

### 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-)