

# How You Comin

Lil Gotit

(Nile, I hear you)  
(10Fifty, I love you)

The coupe match the Cullinan like butter, slip through other shit  
I been rockin' fuckin' Hutch, you know I'm on the fuckery  
You been on some sucker shit, no, no, you can't get close to me  
I'm from Zone 3, got on three Cuban links, who froze than me?  
Took the ice off and locked it up, I'm on some [?] shit  
Bein' real, we get them bags in, we wrap a mummy quick  
I can do it right, but I slimed him out and got the money quick  
They wasn't tryna put a [?], they was holdin' dick

Turn up the heat, she gave the head up for free  
Atlanta, tear down the streets, I snatch the doors off the Jeep  
Tornado spinnin' for weeks, tornado leavin' debris  
[?] them cutters chopped off they feet  
I can put my trust in [?], the Hellcat charged up  
Free the bros, they got charged up  
You diss me, get your bars up  
We shoot shit, blowin' your cars up  
Just hrrt with that carbine  
Yeah, shootin', James Harden  
She mop me, yeah, pardon  
She pardon me  
I keep bluffin', no peace  
I keep Locs like Dave East  
She won't clown on SayCheese  
But I'm hot from Shade Room  
It's all gone, we pay soon  
Hop out Bape with K's too  
Don't let that money change you

Ayy, don't let that money change you  
I came straight out the day room  
All black shadies, Johnny Cage too  
Hey, yeah, give me too much mop, lil' baby, I gotta escape you  
Wanna give that pussy to Backdoor, but I didn't make you  
Tryna take his head off, I don't wanna graze you  
How good is that head on your body? I'ma grade you  
Big Backdoor kick backdoors just to go upgrade you  
I got Trackhawk, tires spin, Glock tucked inside a denim  
Wouldn't believe that, uh, I'm gettin' this cheese back  
I hit the block two hundred times just like a speed back  
Police tryna hit the lights, I'm just gon' speed past  
Me and Lil Gotit get in our gang and we don't need masks  
I'm not pressin' brakes, Hellcat Wrangler state to state  
Special drum on the bottom of my K  
Put a Perky on her tongue, you know I can't even wait  
Gave my lil' brother my bond to do this rap shit out of state  
Pop that Perc', I'm straight  
We was just at his wake  
Get that baby cremated, dump him in the lake  
You gotta fuck my team to get Backdoor out the way  
We was just pushin' P and clutchin' K's in the A  
Left the scene, he DOA

Saint Laurent, bitch, I'm a don, it's two for one, recoupin' gun

I been gettin' this money lately, newest one the bluest one  
Goyard bag hold a honey bun, big Birkin hold twenty guns  
Flushin' in a Jaguar, I'm pullin' up to my cougar home  
C4, with that Ruger on

Trapped out, need four more phones  
Kanye West filled up the dome  
I filled up funeral homes  
I have two for five and ten for one  
Go flip the car, press a button  
Look at this shit [?]  
You know they ain't think me and Lil Gotit done

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