

# True

Lil Durk

Lit, no cig  
Clean Sprite mixed with no lean

We smoke straight dope, ain't no seeds in it  
Clean Sprite, put some lean in it  
Rockstars, got some G's in it  
Real killas, they don't leave witness  
Tax season, boy, your car rented  
Bitch you boostin', you got no business  
Call my shooters, they got no limits  
I'm just rockin' in my True Religions

Got a Glock with a beam  
Bada boom, bada bing  
Ops not on a thing  
(Let's get it!)

We need some real big rings  
Netflix and chill let's watch some Narcos  
And my cup the color Harpo  
Got fifty in these cargos  
Used to sit and watch my car doors  
Valet ask me how to park those  
I'm scannin' niggas like a barcode  
Fake designer, that's a no-no  
We rockin' rollies fuck a Jo-Jo

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Money got me Bowflexin'  
Balmain, no Paris  
Pussy 'bout to get the message  
Before I have my youngins stressin'  
I told 'em I'm a turn up on em  
Killed his ass, we run up on 'em  
We hawk 'em down, we run up on 'em  
His tweets said he keep 'em on him  
I'm just coolin' as a rapper  
My niggas know that I be trappin'  
To the streets I'm so adapted  
Fuck the state, they took my Rapid

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