

# Pass It Out

Lil Keed

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Hundred shots at his crew, that's a flatline  
Yeah, these hoes linin' up just like a hairline  
Yeah, I pulled up in that monster, it was a redeye  
Girl, I'll pull up on you on my spare time  
Real hood baby, yeah, we tell the damn lies  
Comin' through the back of the club, I'm not in line  
And this chopper drummin' like it's Drumline  
Catch you down bad and your allies  
I'll pass it out  
Girl, stop all that trippin', I'll pass it out  
Call Collin Road Deebo, he got bags out  
Hope you ain't trippin', pull these bands out  
Out that Draco, it's a lot of shots

Yeah, we creepin' with your main ho  
Fuck 12, not pullin' over, not the Rover  
Balenciaga drip, yeah, the pullover  
Money, keep it on me like a damn Trojan  
Stuff it in my pants, can't even walk, ho  
Stuff it in my pants, I'm 'bout to fall over  
Yeah, these diamonds on me and they all chokers  
Diamonds real wet just like a Super Soaker (Yeah)  
Let's chop this shit down like a lawnmower (Yeah)  
When that chopper spit, it's like a flamethrower (Yeah)  
Baguettes on me now whiter than baking soda (Yeah)  
I got a pink slip, you ain't got a fucking toy  
Shout out Juan, if he havin' Runtz, he havin' the real odor  
Mixed with the Baccarat squirts, homie  
Had to Numba Nine your own mans on you  
Yeah, yeah

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Yeah, the bottom of that Draco, that's a red dot  
Yeah, we callin' D1 hoes from bein' a thot thot  
Yeah, she warm up the pipe, I call her Hot Pocket  
Play with the gang, we push your shit back like a drop  
D-R-A-C-O, Draco, Draco, Draco, Draco  
Pullin' up in a B-E-N-Z-O, Benzo, Benzo, Benzo  
Kick in the door to the spot, and we headin' out the backdoor (Let's go)  
Didn't have to beat the pot, said some words and got my racks up

Talkin' out your neck can get you hurt and held for ransom  
Done fucked around and put some jewels on me, that's a dirty dancer  
Two door coupe, I'm ridin' with my mama, banana sticks, got ammo  
Got on hightop Versace, I'm rockin' that shit with Gucci pajamas  
Call my weed a brick 'cause niggas smokin' on that dank dope  
7.62 hit your spot, take off your face, dawg  
Start a new wave and watch my old wave break up  
Round up them sticks and hit your block and have a standoff

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