

# BIGGAVEL

LUCKI

(Grow up, nigga)  
Brrt  
Stupid, aight  
Tsh, fuck they talkin' bout?  
Yeah (Crete, crete, crete, crete, crete)

My momma mistakin' my bitches  
White bitch cleanin' my dishes  
I still leave a boat with the fishes  
I still won't sip on the Tris'  
I bought her a birkin, she did me dirty, and I still think she delicious  
Speakin' on me, so I know he depressed, I hope he Cobain himself  
I'ma go fuck these bitches  
He can get everything 'cept these bullets, and that's just hardcore physics  
I won't give a bitch my digits  
Somethin' happen to me, I ain't trippin'  
I know all my dogs gon' run and get vengeance  
Flesh shot, give a fuck 'bout a witness  
Get back, if you don't, we some bitches  
These low-tier bitches is some business  
Fuck 'em all like a Teddy on missions  
If I get on that time, it get vicious  
I don't ever move 'round with militias  
In tempt, but if you cross me, then I'm crossin' you back like Isiah on Pist  
ons  
Heard them boys hopin' and wishin', they would've listened  
Three hunnid RP's, they stuffed in a box  
Dawg, he ridin' 'round me, 'round town with the knocks  
I used to knock on their door to see if I could cut they grass from block to  
block  
Now I buy stocks and Rolls Royce trucks  
I used to sweep up hair at the shop  
Nah, for real, facts  
Ecstasy pills by the pack, ha, Molly came by the pound, huh  
Codeine came out the crate, can't fuck with no niggas who rape  
Creep at that boy on skates, preachin' the word like Jake's  
These bitches gon' fuck a face  
I'm tryna go big, like Ace  
I'm tryna go big, Biggavel  
I was poppin' some shit they could smell  
I been up on the ave' since twelve  
Pulled a trigger with paint on my nails  
Pussy

On a high, this is not a debate  
On a high, this is not a d-  
On a high, this is not a debate  
I be trickin', but don't got a cape  
I'm disturbin' the peace of L.A  
White bitch in the Porsche truck hate me  
Tell me that yo' pussy is real  
I payed for that shit like the bill  
Bad karma, 'cause looks can kill  
I bought her a Birkin, said, "Welcome to Hell"  
He fell off, he posted a grill, the one of us cashin', we won't get a bail  
I don't gotta explain myself, spent that shit like I payed myself  
She so pretty, I invest in her swimsuit

Brand new and that's gon' stay on the shelf  
Two-face king, you can meet the other me, but that's if you make it there  
Curious enough, I'll take you there  
I wrote half of this verse in the Bentley  
I just took her to reach to city  
She a weirdo ho like Missy  
Fishtail in the track, got dizzy, ayy  
Fishtail in the track, got dizzy  
Fishtail in the track, got dizzy  
Fishtail in the track, got dizzy