Road Rage

Lil Gotit

Yeah, yeah, Hood Baby
DMC Global now, nigga
Know what I'm sayin'
Nigga got guap
The magician
Slimes in the place, I'm sayin'
All snakes on this plane
Let's go (Let's go)

Fast car, no drag race (Fast car)
You broke, that's a sad face (On God)
Pockets swole, them big faces (Big faces)
Big .38, no case (Big 30, brr)
Fast lifestyle, road rage (On God)
Big iced out Rollie (Iced out Rollie)
My 'em scatter like roaches (Scatter like roaches)
With Guap, the choker chain the coldest (Let's go)
Get head in the treetop (Yee)
Let the money tumble in 'til my knees lock (Knees)
And I'm tryna get some bad bitch back back (Yeah)
Big burner make his ass do a four flat (Let's go)
Biscotti got me high, sippin' Cognac
Pop a perky then I beat the pussy longer
Hood Baby from the bottom, livin' humble (Yee)
Now we got the racks hidden in the bunker

Got the racks and went straight out the jungle
Shawty wanna get paid, that's a no-no (Ra-ra-racks)
In the trap with the snakes like Congo (Slatt)
Got a bag and you know I won't fumble (Let's go)
Yeah, these niggas, they ain't talkin', they mumble (Nah)
Twenty hoes like Royal Rumble (Yeah)
And I was just broke last summer (Last summer)
Now a young nigga playin' with the commas
Got the racks, pull it straight out the lot (Ra-racks)
Broke niggas, they talk a lot (Yeah)
Eighty racks, got a stash at the spot (What)
Can't entertain no thot (Let's go)
In the hood, got the laser dot (Grr)
You ain't good, you ain't got no knots (No)
Young nigga gettin' racks all day (Racks)
Then I got five hoes at the spot (Woo)
In her mouth like toothpaste
30K, finna bust down a due date
Foreign whip, give me head in the speed race (Woo)
Hundred sticks, boy, that's a damn sweepstakes (Grr)
Hundred young niggas, I'm the damn sensei (Yeah)
I remember we was juugin' off eBay
This no cap, nigga, keep big K's (No cap)
Lotta money, boy, a nigga need a big safe (Let's go)

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Hood Baby make the block hot (Hood Baby)
'Member late nights, comin' off a hotbox
Pyrex, used to cook it in the crockpot (On God)
He talkin' too much, cut his lips off (Pssh)
Hellcat can't curve, doin' drift-offs (Skrrt)
Big slime, Maybach, cut the top off (Slatt)
If they talkin' 'bout debt, brings the racks out (Know it)
Beat her back out, nigga, not Pacquiao
High life, I'm livin' wrong
High life, I'm livin' large
Don't get caught after dark (On God)
Leave the nine, we make it spark (Sling it)
Four-four gon' make it bark (Let's do it)
Plus we ridin' in expensive cars (Let's do it)
Long way from ridin' MARTA (Let's do it)
Get geeked out my mind, you know (Know it)
Blood in the envelope (Slatt)
Your diamonds small, need a telescope (Ha)
Hang your body by the yellow rope (Brr)
Pack the building with a lot of hoes (Pssh)
Put 'em all on payroll (Do it)
Bust the bag down with gang
Tell a fuckboy stay in his lane (Fuckboy)
Keed and Lil Gotit keep on stain (Let's go)

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Biscotti got me high, sippin' Cognac
Pop a perky then I beat the pussy longer (It's crazy)
Hood Baby from the bottom, livin' humble (It's crazy but it's true)
Now we got the racks hidden in the bunker

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