

Ransom

Lil Tecca

Turn you to a dancer
Yeah
Internet Money, bitch

I got black, I got white, what you want?
Hop outside a Ghost and hop up in a Phantom
I know I'm 'bout to blow, I ain't dumb
They try to take my flow, I take they ass for ransom
I know that I'm gone
They see me blowin' up, now they say they want some
I got two twin Glocks, turn you to a dancer
I see two twin opps, leave 'em on a banner
And I got two thick thots, wanna lick the gang, yeah

I got red, I got blue, what you want?
The Chanel or Balenciaga, Louis and Vuitton
She know I got the Fendi, Prada when I hit Milan
I needed me a die or rider, I need me the one
I started from the bottom, you could see the way I stunt
I want all the diamonds, I want that shit to weigh a ton
The opps, they tryna line me 'cause they hate the place I'm from
But them niggas don't know me, they just know the place I'm from
I got lots of shawties tryna pull up to my place
But you ain't want me last year (Uh-huh), so just get up out my face
They all up in my inbox, so I know they want a taste
I know they want my downfall, lil' nigga, are you laced? (Yeah)

I got black, I got white, what you want?
Hop outside a Ghost and hop up in a Phantom (Phantom)
I know I'm 'bout to blow, I ain't dumb (I ain't dumb)
They try to take my flow, I take they ass for ransom (For ransom)
I know that I'm gone
They see me blowin' up, now they say they want some (Want some)
I got two twin Glocks, turn you to a dancer (Dancer)
I see two twin opps, leave 'em on a banner (Oh)
And I got two thick thots, wanna lick the gang, yeah

I'm in it to win it, I'ma be the best, yes sir
Started from the bottom, I ain't had no one, yes sir
Had to get big on them niggas, Bruce Banner
Bro split wigs, turn a nigga to a dancer
I got hard, I got soft, whatchu' want?
Since the day that I've been on, they been blowing up my phone
I can't hear 'em, I got all this loud in my lungs
Thumbin' through these blue faces while I'm smoking on runts
Uh, I'm in the hills (Ooh, yeah), count them bills (Ooh, yeah)
All baguette diamonds (Ooh, yeah), chandelier give her chills (Yeah)
Feel like yesterday I was just watching Fresh Prince (Uh)
Now the crib look like Bel-Air, R.I.P. to Uncle Phil
Money big, Uncle Phil
Twin Glocks, feelin' lil'
Niggas hate, Uncle Tom
Spin them off me, carousel
Get 'em off me, go to hell
Silencer, kill 'em soft
Tecca'll take you for ransom, me I'll put you in a coffin

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