

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 hrirt 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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