

## 3 SMRS STR8

LUCKI

(Tell me about your feelings) Ayy, ayy  
(Tell-) Ayy  
Ayy, ayy  
I'on need nobody, I would rather make-, ha-ha (Tell me about your feelings)  
You know that part already  
I just gotta keep tellin' niggas, 'cause we all do drugs, we be forgettin' s  
hit  
Ayy, ayy (Othello on the beat)

I'on need nobody, I would rather make nothin' outta' nothin'  
I been rich for my third straight summer  
Make a Wraith burn rubber, goin' speeds we ain't even know it coulda'  
I write raps, write a nigga name on a bullet  
Weak nigga let a bitch, made him go against his brothers  
Spent thirty-three hundred on a plain black hoodie  
I'm sick of this, uh, huh, ayy  
It's the shit that come with the shit  
Got in trouble for that ho, I had fun with that bitch  
I be treatin' you like a family, but it's blood in this shit  
Have your slime, have your snake, down your cousin and shit  
Choose blood over water, don't pour lean in the mix

Hold on, I don't play no games, need to cut it, stop it  
If I was, she know to twist it, pull it, bop it  
In three days, I done poured like nine treys, fuck Tekashi  
If I deactivate my 'Gram, this shit'll piss off niggas' stylists  
They locked twin over servin' an informant, I got the crew ready  
These niggas catchin' DB's ju' like Kool-Aid  
"How much for the pint?", you keep on tellin' me what you paid  
"I'm just tryna beat around the bush", this ain't charade  
I ain't never got a ho a purse and I ain't hit  
Sosa, he a dropout plug, dealin' high grade  
Oversized cap, the cropped tee look like it ain't fit  
Free the bros, I'ma die real, how I ain't shit?  
She want me to buy her a AP, but not on my watch (Tell me about your feeling  
s)  
She a Van Cleef junkie, buy her more, she'll prolly OD (Tell-)  
A bitch come play with me twice, we was in OT

We'll love you when we love you, you ain't willin' to die  
Put my dreams to the side, and I'm livin' 'em now  
Finally squashed shit with the fives, killin' 'em now  
Ask a nigga from the bottom, do he remember the top?  
My mama told me not to trust a bitch  
Got us the one who they ain't fuckin' with  
Feel bad, gettin' too much with the sucker shit  
Ride, ride  
Windows down, pistol out, pint on me  
Just blew like fifty thou', that was light, homie  
Come sneak the pistol now, I got a knife on me  
Stab me in my back, do it  
Bankroll on me, all blues  
Been tryna keep it kosher like I'm Jewish  
I'on fuck with niggas or they music  
Quit on tellin' bitches that we got into it  
And you ain't did, stupid

(Tell me about your feelings)

(Tell-)

(Tell me about your feelings)

(Tell-)