

Friend Zone

Lil Keed

[Intro]

Hah
Grimlin
Fuck poppin' bro
Mothafuckin' hard (Xan)
Slatt
Wrestlin'

[Chorus]

Cars, we don't rent those
Yeah I be dripped out, think I got on pimp clothes
Yeah see these big diamonds, look like [?]
In the MG Benz truck, yeah big bro
Bitches tryna cake up, hell nah, friend zone
Thirty on the Glock, make a nigga do the limbo
I'ma get some [?] nigga, I'ma keep it trill nigga
Yeah if nigga 12, y'ain't tell, y'ain't spill nigga

[Verse 1]

Make these niggas feel me, hunnid round drum leave a nightmare on Elm Street
Bitch I'm slatt slime with Zach Slime, yeah we kill beef
Hotbox MG, and we had the cream seats
F&N tucked, it'll make a grown man scream
Run that paper up, but never let it change me
[?] blicky uh, and you know we leave a crime scene
Money the model, I'm [?] the lotto
Tell a free-auto
Lil' big dawg in the hood, you know that these niggas gon' follow
Yeah yeah, double cup the drank bih
Got nigga [?] don't share no fear
When I drip out, you know it's [?]
I'm with the slimes, you know that we here
[?] slime, you know that we here
Told that hoe to check the [?]
[?] on the fuckin' drum, nigga you a fuckin' bear

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Yeah I get real high, smokin' cookie runts
Yeah yeah, I get real high, yeah I get dripped out
Yeah I get real fly, yeah you a guest, man
You the wingman, she'll do one hoe, don't get no damn chance
Son these hoes, that's a no-no
But all I know, I'm finna blow
Yeah yeah, hit the road
Yeah, diamonds ocean water
You can park a fuckin' boat there

Yeah, Balmain jeans
I thumb through the paper a lotta blue cheese
Got seventy hoes, yeah nigga get green
I save up the load, don't get in between
He havin' pressure, you know where I be
I'm [?], you know I ain't safe
I'm wantin' you now, you know I ain't safe
To the PJ, go and get the M

[Chorus]

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