No Kizzy

Lil Gotit

'Til we deceased
Know what I'm sayin', this
YSL for life until we deceased
That ain't this
Capeesh?
The other one (Yeah)
Crazy, man
Twenty-four, they can hit me one more for the Jett line (Yeah)
You dig? (No kizzy, no kizzy)
You dig? (No cap, no kizzy)
You dig? (Hood Baby, you dig me?)
You dig? (Hood Baby), no cap (Hood Baby)
Do you dig? (Hood Baby, Slatt Gotit)
Yeah (Slatt Gotit, Slatt Gotit, Melodic Desert)
Do you dig? (YoungProducers)
Slatt Gotit, know you dig (Slatt Gotit, YSL life)

Bentley coupe, yeah, for my moms
My diamonds, they hit with the sun
Clutchin' on blick when I walk through the mall
I just flew in with Big Jett, he got Adderall
Watch him put the Percs on you, small or the tall (Hood Baby)
Said don't care bout that vest on you, we shoot head, dawg
His bankroll ain't nothing funny, Lil Duval
I'm stuffin' meatballs in her mouth, yeah, them jaws
I'm rockin' spaghetti-getti-wetti, y'all
Lil Carter on Vevo, our money large
With one gun and trap phones and my dawgs
Lil' nigga, get out the way or catch the ball
She cough on my dick and I think she need Halls
Let them start the problem, yeah, watch my gang solve
Cartier frames on me, I look exquisite
Let 'em bawk like some chickens, I cut off they wings
I told her no kissin', these racks is no kizzy

Won't nut [?] want no baby, no kizzy
She dressed like a Jada, lil' baby, don't kiss it
I'm still YSL, slime a Richard Mille
If I pop it, then everybody is some bitches
Heard the opps sip lean, shoot him in his kidneys
Trust Dae and Fat 'cause big slime got so many
Up the blicky on Rice Street, then broke out the Bentley
Sometimes Water By G or Avi' my bling-bling
He cuffin' that bitch, but she moppin' my ding-ding
I don't gotta rhyme, I seen too much of leeching
No kizzy, I keep a blue slime, his name Nechie
If I go up, most these rappers gon' be broke
Had to foreign my bitch, I met her at the Vogue (Hood Baby)
I came in that Maybach, slidin' like the Pope
King Hood Baby, my son a prince, we hit your ho
Act like her mama, she a dick-eater
Call of Duty sticks when they come greet you
You still a shrimp, but you came how I see you
I made my whole family some believers
Hood Baby from Lil Haiti on Bleveland
Off exotic drugs, I'm Charlie Sheen
Went iced out my boy, yeah, it's a Demon

I still rock that ice even though I'm anemic
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I told you no kizzy
I touch your baby daddy, shot him, he drippin'
Or we gon' catch him at the Blood, gettin' blitzed
Or we can turn him to a wreck and slime biz him
Or ten-piece wing that boy, fry him and crisp him (Hood Baby)
We'll blow up a fuck nigga mind, a brittle
He still a lil' boy, you can tell, just tickle
We gon' wait to slide, just let the man get him
Expensive slime, important [?]

Bentley coupe, yeah, for my moms
My diamonds, they hit with the sun
Clutchin' on blick when I walk through the mall
I just flew in with Big Jett, he got Adderall
Watch him put the Percs on you, small or the tall (Hood Baby)
Said don't care bout that vest on you, we shoot head, dawg
His bankroll ain't nothing funny, Lil Duval
I'm stuffin' meatballs in her mouth, yeah, them jaws
I'm rockin' spaghetti-getti-wetti, y'all
Lil Carter on Vevo, our money large
With one gun and trap phones and my dawgs
Lil' nigga, get out the way or catch the ball
She cough on my dick and I think she need Halls
Let them start the problem, yeah, watch my gang solve
Cartier frames on me, I look exquisite
Let 'em bawk like some chickens, I cut off they wings
I told her no kissin', these racks is no kizzy

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!