Toe Tag

Lil Gotit

(Hurt, what it do?)
Huh? Check
(10Fifty, I love you)
Run a lil' check
(What up, Foster?)

Jumped off the porch to a check (Check)
First move, put some diamonds on my neck (Yeah, it's time for that)
I know for sure that it get her pussy wet (Get her wet)
Yeah, my first car was a Porsche, not a 'Vette (Skrrt, skrrt)
Percolated, got your ho on the meds
Vibes, shit, all of 'em on meds
Say you spendin' checks
I hear you, but you stressin' that shit
Hood Baby a star, real shooting star
I'm a young rich nigga with a bag and with the shits
Keep a deuce once you're located in the 6
Got Georgia Dome head, watch a bitch get blitzed
Yessirski, Ashley, she gotta slop, slop-top me
I done caught a body on the Addy
In the club on gang shit
.223 a hashtag
Poppin' bottles, won't toe-tag (Hood Baby)

Used to sell sacks out the trap back
Now I'm pulling up with gas packs
Yeah, real big speaker
And I feel like Moneybagg, yeah
With moneybags filled with cash
Tats in the face, went slime, shit, yeah
Never know dope man (Hood Baby)
They don't want smoke, they group fans
She gifted us with the pussy like December
Invest in that booty, my bag get it bigger
I'm a young nigga, but rich lil' tender
That dawg control the Glock, he got rhythm
We on that gang shit
Stand on the couch and go make it rain shit
Wire my check in
Shoot up a Trackhawk or they arrange shit
We know we live dangerous
Slime the opp block, John Wick, point and aim shit
Went got a check, stupid, ready to flex
Don't think this shit sweet, I talk with the TEC
TaTa 'bout to chop off the head 'cause he picky
I could fuck my bitch, but I want your bitch business
Beat on that pussy, it's wet as it get
I'm lit, I'm lit, they ain't doing shit

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Yeah (21), stop cappin' (Cappin')
I heard you got racks in your mattress (What's happening?)
We slither, we slide, we gon' catch him, yeah
Wipe his lil' nose, we gon' bless him (Hachoo)
I got more apes than Bapes, they do what I say
And they way tougher than steak (No cap)
Put 'em on a plate, then we vacate
Heard they got done on a late day, yeah
Gotit from the 6 side (6 side), uh
Meet up at that bitch house (Bitch house), yeah
Addies and them titties out (Addies), uh
I think she ready for the dick now (Ready)
Let her play with the Patek on the money, nigga
Whole lotta paper, we ain't running out of money, nigga
Courtside seats, watch 'em playin' right in front a nigga, ooh
I text back like fourteen thousand
Hellcats riding back to back, yeah
Swervin' through Atlanta, doing the dash, yeah
We'll slide the 6, drop a bag, yeah
Then go to Cleveland Ave with the slatts, yeah
YSL, 21 shit, yeah
Your gang, my gang hit, yeah
The same lil' stinking ass bitch, yeah
Now she tryna brag 'bout this shit, yeah

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Diamonds (Diamonds), baguettes (Baguettes), four hundred racks (Go)
In the penthouse with thirty-three snacks (Slatt)
Beat on her back 'til it crack
Money man, money man (Money)
Sleep with one eye like I'm huntin', man (I sleep)
Niggas ain't getting no cake for real
Y'all know how it feel, that's too sad (Sad)
I had that Maybach at twenty-one (No cap)
That's two-seventy (I paid it)
Four hoes in my room and they ebony (I slayed it)

I fuck up that sack so irregularly
Sinnin' so much, but my bitch is so heavenly
Treachery (Fuck 'em)
They play with my name like I'm dead or somethin' (Yeah)
I confront, they say, "Huh?" (What?)
Like they couldn't hear what I said or somethin'
Had to drop that lil' bitch (Get dropped)
She asking questions like she fed or something (No cap)
Fed up, I need me some new head (Slatt)
Bro cracked the seal on some old red
Told her chew on that dick like a Lemonhead
Lil' bitch, I'm that young nigga they copy from (On God)
Gave her three shots of Jamaican rum (On God)
I'm fucking this bitch and her mama home

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