

Now

Lil Gotit

(Zone 6 nigga, Pyrex whipper
Pyrex
Ayy, Pyrex, uh, cook up
Yeah, uh, this shit finna be hard as fuck, slime
No cap, fuck you thought it wasn't?
Ooh, stop trippin', goddamn)

Racks on me, shit, these pussy niggas tryna envy me (Yeah)
Got racks on me (Racks), but pussy niggas tryna envy me (Brr)
I'm at the tip-top, these niggas can't get to me (I'm at the tip)
Got Gucci flip flops with fur, yeah, all the way in (Woo, woo)
Racks control my life like Sims now, I used to wear Timberlands (Racks)
They say, "Hood Baby, you a Crip", nah, these pockets just on Benjamins (Uh)
Ah, yeah, I'm havin' Percocets, it got me divin' all the way in (Percocets)
I ain't goin' back and forth, your pockets on lint
These niggas ain't payin' their dues to the pen

Fuck that ho so good, she had to repent (Uh)
Gotit up all of a sudden, didn't need no hand (Gotit up)
In the hood with a Glizzy right on my ten
Big shark in the tank, yeah, feel my fins (Woo)
I can get the Glock and squeeze it like a lemon, oh (Let's go)
I take his top and twist it red just like it's Trippie, huh (Woo, woo)
I used to window shop but guess what I be spendin' now (I'm spendin')
Yeah, we send his locay, that what we had spinned around (Go)
His bitch actin' bougie, that why I had put her down (Let's go)
Yeah, it's time to go and show her, hold on, look around (Hold on, woo)
Yeah, bitch, show some (Uh)
Thick lil' shit, gon' throw some (Racks)
Her pussy so wet, no odor (Know it)
New freezer, hell nah, new froze up (Shine)
Big snake in the grass, no vulture (Big slime)
Big brother gon' shoot, now knows us (Big body)
I'm the man (With the plan)
And I'm through with them Xans (Let's go)

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These niggas ain't payin' their dues to the pen (Talk to 'em)

Why you ain't paid your dues?
Always on Instagram talkin' 'bout moves (Woo)
Yeah, this a two-door too (What)
But we got different goons (Grr)
Got the same food (Woo), but I got a different groove (Let's go)
These not the same shoes (Uh)
My Gucci got the swoosh (Gotit, Gotit)
Yeah, these bitches try to catch on to us
Slidin' on blocks like it got lube (Skrt)
I keep vibes up in the loop
I told her how the bitch gon' sit on boo

And them facts, yeah (Shh), you don't do that (Don't do that)
You don't do that, no, we got racks (Talk to 'em)
Uh huh, Uh huh, yeah, I'm gettin' so high (Woo)
Nah nah, nah nah, pass this drip down to your crowd
I taught you what should be, my child
You ain't gettin' tough, you just gettin' loud (Let's go)
Stay in lil' boy's place, stay out my mouth
I'm gettin' cash now, took a different route (Woo, skrrt)

Racks on me, shit, these pussy niggas tryna envy me (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Got racks on me (Racks), but pussy niggas tryna envy me (Yeah, yeah, yeah, brr)
I'm at the tip-top, these niggas can't get to me (Gotit, I'm at the tip)
Got Gucci flip flops with fur, yeah, all the way in (Woo, woo)
Racks control my life like Sims now, I used to wear Timberlands (Racks, me in LA)
They say, "Hood Baby, you a Crip", nah (Rollie wet), these pockets on Benjamins (Yeah, they came in)
Ah, yeah, I'm havin' Percocets (Woo), it got me divin' all the way in (Percocets)
I ain't goin' back and forth, your pockets on lint
These niggas ain't payin' their dues to the pen