

# Instead

Lil Gotit

(Ayy, I get bread  
10Fifty, I love you  
Hood talk)

This bread, ayy, you know I'm gon' get that  
The head, bae, you know I'm addicted to sex  
The ass, sheesh, been fuckin' with the best  
My gas rank, ain't talkin' 'bout no ass  
Penthouse ain't got no maid  
I'm guessin' you's inbred  
My shooter don't fuck with feds  
They let me out the gate  
I think I'm in love with Amiri  
He think I'm talkin' 'bout a bitch  
I don't think she heard me clearly  
Talkin' 'bout these racks and skinnies

Bring out some racks to get her out my face  
She ain't store her nigga safe, I'm the reason she all bright today  
Broad day out, where your Cartier?  
He think it's numb, it's holdin' weight  
But that's the thing, he ringin' the bro  
Skeet, diss, and wish him well  
Pull up on his ass, droppin' shells  
All that envy don't look good, cut that out  
Tired of waitin' for a handout, boy, you burnin' out (Better go get it)  
Keep them folks up out your business, close your mouth (That's law)  
You can't get money in one spot, you gotta go out

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Everybody tryna act like they know me  
I wasn't gon' be shit, what my teacher told me  
Got off my ass and got a bag, yeah, I showed them  
Went through so much pain, wiped it off my shoulders (Let's go)  
Spent my first thousand on Gucci shoes, I love drip (Gucci)  
Reminiscing 'bout myself, ain't no love here (Listen)  
Bitch, you dig what I'm sayin' with the biggest shovel  
Glock .40 hold a monkey for my rivals

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