  
Ridin' 'round through the whole city by my lonely  
I don't ride around with different niggas, just my homies (Facts)  
Ridin' 'round got them drugs stashed 'cause they on me (Turn up)

You told me don't come with ratchet (Fuck that)  
Police come, I'ma stash it  
Ride around, servin' them Xannies  
Half of my homies addicts  
The check gon' bounce, you cash it (Yeah)  
You let a scammer crack it (Scammer)  
She'll let me get in her panties (Panties)  
Ran from the jakes from the bando (Yeah)

I was down broke to the canvas  
Bring me a stick when I'm landin' (Let's go)  
Back from Cali with samples  
First class with a couple of bandits (You know)  
I don't know how to panic  
Will I shoot that Glock, I'm frantic  
You don't got it, I got it  
That's just part of my savage

Yeah, yeah, yeah, addicted to medication  
I'm not a demonstration (No, no)  
Designer for all my ladies (Big drip)  
And you be fresh on occasions (Yeah)  
I lick the Perc off her navel (Yeah)  
One of my hoes ain't stable (Yeah)  
She loyal, so you know I pay you  
Mouth open, I give you a facial  
I decided to sign with a label  
A lot of these niggas ungrateful  
You like youngin' with no label

I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin'  
Say I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin', I'm leanin'

Fuck it, put your head back, drink this semen  
Fuck it, if you don't swallow, you gotta clean it  
Fuck it, like my gas musty, that's that gas, dummy  
Gotta keep them bags comin'  
Whole pill, no half of it  
No pills, I act stubborn  
Gotta do the dash on it

Fucked up my last apartment (Turn up)

Far from the back, it farted  
Went to a show in New Orleans  
She wanna party with Bardi  
Pardon the body (Yeah)  
Won't say sorry (Sorry)  
I love you hardly (Hardly)  
I love you barely (Barely)  
Shorty shoot like Jerry  
You rockin' them fake Amiri's  
How niggas gonna take you seriously?  
My shorty got booked for delivery  
That cancer eatin' his kidney  
My goal is road to riches  
His goal, to roll a Bentley  
His case, they hold him in it  
And he been gone a minute, yeah

This mothafucka goin' on