

Drift

Lil Skies

I feel like I'm 21, 21 Savage, I keep a bad bitch
Always by my side, never catch me with an average
Spent a lot of cash, coming back like it's magic
Niggas sneak dissin', Skies ain't really with the rapping
Skies got his clout up, he finessed up out the check
On guy I be grinding like I ain't got nothing left
I'ma ball on these niggas, middle fingers to the ref
And I smoke the loudest pack, think a nigga going deaf
Busting juggs, got my bread up just to make ends meet
Mama told me stay inside until I walked out in the street
I don't really say too much, I just let the music speak
I'm a beast, off the leash, plotting on my enemies, yeah

Fast life, fast car, drift
Good weed, taking off, lift
Slow it down, slow it down, drip
Fuck you, I don't owe you, shit
Fast life, fast car, drift
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I feel like Ice Cube, today was a good day
These niggas straight actors, got 'em watchin' Bluray
You know how the game goes, everybody turn fake
Eyes open for the snakes and it's still fuck the jakes
Watch the opposition 'cause I know they out here lurkin'
Bitch is you a catfish, got to meet your ass in person
Heard you got a booty so I know your ass be twerkin'
And I don't give a fuck, fuck my teachers, wasn't learning
I walk up in your crib like I live there but I don't
He say he gon' catch me slippin' but I know he won't
I ain't hiding from nobody, on my mommy that shit dead
These niggas gettin' jealous, be the first to tell the feds
I'm coolin' in the cut, stackin' dope, countin' bread
I'm always to myself, I never needed hella heads
I'm like Escobar when it comes to the fetty
Pour a four up in my Fanta, all my niggas leaning heavy

This that, fast life, fast car, drift
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