

6 Figures

Lil Gotit

(Damn, Dior)
(AJ back on that bullshlit, slime)

Not my slime, we ridin' six figures
Ain't artistic, but you get the picture
One shot at yo' head, we leavin' you simple
Live life on the edge, ain't nothin' but the middle
Give 'em an inch and they take it a mile
Free Lil Rod, he took it to trial
I'm doin' numbers, boy, check yo' dial
Say my name in a song, boy, take it down

Take dope to your home, boy, get it done
My Rollie my twin, yeah, that's my round
We havin' hoes in Atlanta Town
Yeah, these shooters smokin' more than a pound
Drop that bag on a ho, ain't got a mop
Bust it up and iced out my clock
Good sight, 30 round on a Glock (yeah)
YSL, Choppa Gang, we locked (talk to 'em)

These niggas cap, they ain't droppin' no dot
Shit, I already preached yo' demeanour (yeah)
Tell buddy, "Say nothin'," he look like a cop (keep talkin' that shit)
Yeah, all in LA in that Rolls (yeah)
And we havin' hoes, suck you right out your sock (slime)
Yeah, gun a nigga down with that chop' (grrah)
I ain't got time for talk, choppa down with like a salt (chop that shit down
)
We put that shit down, anywhere, off (woo)

Why? If she not a slut, she not my type (slut)
Stand on the dash, bought her the Trackhawk (skrtr)
Ho, it liftin' up like a bike (vroom)
The trap got scammers and killers (scammers and killers)
Ridin' with me everyday
Them lil' bitches salty
Yeah, we slimey, ain't shady and shiesty (slatt)
This stick can hit like it Tyson (slatt)

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Good sight, 30 round on a Glock (blrrrd)
YSL, Choppa Gang, we locked (blrrrd, Big Blrrrd, slatt)

19, stick with them coolers
Switch on the Glock, get off fast (blrrrd, blrrrd)
I kissed the curb in that wide body Cat, she grabbed the grass
Tap the gas, she shake ass (skrtrt)
We treat Scatpack like a C-Class (A C-Class)
Foennem post picture with money
Then, my opps won't see no cash (no cash)

Try to trap on they ass
Everytime we hit they block somethin' past (past)
Pressure, but, had to tail 'em
Tryna put some in a bag (in a bag)
From eight to eight K, mismatch ('match)
No savin' bae, don't try ask
Turned into opp pack in my hood
He my favourite strand, he a classic

Not my slime, we ridin' six figures (blrrrd)
Ain't gon' test it, but, you get the picture (blrrrd)
One shot at yo' head, we leavin' you simple (slatt, slatt)
Live life on the edge, ain't nothin' but the middle (blrrrd, blrrrd)
Give 'em an inch and they take it a mile
Free Lil Rod, he took it to trial (slatt)
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