

Missiles

Lil Gnar

D-Diego
B-B-Bankroll got it
Dig?

Slurp it up, bitch, make a mess (Yeah)
When I pull up, you hear the 'Vette (Skrرت)
Baguettes, they fall off my neck
I'm smokin' that 'za to the chest (Pressure)
Ran that shit up off the muscle (Dig)
Walk with the Glock, I don't tussle (Dig)
Niggas talk shit, it ain't nothin' (For real)
Three hundred, all cash, how I'm comin' (Uh-huh)

I'm a real rock star, came from the trenches
Now I got bitches on bitches on bitches (Yeah, yeah)
Throw him the cutter, my young nigga hit you
He just gon' get your ass for a lil' fifty (Yeah)
Ballin' out just like I'm Madden
Excuse my bad language, I think I'm the shit (Yeah, for real)
Take a PJ out to Cali to grab some Biscotti, it's smellin' like piss
Doubled up (Dope), I'm pourin' my stress in this double cup
Remember, I ran my first hundred up (Hundred up)
My Draco got titties, a honeybun (Honeybun)
Shoot in the crowd, you ain't takin' my chain
Your ass finna crash out, you swerve in my lane (No kizzy)
Only do guap-anese, speakin' that language (Cash)
My young niggas Brims, they twistin' they fingers
I swerve in the double R, keep me a banger (Yeah)
Couple snow bunnies, they stay in Topanga
Brushin' my wap with some toothpaste (Toothpaste)
VVS on my gums, ain't no toothache (Toothache)
RIP Nip, need a blue Wraith (RIP)
These diamonds HD like a Blu-ray (HD)
She eat up the kid like a buffet (Yeah)
I been raw as fuck, you just too late, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Slurp it up, bitch, make a mess (Hell yeah)
When I pull up, you hear the 'Vette (Hell yeah, skrrrt)
Baguettes, they fall off my neck (Hell yeah, for real)
I'm smokin' that 'za to the chest (Hell yeah, dig)
Ran that shit up off the muscle (I ran that shit up)
Walk with the Glock, I don't tussle (Walk with the fuckin' Glock)
Niggas talk shit, it ain't nothin' (Yeah)
Three hundred (Yeah), all cash, how I'm comin' (Yeah, Hell yeah)

Your bitch blew me like a whistle (Phew), I keep me two pistols, I feel just like Texas Ranger (Bah)
Know that I keep me some missiles, won't be hard to hit you, lil' bitch, I ain't gotta aim (Yeah, okay)
Know that I drip in Versace, Armani my body (Yeah), lil' bitch, it ain't got a stain (Yeah, woo)
I count hundreds and fifties, I take a lil' tootsie to Johnny and buy me a new chain
Everyday is a movie, I keep me some clips, lil' nigga, I shoot 'em like Blu-ray (Yeah)
My lil' baby flyin' like she up in the skies, she up like a blue jay (Yeah, yeah)

Just bought an AP and deep dished that bitch with a red face (Yeah, yeah)
Heard niggas in the streets talkin', I ain't worried 'bout what the dead say

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