

Triple S

Lil Gnar

Upgraded all my pipes you gonna hear my car
Upgraded all my blickies I put switches on
Upgraded all my bitches I put ass on em
Finna rock this show but first I'm buying the mall
Had to triple up my paper you know Lil Gnar come through trim
Ain't nobody took me serious til I popped out with a million
They know I'm him, they know I'm fly
Lil Nigga play then he gone die
I love my twin, I love my slimes
Screaming out Slatt, toting that iron

Quick to stomp a pussy boy out in these Triple S
I been mixing up Issey Miyake with the Vetements pants
Rick, Rick, Rick all black on some goth shit
Neck and wrist done caught the Holy Ghost I'm like a prophet
Put a Thottie on a G6 and I smashed her in the cockpit
Known to keep that dog shit on me like I'm barking
Just called up my lil brudda told him the world is ours
Dont care how bad she is I can't hit it raw

G-O only say one word I bet my shooter blow
Free smoke paranoid I'll shoot you through the peep-hole
My trackhawk faster than your Lamborghini Evo
That Destructo disc sit on my wrist I'm rocking a new Frieza
Put on camouflage and some new Balenci like a vet
Like it's Hammer Time walking with that Choppa in my pants
Came from 10 a dime bustin down a P with all my mans
Then we graduated, we all having motion like we relay racing

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