

B12

Lil Durk

McLaren Speedtail
Six carats in my ear for detail
I be gettin' all my watches retail
Caught a murder, he tryna call Meek Mill
Sold him lean, but Doodie got his refill
I know real killers act like females
All the trenches bitches give me tea still
How you kill him? Bro, I need the details
Adderall, feel like it's mixed with B12
You kept tellin' all my secrets, be real
Headshot, stop runnin', be still
I could shake a whole block with these pills
This a striker, I don't know why you need Ls
Pull up to a whole mosque and pray still
Follow bro car 'cause he got the switch
Only poppin' 'cause you died and you diss
Crush a Perc' inside a Sierra Mist
Bitch was poppin', had to give her a kiss
I ain't puttin' my name on hits
Why you braggin'? Niggas ain't kill shit
Hopped out on feet like he ran out of gas
I call him Yeat 'cause he stay with his mask
How you got it, but you stay with your mans?
Legs tatted, had to go get some Vans
Fifteen million cash, that's my advance
Fuck a opp bitch to get in her head
Think I love her, I'm tryna plot on her man
Think I love her, I'm tryna kill his ass
You a killer? Jam, check his referral
Flawless diamonds, you rock it better with curls
On a date, I gotta take her to Harold's
These Chanel, these ain't regular pearls

I'm so high off this X pill
I don't give no fuck how my ex feel
Your new nigga ain't put you on no jet still
Why send shots like he a threat? Yeah

Still use cash with the card on file
Check what you drinkin', they water it down
Said what you said, you a part of it now
Chance after chance, I done gave you a pound
Feds on your ass, gotta bury it now
I popped a Addy, I barely pronounce
Eyeball the weed and it's barely a ounce
Watch how you speak, you could bury your spouse
Bro, I got Ms and I slept on the couch
Ain't got a bond, it got inherit amount
My budget two million, the killers is out
I get my teeth from the Mouth of the South
Got the location, you not in your house
How do it feel to have Glocks in your mouth?
I know you broke 'cause they froze your account
Feel like a goofy promotin' the clown
I told my lawyer I'm sober now
Run up a check 'cause I'm older now
Got who we want, so it's over now

How you slide, but ain't nobody vouch?
Counterfeit money, ain't nobody count
How you think I got two hundred pounds?
Fifties, fifties, fifties, two hundred rounds
Out of jail early, you know that he foul
Nike ski mask to cover the brows
No Auto, pain, I got a couple of styles
I done paid for a couple of trials
I done slaid me a couple of dials
Call her now 'cause I ain't fuck in a while
I got love for bro, he holdin' me down
Frرت, hold a couple of rounds
Frرت, standin' over him now, yeah

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