

## 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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