

Greed

LUCKI

I hear you're looking for Candyman, bitch
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
All that greed, you should kill yourself
All that greed, you should, uh, ayy

All that greed, you should kill yourself
Been geeked, boy, I'ma heal myself
Another high-speed and she still ain't ate
Sex, money, drugs, I can't feel my face
Big bro Card in the VIP
Drive so fast, we don't need IDs
Ho so pretty and she still gon' bake
Another high-speed and she still ain't ate

All that greed, you gon' fit right in
Took a lil' break, now I'm back, pop a ten
Super charged Tune, they gon' hear it's me
Burn this bitch down like literally

Put a bad bitch in the DDT
Fifty K earring, nothing cheap
Bitch and her friend wanna buy me Chrome
Sitting back, feeling like a P-I-M-P
Remember when niggas'd just give me hell
Rockin' big clothes, like it's twenty-oh-three
Pull up, 650, not G 6-3
Have a cookout, everybody get smoke
Niggas going through it, code green like a lima bean
UK bitches tooted up off of ketamine
Turn him to a pack, leave him stuffed like a figurine
Nigga think he fly? We gon' give that boy a set of wings
Four in the two, shoot-shoot, that's the regiment
My jeweler just made a light like he Edison
Pussy grip tight, on the finger like a wedding band
Drop a new clip in the Glock, I slide in (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

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