

On Everything

Lil Keed

Rok on the track, yeah

Rollin' these Backwoods, we smokin' it up
Yeah, I got caught but I'm still gon' lie
Nigga, I'm drippin', you talk 'bout you fly
You talkin' the GOAT talk, I'm callin' 'em out
Boy, I go too hard, I put it on everything
Ain't no catchin' me down bad, I'm bustin' everything
Girl, pop this Percocet and come out your clothes, yeah, yeah
Fuck leprechauns, I'm banging green and I got gold rings
Nah, I ain't worried 'bout these bitches, I'm doin' it for you, yeah, yeah
Showin' y'all boys the wave, the drip, and the juice, yeah, yeah

I'm thinkin' 'bout hundreds while eatin' Benihana, yeah, yeah
Real busybody, big truck, big bodies
These niggas sweet so we lickin' like lollies, rip off his pockets
Glock got a switch so don't get out of pocket, these bullets flyin'
Open that pussy, tell that thing let me in
Open that pussy, tell that thing let me in
I knock on that pussy, just like a door
She shakin' her hips and bouncin' that ass, I like how it roll, yeah, yeah
Tell them tolls
I cut off my one bitch but know I got plenty more
I ball with my young bull like I'm Derrick Rose
I hope you know, behind these closed doors
Lil' baby a freak freak

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Yeah, she a freak freak
And she get geeked like she creach, jeesh
Baby girl, know you can eat me
Yeah, she a vegan, she don't eat meat
Shit, then you can't be with me
I drop the top off the ceiling
I don't see no nigga, no Visine
Movin' this shit where the dial is
Bitch, I'm a dog, where my damn leash?
Black and white squirts on my damn sheets
On the outskirts gettin' blue cheese
Mustard, I'm eatin' in Cali
I'm tired of doin' favors, don't ask me
This a Bourbon Backwood, now the gang need it
I was walkin' on Bleveland, they passed me
Now you walkin' on Bleveland, I'm laughing
I know why I made it, God, he had me
Nigga try me, it's World War 3, fuck a tragic
Ride with Glocks and the drums all up in traffic

Rock a red dot, it's over with, now you past tense

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