

Loco

Lil Gotit

(I promise that's a war
Lil Vontae slidin' with his shit, down to dog
Free Lil Clark
Long live Snake, he kept a Glock
Want a four door coupe, he gon' cop it
Long live Snake, yeah yeah)
It's crazy but it's true

Pussy boy ain't gon' stain nothin'
Your cap, yeah, where I'm aiming
Monkey nuts on the draco
Let that bitch get to singin'
Real shooters, no blankin'
Hood Baby goin' loco
For the pesos, go coco
Loco
'Bout that moneys, yeah yeah, we go rojo
Pull up, photoshoot it, yeah, logo
All my money crispy, yeah, honchos
They think I owe them something, yeah they loco

I think they crazy, I'm Hood Baby, they get the message
That's too many blessings, and I'm on ecstasy
There's no more mess for me, and I'm okay
It's crazy but it's true
A Glock and a stick, yeah yeah, that's a fed case
I [?] my shit, yeah yeahh, I do the race
You ain't talkin' 'bout nothin', and that I know
And you a D1 ho, I fucked your throat
Hood Baby, I'll wipe your nose, send your ass home
Can't lay up with this ho, I gotta go
That's a Hellcat, got my wings back
Lean in a hatchback with the stick back, ready to clap back
You know it

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Free Taylor
Hit his ass up, he callin' for Mater
Free Glock, kept a Glock-30 'round, know nigga I'm poppin'
Lil Ron my twin, yeah, Money is my twin, yeah
Lil Keed my twin, yeah, Slimelife, he my twin, yeah
And that's no cap, Montana gon' pop any strap
Let out the Baby on hot block, we slidin' in a Wraith, go opp shop
They gon' lose, make the news, I'm not a scrooge
They burnt out and overdue, I turtle, stop watching me

I drink this shit 'til my heart stop beating
A lot of racks in these skinny jeans
Cash out, new Céline, neck iced out and it go bling
Rudy Gang be the team, I accomplished all my dreams
Left a big old Rari ring and I bought a bitch a ring, on God

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