

## What Hook

Lil Tracy

Sippin black shit, till I'm ratchet  
Feel electric, now I patch it  
Got some granite, now I crack it  
Imma piggy bank, clank clank  
Hit my diamonds these girls wanna dance  
Spot the chance got no pants  
Where my dickhead and my pants, ay  
Cash out with a check, got a nice girl that's a check  
Cop some Nike, cop a check  
Ball too hard now in some debt  
Got some nerf now you fret  
Cough a lung I need some tacs  
Skrr Skrr Skrr now I jet  
Fuck them xans I ain't no bitch, yuh  
Finna pay attention I'm your teacher in detention, ay  
Only do this rap shit till I can cop myself pension, ay  
Why you flexing so hard boy I think you got some tension, ay  
Play this game so well I got you warming up the benches, ay  
Cat, bat, heavy net, plastic bag until I'm dead  
Tag, what you said, frat, yo gang 'bout to end up dead  
Med school, pass school, fuck that shit I'm kinda cool  
What I do, fine it's true, boy you think I got time for you, nah

Throwing up the peace sign, find me on the East side  
We don't need no freak, no need, no peace, no pistol, weak guy  
Bitch I'm on my heat, my brand new fleek gon' get you ordered on  
I'm in the mood like ya'll you gotta do right  
Boy get it right like all the time  
I'm in the booth, night time and I'm zooming, gooning, ballooning, under min  
e  
Bitch don't get in my way, don't get in my heart, don't get in my vibe, alri  
ght  
I just wanna do me, you gotta do you, don't wanna lose all the vibes  
Fuckin' around you buddy buddy get it dummy funny but we all the rhyme  
This the key that gon' run it, don't fuck around with our money  
This is the mood we on the moon, we boutta dip on the public  
You better be wishin' you us, don't wanna be freaky with us  
You tryna be dissin' on us, you boutta get kicked in yo guts  
This the only way to get across I swear to God  
I'm passing blue team after blue team, got my mission in the trunk  
I gotta walk around my city with my shirt up like a scarf  
Because they see me and they beat tryna kill me for the cause

Thank those bands or the man or catch those hands  
Imma smack 'em with the handle on my grip you want my shit  
Well bitch I'm mad as loud as a vandal  
I'm so bad boy ran with the scandal  
So much cash yeah Howl got his hands full  
Blow up quick, blow up sets  
Yeah I'm so lit like Baby with a candle yeah  
I don't really think about it I just make my moves  
I've been grinding quick, I'm sick, I'm with it, hit it with my crew  
Had the lit, it hidden hit some city winning, watchin' you  
Tryna copy me I stop and see you'll never cop my views, nah  
How you be with me and dip on the cruise  
But bet that you'll hit me to get ya produce  
Caught up to buisness to see how I move

But all of ya tracks got me hitting the snooze, ay  
Cooking up flavors all day, I see you craving and banging your plate  
Savor the taste of the bangers I've made  
I'm a major in flame gotta wave it away  
Fan on my city I be whippin' through the limit  
Drop a can down my leg will like it's grippin' boy I'm swimmin'  
All the land is my mission boy I'm zippin' through and tripping  
With the sauce that I be givin' finna floss I'm finger lickin' yuh