

Warning

Lil Eazzyy

Go

Sleeze Money, uh

Yeah

Still in this bitch cappin' with Dan, you know?

Yeah, uh, uh, uh, uh (Let's do it)

Sleeze Money, you know we been winnin'

Throwin' them bullets, but no, we ain't pitchin'

Since a toddler, you knew I been sippin'

Fuckin' that bitch, like some sauce, yeah, I'm dippin'

Perc' in the chronic and it got me itchin'

Hit the gas in the Demon, I'm driftin'

The fuck make you think that I'm needin' assistance?

You still ask your homies if they can go chip in

White and black diamonds got my jewelry blendin'

Need the load, then you know that I'm sendin'

All of your moves, why do they still be pendin'?

She don't like suckin' the dick? Yeah, I'm endin'

Fuck around, let all her friends in

Talkin' 'bout shit that I do, now I'm trendin'

Glocks, TECs, MACs, Smith & Wesson

You know that the Glock is my best friend

At the wedding, you know that I'm best man

Dumpin' out shots, we get fouled, bring the ref in

On the pull up, ain't doin' that textin'

You can get knocked off for doin' that sextin'

Clips, whips, necklace

I know a killer stack bodies like Tetris

So you better count all your blessings

Ain't fuckin' with niggas, a hand, I ain't lendin'

All of that cappin' and fu' shit really start pissin' me off

Grabbin' the sack and I run, Randy Moss

Don't make us start pickin' you off

The shit you been savin' to get, yeah, I bought

You innocent 'til you get caught

Unless you a rat

You know my niggas not familiar with that

I made your rent off of flippin' the packs

Time movin' too fast, so I'm sippin' the Act'

I don't think you was really out there sellin' crack

Man, these niggas ain't livin' like that

Flew to Cali, I ain't goin' back

Touch so much money, I ain't keepin' track

We was doin' them hits off the app

Sleeze Money, they touchin' more stacks than your dad (Your dad, bitch)

You know that my niggas been stackin'

You niggas be scratchin' the surface, but ain't keepin' traction

Hit from the back, it's a whole lot of action

Screaming loud noise, Toni Braxton

Just grabbed the load and it's massive

Don't ask for a fee, 'cause you know that I'm taxin'

Runtz in my 'Wood, and you know I ain't passin'

I'm feelin' like Keef, hit the Turbo and that's it

Actin' an ass, ridin' 'round Laurel Canyon

Back up, lil' bitch, no, you not my companion

Say he told in that heat, well, you know that I'm tannin'

Callin' plays, I feel like Peyton Manning (Yeah)

No Lasko, you know that I'm fannin'
So you know that my diamonds be cool
Drippin' that sauce like I stepped out a pool
All of my bitches be freaky and rude
Like a janitor, stay with a tool
Off a Perky, I get in my mood
Touchin' my Wocky, put you on the news
Man, I never even heard of this dude
Back in my hood, they callin' me the truth
'Fit costin' a fifty, I'm just in the booth
I'm fresh to death in Canadian Goose
I ain't fuckin' with one, man, I need about two bitches

Yeah, I need about two bitches
Uh, nigga, need 'bout two stitches, nigga, uh
And your boo listen, uh, yeah, uh, uh
Too smitten