

Wavy

Lil Keed

(Earl on the beat)

(Woo)

You get dripped or you get drowned, homie
Mini Draco, I just put a fifty round on it
Coolin' kit, silencer, damn, ain't no sound on it
Turn his face into a frown, homie (Huh), oh-woah
I just been shinin' in rose gold
We in the street like hobos (Wavy)
I'm having boogers, no coke nose
These niggas sweeter than high and low (Wavy)
Can't havin' hands, he beatin' the bowl
Playin' the cards that was dealt to me (Wavy)
Livin' the life that we chose, yeah, yeah (Wavy)

Yeah, I got up with a slut, she so (Wavy)
Chanel belt hold that Fendi up, I'm so (Wavy)
King Tut, I'm the real prince slime, I'm so (Wavy)
Hope you niggas can put it on with these clothes, we get (Wavy)

Shit, I just fucked this ho, she couldn't even take it
Now she blowin' up my phone, that ho so crazy
XO drip on me, kid, we can Bape it
I'm prestigious with this shit, I get creative, I got cadence
They keep leashes on they bitch, they know I sent that bitch some players
Rockin' Fear Of God and Dior, you keep your belt
Everything Gucci, ya dig? (Woo)
She wanna Gucci her heels
Yeah, she a modeling bitch
Lean in baby bottle
You thought we was some toddlers and shit
I got some twos and fews
Just for a swallowin' bitch
I need to own the place (What?)
'Cause I throw the most dollars, lil' bitch (Yeah)
Real big dawg shit, go get a collar, lil' bitch, yeah, hey-hey
Screamin' in that Lamb' with a chop, ayy-ayy
Spent the backend with Avianne, okay (Woo, woo)
Yeah, we spin your block in a Gucci mask, okay
Copped the plain Amiri for the rain, okay
Keed, talk to 'em

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Yeah, Hood Baby
Ain't fearin' no nigga (Earl on the beat)
Watch who you trust, man, 'cause these niggas got sticky fingers (Let's go)
Fucked that bitch, I'll never see a ring finger
She suck my dick 'til my toes curl, I feel a real tingle
Money in these pockets, these pockets, can't even walk, I'm a real penguin
Respect I'ma live by it, die by it, yeah, just for my people (Oh yeah)
I'm fly as fuck soarin' through it, I ain't talking no eagle (Yeah)
Catch a ho and snatch her up, my mood on jeepers creepers
So much flaws, shit, help me, I can't even look at people
Ayy, yeah, my bitch know I'm a whole cheater
Yeah, I ran this shit up just like a whole cheetah (Yeah)
Hey, big shoes like I'm old people (Yeah)
I ride with pole-keepers (Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, watch what you do or you say, you on pins and needles
Shit, watch how the hood act when you get real millions
And you better keep them racks or you ain't gon' see them people
'Round you (Yeah)

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(Wavy)

(Wavy)

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