

Outro

Lil Gotit

Crack that nigga head with a bottle
I could never call, not a fed, not a cop
Niggas said I'm the best and I said, "Do y'all"
YSL scream, "Fuck the rest," 'cause we got right now
Niggas asked me, "Am I sure?" and the Bentley said, "Yeah"
That lil' bitch ask for a purse and you know I said, "Yeah"
She gon' act just like a clerk when them feds in there
She might act like she know Bird when them players in there, yeah

Just might be the realest nigga you ever gon' see
Just might be the nigga that kill you, put you under beneath
I just might be the luckiest nigga tonight to fuck a freak
A buck fifty in a Goyard bag, it just might be
I see you dancin' with the P's on the phone
And I never think about gon' and put it on
Ain't even touch the side profit, gotta run
Here's smoke, boy, I'm ready to get it on

Bibbidi-bop, drinkin' Wok', I'm with lil' Betty Boop
Go booby trap and throw a bag, then déjà vu
I'm a boss and self-made it there, ain't followin' rules
Swing choppers with a box spittin' like a tool
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)
Swinging choppers with a box
(Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)
Bet whatever, I get M's, oh yeah, yeah

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Yeah, from the biggest
Five-thirteen, twenty-twenty, you know how we livin'
Yeah