

Cabbage

Loe Shimmy

Staying prayed up
Man this shit getting wicked
I got some dead's and this shit
Got me living
Bishop on yerks
Man that shit got him Itching
If I shoot a shot
I'm a hit I ain't bricking
Talking bout veggies
I'm getting this cabbage
Talking bout money
For I even had it
Hustle addictive
I made it a habit
And you don't want smoke
This imported from Cali
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I'm talking bout' spinning whacking
I pull off in the scat pack ain't got no traction
He want P's I don't know him
You know I'm taxing
Eat me up off the perc
Girl that's so relaxing
Ayee
Uhh
I still traffic the pack with no license
Automatic Chop on me with no GL's
Rapping trapping
Hit the road with like three bells
Racks they came from overseas
It hold seashells
Spend that racks
I send that money through Zelle
Run up splack him send his ass straight to hell
Back to trapping if this rapping gone fail
Half a brick of Tina straight the mail
Pour some wock in my body like Enfamil
I'm gone cry like a Todd do not pop the seal
Paranoid it get worse when I pop this pill

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9 Milli on me
If I'm in the party
Don't become body
I'm like, that
Show me them trenches
Can't move with no weapon
I'm too soldiered out
Where my stripes at
Team got to eat
I ain't leaving you starving
I run to that check
You won't dare see me walking
He Sippin some lean
Got that lil nigga nodding
Ain't cuffing no hoe
She want be my lil hostage

Racks they came from overseas
It hold seashells

Yeah yeah yeah yeah