

On Me

Lil Gotit

All this drip on me, I got ice on me
Everything 50, I fucked up a pack in a week
I got right back on my feet, now the chains choaking me
Ain't nobody know but me

Take it here, move it there
I'm in a white forin, I put some cash in the air
Gucci, let's play and stay low
Bought a new car, but the engin ain't start
You tryna be my baby, na
Good livin, whenever I slide
I get this shit poppin, see my diamonds
Pull up in the back, I get it for low
I can't go to sleep, I gotta get some more
She talkin while sexin, I get her out the door
Forever payed, I can never go broke
The bitches come, when I step on the floor
Need a new chopper, hit up my nigga Pablo

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Hundred racks on me right now
Hundreds all in the new bag
Hundred thousand on one chain
Fifty thousand for the plain
Put a pack in the truck like Hoosaine
Can't wife no bitch, I am not a lame
Vision blery, I just popped a Xan
Drippin in swag, right in first class
Hit it from the back, like that bitch ass
Got brain freez when I hit the pot, I'm the man
YSL with the choppers, only fuck with the rubbers and junkies
Bout that money, take care of my auntie
Draped up in Shanell and Gucci
Hit up Gotit, he got racks and the money

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