

Lightbeam

Lil Skies

I just told Richie we rich

Yeah, smoking out the pound of P
I got a plan like Master P
Told her everything ain't what it seems
Okay, you gotta light on you a beam
I'm the king of all her dreams
Superfresh like Listerine
Okay, shawty, I got lots of teams
Mardi Gras, a party teen
Open up, don't tell a thing
Okay, keep a secret right with me
Drop the top and catch a vibe
Pockets on the lottery

Yeah, balling and swinging the bag
If I give you everything
Would you go pop these tags?
If I was down bad
Would you give all you had?
I just wanna make you laugh
I don't wanna make you mad
I don't wanna make you sad
I just wanna make you play
Yeah, swervin' off up in the car
Babygirl goin' too fast
Babygirl don't gotta brag
Babygirl way too different
Shawty, she don't ever listen
I'm Jordan, she Scottie Pippen
Ayy, go to the move for a vacay
That is my lil' bae, bae
She be drivin' me cray, cray
Might load up my AK
I'm gon' walk down with it on the street
I'ma tell that boy come with me
I'ma tell him to take a seek
I'ma shoot him and yes, we get it
Oh, yeah
Drivin' the car, it's suburban
Lil' baby go sit on my lap
She ridin' my dick while I'm swervin'
I'm bustin' my nuts on the tits
She seeing my kids in person
And she keep a Glock on that girdle
Pull 'em out when she makin' 'em hurdle
Oh, yeah, she makin' 'em nervous
Oh, I found we keep it to service
And I got the drips like I'm merching
Call, call and he sent a surgeon
He callin' these check on my purchase
I got it, my nigga, I earned it
I flipped in this out and them burning
I whip to the Lamb with the Persians

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Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, it be like
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

If I go to the grave, it's gon' be hard to replace me
Cartier shades just to hide intoxication
I go crazy for that money, insane for that paper
I got shooters on demand, we ain't payin' for no cable
Vampire count that money in the dark
I tote that stingray but I know that I'm a shark
I steal that lil bitch wig then I tell her play a part
I steal and shoot this bitch, I know I'm hangin' 'round stars
You in my hand, somethin' like sanitizer
And I won't argue 'bout who'll get higher
I ain't stuntin' that nigga 'cause high key way flyer
Eat every beat that I'm on these tracks like appetizers
Ayy, Lil Skies, you good, what you on?

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