

Facts Only

LUCKI

Aye, woah, aye
Running from the drank, like
Top five worst feelings in the world
I'm gon' state the facts and he gon' say it, yo
Aye, uh, and he gon' say it, uh

I'm gon' state the facts, and he gon' state his raps
We do what we please and that's just what you lack, aye
T-shirt in the breeze, I think I'm still in Cali
I'm dodging federalés, got cookie in the mail-y
RIP the legends for the lean up in my belly
You say I need to stop, I hope you still here when I'm ready
I'd rather pop a seal and show some hoes who really petty
I'm cool, cruisin' through Queens, I'm tryna find some scenes f
rom Belly, aye
Fuck with me, baby, I'm the deadest
Percs and no feelings, when will you get it, uh, aye
Fuck with me, baby, I'm the deadest
Two percs deadly, bubble up my belly
Your bitch show me her arch, I feel at home like I was Nelly
Cookies in the airport, I pray they don't smell me

Baby, I'm the deadest, yeah, aye, aye
Baby, I'm the deadest
I'm gon' state the facts, and he gon' say his raps
We do what we please, and that's just what you lack