

# McNair

Lil Gotit

What up though?  
(Nile, I hear you)  
(10Fifty, I love you)

Penthouse vibes  
And every single vibe a dime  
I'm playa Chanel, I can't lie  
She suited, she roll with my ties  
My wrist making crushed up ice  
For me she leave that pussy tight  
In the scene I'm smashin' with them toys  
I mastermind all the time  
I just seen Pluto in a Royce, G-O-T-I-T  
Boy, I'm with the shits and that's on my mama  
Claimin' that you real, but you ain't really doin' the real nigga shit  
I'm overly ready to shoot out the motherfuckin' stick at your clique  
Step on a brick and I look like a brick, but this what it is

Step on shit, I drip on shit  
Yeah, my neck gon' match my wrist  
Thick and smart, my type of bitch  
Matching Chanel high shoe kicks  
I don't bow down, I ain't Kaepernick  
Savage, 2021 my whip  
Go banana, extendo on my clip  
Rotel, the whole block gettin' dipped  
If it's up there with the whole gang, then it's stuck there  
Any outbursts or disrespect, you getting left there  
Left my ex bitch, she gon' need more than health care  
I'm QB and I see everything like McNair  
YSL member (YSL), ice-cold, December (Slatty)  
Beat her walls down like timber (Down)  
One of the realest, remember  
I was born a Render (Yeah)  
Real, real, real big tipper (Come here)  
Tryna get sicker  
Don Julio my liquor  
My hand on the trigger

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