

Crunch Time

Lil Keed

Fucking vibes
We gotta roll
I'm a fucking star, man
You know what I'm saying
Brr
Superstar status
Yung Wade Brown on my kid
I'm wearing hearts, they all chrome
I told my main bitch, "Hold up"
Know I'ma ride with that pole, ho
Pour up a four of Cuatro
Know if I make it, we all shine
Put in the work, you crunch time
Cut through the bag, I'm never in line
Starving, we jumping the lunch line

Walk up on hunters, it's all fine
Bad little bitch, so fine
Girl suck the D, I know mine
We gonna keep it so slime
Yes, I'm a dog, you know I'm gon' lie
Yes, we riding with all the fire
Put him on first 48, then I believe in your alibi
Yeah, yeah, I'm not the same nigga
I throw these bands at you
I throw these bands at the lung
This nigga cap Rap City, this nigga cap Tigger
Nah, I don't take pictures, but I will get your shit took

Stomach backwood full of runs, need Visine
Bulletproof truck, meet us where we flying in
Way past 10, you burned out, boy, you frying
Yeah, bring the pie in, know I get slices
Yeah, bring the pie in, break down all the pieces
Bring the pie in, boy, you getting blicked
No tight end, money don't miss it
I'm living high-end shit
I came from the trenches
I'm wearing hearts, they all chrome
I told my main bitch, "Hold up"
Know I'ma ride with that pole, ho

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Ha, pull up, I'm having to
Yeah, you down bad, shame on you

Ooh, you play with my cash, I shoot at your group
Don't play with my money
Straight to the block, start from the stoop
Ew
I'm in the truck, fuck is a coupe
Yeow
Yeah
I'm the real deal, they ain't tired of him
They ain't tired of him
I sell pharmacy, but I ain't tired of seals
I got a cold heart, ain't got no time to chill
Bitch, this Mozart, you see this shit for real

Talkin' big dog, got no puppies
They my kids
Lil K probably fry you like he got no oven
This a Off-White rugby
I'm wearing hearts, they all chrome
I told my main bitch, "Hold up"
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