

Oh Ok

Lil Gotit

Oh Lord, Jetson made another one
Slatt Gotit

Dropping my top at the light
Bitch, I'm a dog, yeah, I bite
24K for the sneakers like yikes
All that pussy, yeah, the bitch real tight
Hellcat, think I'ma get the bitch right
Married to the money and we real tight
Could have swore I was a kite, the way I get high
Opp block shopping when we come in late night
Nigga better run when we hit the headlights
Fucking on a bitch, too late, make a right
.38 special gon' get a nigga skied
Rather do a bid 'fore I be in black and white
Hit Woody, he got seal on pints
Rio comin' through with all the gang
Pulled off on the road, yeah, we shine
Young nigga hot, yeah, really get stanked

No, I can't move off drank
Geeked, I'm switchin' through the lanes (Skrtrt)
Goin' all out for some stains
The reason he gon' be stanked
Put a lot of money on his brain
Yeah, I'm going out for the gang
He say he want smoke, now he changed
Now they payin' up for his chain
Young nigga shit, young nigga shit
Pop a nigga quick, pop a nigga wig
Play you so slime, I bet your nigga live
I ain't gon' kill him, I'ma shoot him in his shit
Police gang, they gon' send me to the pigs
Caught amnesia, tryna ask what I did
The Range, the Cartier frames got tints
Try who like a ho? You got a nigga bent
Boy, your mouth big, bitch, I'm lit
Ho, come lick, then suck like ticks
Earned my name from runnin' through the 6
Backyard gangs, we used to hop fences
Hide from 12, beatin' out bales
Pray he don't tell, gotta drop some shells
Slime give you hell, ain't in my jail
Doin' the whole thing, then I fishtail

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Show no remorse, slang no torch
Hopped off the porch, ready to go North
You ain't all big, fuck that 'Port
Fuck her one time, cut a nigga short
Ballin' on the bitch, don't need a court
Don't play games, my life still Jordan
Really rich, double-R Royce
Dirk Nowitski, shootin' half-court
YSL life, trick a nigga out his shoes
Sip on lean, I ain't drinking no brew
You ain't my nigga if I question your shootin'
If you get the pole, you gon' know what to do
Pour out my heart and soul in the booth
Your baby daddy weak, he like a loose tool
House full of vibes and they came out a group
Screamin' out slatt, we want all the loot (Slatt Gotit)
Pullin' up like the Uber man, shout out to Duke
Perc'-ed the fuck out, everybody in the room
Supercharged truck and that bitch go vroom
Fuck an opp, move
I'm getting money, I don't know about you
Drugs relax my body like massuese
Pint of lean while I pull up on juice
Yeah, it's crazy but it's true

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