

On Skates

Lil Gotit

Yeah, the Culli' is on skates, let's go
Yeah, the Culli' is on skates, let's go
Yeah, the Culli' is on skates, let's go
Yeah, the Culli', it can fit 'bout four
Just for talkin' I get paid in full
Yeah, the Culli' is on skates, let's go
Rob a nigga, I get paid, let's go

Runnin' through shit, so stay out my way
Gotta go buckle you up for the race
Gon' put you down, you gotta stay laced
Niggas be frontin' just like the display
Ridin' in the Stinger like my name was Ray
When it's 'bout money, that's somethin' I can't play
Eat on her pussy, she cream on my face
You cap like you livin', I know you ain't straight
Nigga, you gotta know it just take one call
I could have a Chris Brown pack wall to wall
Hundred round choppers, that run up a flaw
Know I'm a real one, don't care 'bout your flaws
I chopped the fuck off the brain, but she spoke on my name
Now you know that I lick like a dog
Without a gun, I'm ready to brawl
Yeah, that shit in me, that's win, lose or draw

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I took my contacts and turned 'em to contracts
Niggas ain't solid, they need somethin' to point at
Old priced drink, need me somethin' to pour in
Put that shit on every time the clothes in
Step on your mans, it look like erosion
My brother death date got diamonds
Still can't believe it, where the time at?
On the way to the top, keep climbin'
Don't play the middle 'cause we be the slimest
Livin' straight free, yeah, crazy
Talk to 'em reckless, I go buy ho Barbie
They can eat fire, it got 'em prayin'
Big concrete, yeah, this life, I pave it
No, I wasn't born with a cape, ain't savin'
Cherry red coupe and it came with shavings
Her baby go loco, her baby go crazy

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Baby girl, pull up, come cook for a player
Won't hit it for free, yeah, I gotta pay her
Most of you niggas be movin' like snails
Hit that shit once, then you kiss and you tell
Why you tryna lock down that girl like a jail?
I'm just gon' boss up and stack like a player, I am
I'm doin' two-hundred in the coupe, god damn
Me and BDime switch-a-roo these scums
Niggas be flexin' for the Gram, that's scam
We ain't have shit but bologna, no ham
Get it and get out, get caught in no jam
Livin' my life like a good ol' jam
I book the spot and take her out of town
Vacating, vacation, we get it down
I fuck her up and then I dick her down
Niggas should've graduated, they cap and gown
No kizzy, yeah, no cap at sixteen
I was so turnt at a hundred degrees
Life is like lemons, we totin' to squeeze
Yeah, the reason was Thugger I tightened my jeans
Ran it up and sent my mom and retreats
Back then when Keed was fuckin' on Quee
Let her sister come and eat on this D
Took a couple perkies, I was on freaky deeky

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