

## 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

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

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

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 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

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 scrams  
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

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 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

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