

Freestyle

Lil Eazzyy

Off of the Wok in a coma
We in a rover
Four in the back with a toaster
Meiro he gripping that 30
We slapping the stick and you do what we say, no controller
I'm coming over to fuck
You coming over she tell you she want you to hold 'em
My niggas love to get over
You got the racks, and my niggas pull up like a chauffeur
Imma go get me a Bentley B
B on the buckle, or maybe just throw on the Fendi
Niggas, they filled up with envy
If you got a problem its 50 rounds up in this semi
You want to tweak
I'll even call sis, and this be your last night like you Diddy
It can get tricky
When bullets start flying, you better get down or get with me
LV be giving me powers
Dust off the belt
This some jiggas got me up for hours
I just might drop me a xanny
Let it dissolve, that shit kinda taste a lil sour
I'm high, I'm up with the towers
Think that your bitch?
Well nigga I think that it's ours
30 clip shoot us a movie
Talk on the net but don't show
Nigga you is a coward
Two fake accounts getting busy
Go and load up at the bank
Yeah my niggas stay with me
Them bitches be bustin
Two for the twenty, but I don't know, you seeming iffy
I'm a have K2 go zoo him for all of his racks
I'm the man so I'm thinking I'm 50
Trust me my niggas get sitchy
Got me a navy, so I got a Glock with a switchy
Coupe switching
Where I leave my cup
I think my Yac missing
Probably left it right next to my Wok
Man I be Yac sipping
Run off with the pack and bitch it's fuck you
I be pack flipping
All your racks missing
K2 wiped them off, we ain't splitting
Reckless in the building
Everybody stop and stare
All this money
Now your bitch all under me, like underwear
All these fake ass fucking rappers
Time to pull a fucking chair
Like y'all ain't living what y'all rapping, y'all don't even fucking care
Since a shorty we been trapping
We ain't have no shit to wear
Now it's Gucci on my collar
But it's hate all in the air

Like when you make it out the mud
You got no choice, you gotta share
Y'all weren't with me from the jump
Y'all said my music wasn't clear
Groupie bitch, she hit my phone
And she get blue when I don't answer
Yeah I tote the cig, you want some smoke, we give you cancer
Exotic bowls from Carlos
Only smoke exotic dancers
Your bitch we ran her
Kicked her out, we got no manners
Late nights we was posted
We was loaded with them 40 cal
We got 40 down
We give no zip if four gon' blow him down
Copping, chasing sacks since we was jits
No he ain't stopping now
With Moe, he in the back
He brought the xannies, now I'm slowing down
Bitch I'm Balenci stepping uhh
And I still tote my weapon
We got bullets send you to the master, in less than a second
Pull up on his block and make him freeze
We got that nigga guessing
Cocking back, lil bro he get to sweating
Give his ass eleven
Check out, get to shredding
Niggas solid, they ain't never telling
I can't get a time out from the money
I ain't never resting
Eazzyy where you heading? To the top
While all you niggas flexing
I don't do the texting
If it's beef I hope you catch a blessing