

Chrome Denim

LUCKI

Ayy, ayy (BrentRambo)

Nigga made so much pape' off one lil' thing
I'm still spilling' drank, seven thousand dollar jeans
I'm prepared for the worst, but I'm living my dream
I tell the bitch she cursed, but we still got a thing
I'm still too geeked, say, "Slatt", say, "Ski"
To go only I'on even know me, I like money, sex, codeine

I got karma from my homie, but she still say she know me
I burnt out a lot of shit, I turnt up a block bitch
Twenty K in all Hi-Tech, and that's only 'cause I'm rich
I want G lock drank galore, Chrome hoodie cost a chart
She too lit but I got bored, she got paid but broke her heart
AMG look better dark, mix up drank look like art
I'm on G6 like oola, that bitch glowin' in the dark
I turnt up a block bitch, I turnt up a block bitch, I turnt up-
uh, ayy

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Haha, sure-ski

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