

Karate Kid

Lil Gotit

Drip day and night and I'm living my life
Dropping the top at the light with my slime
Me and Lil Freaky got all type of dimes
Drop and I got me a million on time
I call that lil' bruh, I renamed my slime
Niggas ain't snatchin' no check, I blow fire
Keep Big Black in the cut, he blindside
Ain't talkin' 'bout nothin', reason they tried you
Karate kid, I chop-chop the block
Thirty-eight special, keep shells and it knock
Wifin' my motherfuckin' diamonds, I'm married
My shooter leave a bloody scene like a popped cherry
I'm runnin' up checks, I'm not slow, ain't no Gary
I ain't bought my mama no motherfuckin' Jared
Proud 'bout my bag, bitch, I'm tellin' you dearly
I'm up and I make noise, I'm knowin' they hearin' me

12 keep on questionin' me, shit, I ain't hearin' it
The roof on the motherfuckin' coupe, disappearin' it
Trappin' in traps, count that money, securin' it
Everybody 'round me some hitters, ain't fearin' it
I'm rockin' ice clouds, that diamond my watch
Her pussy on lock, she moppin' my cock
Bitch popped her a Perc', she ready to fuck
That pussy had squirt, it made me say, "Wow"
Rockin' these Diors, I got on Givenchy
Quese and Young Shawty, they clutch on the semi
Might fuck from the back and I bust on her titty
That coupe in LA and we got this bitch litty
Maybachs, I'm in it, matted the Bentley
Givin' 'em stick talk from bad vibes and tension
YSL Bubba gon' whip in the kitchen
He slatt and he with it, he slime out the trenches

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Drippin' and spillin', this shit is precise
Ain't leavin' no witness, we never think twice
Play with the gang, you gamble your life
That thirty shoot flames, examples on sight
These hollow tip bullets, they skip and they flip
I'm with Hood Baby, these niggas need milk (Hood Baby)

Comin' through sprayin', we flippin' these clips
Your bitch don't use hands, put dick on her lip
We set a fire on your block with these sticks
Comin' through spillin', this shit got a stick
Bitch, we the topic, we stay in the mix
I'm with Lil Gotit, we flippin' your bitch
Make it a hobby, we drip like a bitch
Don't need a stylist, offendin' me, bitch
Tinted my ear, solitaires, they glitch
Clean up your block, we gon' mop with the stick

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