

Going Off

Lil Skies

Yeah

It's a lot of kings in this room, nigga
In the room (Room)

It's a lot of kings in the room
I've been gettin' money, I don't care what they assume
I've been going off like I don't got nothin' to lose
We've been makin hits since like 1992
I wasn't alive, but I still was making moves
Ahead of my time, I am not these other dudes
She hopped inside my car and saw the stars, went to the moon
I am not amazed, baby, this is what I do
You're fucking with that lame, only put the blame on you

Big body bands blowin' gas out the roof
Nigga think it's sweet until I punched him in his tooth
We're some real steppers, really goin' with the mood
He thought he had the juice until he came up on the news
No cap, I was born to drip
I tell them niggas come and get me, I ain't runnin' from shit
My broski keep a Glock.30 just to unload a clip
He ain't shootin' shots to miss if he bustin' some rip
Real hot boy like wait it, oh, I'm on my grind
Bitch told me I'm a lunatic, I'm out my mind
Got them diamonds Fiji in my mouth, you see me shine
Niggas leechin', tryna stick to me like porcupine

You was loyal and then you turned fake (Fake)
I don't want none of your love, I'd rather stack cake (Cake)
I don't make of these songs with a straight face (Face)
Foreign stepper on my sneaker, that's a cool ape (Ape)

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Diamond choker chain, could've fucked her in the pool
I dropped out of college to sell weed then hit the stu'
Mad because I made it and it didn't work for you
My bitch stay in Chanel, she don't wear no Jimmy Choo
We ran up them numbers, being us, fuck being cool
I ain't sell my soul, I stayed the same, I team the truth
What you know about getting that work, making it poof?
Bitch we smokin' gas, that's why there's puffings in the room

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Only put the blame on you