

GRAVE

Lil Gnar

8

Nigga try us, we gon' put him in his grave
We gon' put him in his grave

Issa knife like 21, my mama raised a savage
Pull up in the 'Rari with the fye' like dragon
And we like the car tinted, fuck around, get tragic
What happenin'?

Someone call your mama, she gon' come collect your casket

Ooh!

We gon' put 'em in his grave (Shit!)
Closed casket, no case

I'ma hide my face
My bullets shoot with pain
Tell her fall back, I need space
We ahead of them in this race

Gimme' good top in the Range

Woah, did 180 up on the dash (dash)
I count it up like it's math (math)
I ball hard like I'm Steve Nash, woah (Nash)
I fucked your bitch, then gave her back
You hit her phone like, "where you at?"
I got her creeping through your backdoor, ayy (backdoor)
I got VVS on my teeth (my teeth)
I'ma ride or die for my team
My diamonds shine, I might lean
My coupe came with wings
You're a broke boy who fiends
I'ma take 'em out when I see 'em
You a hatin' nigga, why you breathin'?

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My new mentality
Put your lil' bitch on celery
Made her cut back on calories, ay
Feel the rage, you can see it in my whole face
VV's shining, and they looking like some sun rays
Slap a pussy nigga if he start talkin' craz
Slap a lil nigga if he start talkin' braz

Collect the pain while I'm going through these changes
I got bands now, now I'm gettin' a lil famous
Bust it open for me and I catch it all on camera
Don't even remember, think lil mama name was Pamela
When I die, bury me a legend, all I really want
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