

Lost Files 1

Lil Eazzy

First day inna Raq, had to pour up
K2 back, fucking shit up wit the numbs
Free money boy, go get ya dough up
Don't got you a blick, then don't show up
I be with killas, know they wanna score sum
Pop out, you know we gone smoke sum
Killas be itchin', so you know we go on more runs

Might jump BnB or the Sonder
Blicky on every man up in the Honda
Lil bro finna call up some thottas
They finna go for that Gucci and Prada
A killer, but he ain't a rasta
Couldn't ID him, so they couldn't spot 'em
He broke, can't be beefin' wit me if he wanna
Tweak, and you know he get tore up

4 nick and it's fucking his door up
We hit a opp, then you know we go roll up
Check us a check, we ain't care bout corona
Hit up the G and go load up
Got me a hit, watch it blow up
So I cannot slow up
The whip is too sick, so I throw up
We hit ya mans, better go pick ya bro up

I was just sliding wit Miero, but who woulda knew
That Slease Money would be on your stereo
I was just pushing that striker
Me, drip, and K2 got the sauce, and you niggas be federal
Rolly, you know it's perpetual
VV's wit a beam, I ain't scared of you
Don't think you fit in my schedule
She giving neck, only time that I'm gon' be a vegetable

Aye Peezy, man, come put a switch on this Glee
We get our choppas for free
If he ain't sliding, then he cannot be on the team
B4 pullin' up, issa green
Talk tough, think he taking the cheese? He must be sippin' on lean
He getting put in the mix, he can't get out the ring
When G4 be shootin', he aiming for bean

Fuck it, Mauri go pull onna opp shit
If we up jock, then we pop shit
Nobody out, what they be on is not shit
They know we keepin' the chopstick
Sippin' on wock in the cockpit
How you the plug, getting pulled out the socket?

Lil bitch, she Puerto Rican, and she givin' me toppy
Hit from the back, she don't want me to stop it
Squak finna touch, so you know we fucking them bucks up
Lil' folks, he off of a perk, so he stuck
Smoking horchata and mix it wit runtz
Stopped poppin' the 30s, but I need a rush
The scammers I know, they got rich 'cause of Trump

My niggas, we up
Corny ass niggas be wantin' to lust
We got lights, sights, kits, clips, switch... this ain't the '90s, nigga
Take 'em up top, know we finding niggas
Lil 4, you know he a line a nigga
Kriss, vecs, we got tecs... ready to fire at niggas
Better start changing yo timing, nigga
Real CEO, we a sign a nigga

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