

## 360 Boy

Lil Gotit

Taurus

360 boy I hop out FN-n-n  
360 boy hit Mansfield then I'm spinnin'  
5.56 in the clip it hurt ya shin-n  
I ain't hurtin', bitch I'm splurgin', countin' these Benjins  
No Ls in the foreign, license suspended  
10 Ps, I been dressin' in evintage  
These niggas say they killers but who really?  
All I see is red on the stick, rockin' Rick

Yeah don't start that trippin', you get whipped up with this switch  
Niggas need this tampon cause they actin' like a bitch  
Drive SRT on bullshit, drive the Benz went on Swift  
911 coupe, it burn tires when it drift (Yessirski)  
Be careful with no iron, quick to come up off the hip  
Pushin' P and pressure, yeah that money gon' get you dipped (Nigga)  
I went right, I seen [?], but my partner screamin' crip  
This shit for Pope, brother just get your rest, don't trip  
I was just fuckin' on her and her friend  
Mines in the grave, so don't call me twin  
My hoe rich, she whippin' a Benz  
She whippin' Bentayga, whenever she sin  
Ain't bout' no paper, we can't talk biz  
And I know that you tellin' to crackers like skins  
Kill at the rats, let the real out the pen, yeah (Top shelf)

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Catch him at the red light  
Know that's a dead light  
Put his ass to bed like (Uh)  
Livin' that fast life  
Rammin' her taillight  
See what that head like  
Long live Mac, Big, and Keed, they kickin' in paradise (Keed talk to em)  
Now I'm thinkin' this real life  
Got me poppin these pills like, (Ah-huh)  
Yeah know it's Keed talk to em forever  
Margiela jacket with a red umbrella  
Goin' number 1, Imma wear my medal  
Let J-money r-r-r-r on you and yo fellas  
We run up these racks while you wait on a settle  
You could kept the bitch, her head ain't nothin'  
Like 5 racks on a Dolce Gabbana  
Bust in my safe, a whole lotta hunnas

Most of y'all lie to ya kids, get in the court tell the truth to the honor ( Ya pussy)  
100K on a light day

Everything goin' my way  
If it don't, it's the highway  
Cartier with the bright face

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