Snake

Lil Keed

Yeah, my boy Pyrex in this motherfucker

I was just thinkin' 'bout you
Pop a Percocet, get higher than a kite
Fuck your bitch, get her ass out of sight
Came from the trenches, but I'm living nice
Came for the riches, ain't got time to fight
Came for your ho, she wan' spend the night
I ain't come alone, five on my side
No armor on, I'm not a knight
Nigga too sharp, nigga need a knife
Drink a lot of juice, I don't need a Sprite
Fuck 'em by the twos, they both tryna ride
Then I ditch 'em both, I ain't even right
Hightop Chanel, bitch, we drippin' right
Young YSL, bitch, we livin' life

Snake, snake, snake, snake
Snake, snake, snake, snake

I'm goin' right in
And these pockets, I'm rising
Just know that we tied in
And that pussy, I dive right in
Before the lessons, I was driving
Set 'em up like a tent, finna get stretched
Just like Grinch, takin' that shit
When you get off the exit, you ain't get stretched
We do it for

Snake, snake, snake, snake
Snake, snake, snake, snake

They ain't finna post
I'm ballin', fuck a coach
Flyin' private, not coach
Run this shit, no Colts
Diamonds real froze, nigga catch a cold
Nigga slang the pole, do it for your bros
He like to do it for the camera, we'll make you pose
And get back his grandma, Michael Vick mode
Aim, aim, drug pain
Aim, aim, stay in your lane
Do it for

Snake, snake, snake, snake
Snake, snake, snake, snake

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