

# Mozzarella

Lil Keed

D.a got that dope  
Woo, woo, woo  
Yeah-yeah, whoa, yeah-yeah, aye, yeah-yeah, aye  
Yeah-yeah, aye  
Aye, woo, aye, yeah-yeah  
Woo, aye, uh, aye

I feel like I'm Prince when I'm back in Minnesota (Bitch)  
Green and red Gucci on me, feelin' like the Joker  
Feel like Chief Keef when I'm ridin' in the Rover  
I feel like I'm you every time your bitch come over  
I'm back in the kitchen (Yeah)  
Shit on you like I'm a pigeon (Yeah)  
From my position, I got too many decisions (Aye, aye)  
Should I fuck Nina or Tina? (Tina)  
My life like a mission  
Smash your bitch, "911, there's been a collision" (Aye, aye)  
I'm losin' my vision, wrist just won't stop glistenin'  
Let's fuck in the whip, just got the Porsche I still gotta christen  
Sippin' the wine, gettin' the bread, feel like a Christian  
Bitch, it's Yung Gravy, I got the sauce by definition

Get money  
Stack bread  
Fuck with me  
Till I'm dead  
Stack cheese  
Mozzarella  
Make it rain  
Make 'em need umbrellas

Yeah, I feel like that motherfuckin' man when I hop out that Rover  
Yeah, I give her some band, that bitch is a soaker  
These fuck boys ain't give me a hand, y'all nigga bogus  
I guess that I'm drinking Bel Air tonight, I'm out of sodas (Let's go)  
Stood on the corner with a lot of you niggas, you enemy, now you ain't never  
show love  
Me and Lil Gotit, we treat these niggas like some Maybach curtains, they can  
never see us  
Turn this shit on every minute or hour  
It's daily, and monthly, and yearly with us  
Don't hesitate, just go head and pick it  
Or is you playin', is you really with us?  
Aye, I wanna hear gun sounds  
I just hear money counters  
I just see bustdowns  
Don't tell secrets, bitch  
I might keep it 'round  
Sound like trombone  
When that chopper out

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I got that baseball bat, yeah, I'm feelin' like I'm Ness  
Feel like Barry Bonds runnin' home with that check  
Call that girl Louie V slugger when she wet  
Yeah, I throw that dick, she bounce that ass back, got me blessed  
I whip the Tesla with no hands, got this bitch on autopilot  
Got yo hoe givin' me top like she tryna start a riot  
Fuck a TV show, I got more stripes, my hoes exotic  
Got 'em gettin' erotic 'cause my project  
But I ain't even dropped it