

Jigga 98

LUCKI

Lil bitch you better ride with me
Lil bitch you better ride with me
By that look in your eyes, are you getting high with me
But I got one question baby, is you dying with me
On the road to riches hit that milli' extra quickly
I'm on the road to riches, need to hit that milli' extra quickly
That nigga talking tough, I got the semi tucked
So I'm still on that bullshit, my nigga try your luck
We spin that block and bust, until my gun ain't got a full clip
But you know Dolla keep it bracking
I'm packing like I'm 'bout to move out
Half you rappers shoulda stayed the school route
Nigga, I been intercontinental
Trapping package in a bussing stop
Catch me anywhere, maybe I'm up a block
I'm outta town, ducking cops
Never did I punch a clock, surely
Never could you sit with us, because you wasn't working
Got weed by the key, racks by the pound
Dope by the breed, coke by the mound
In the wintertime fiending, come and cop a bundle for you bundle up, it's Gl
obal gang, you niggas couldn't fuck with us
And all my habits catching up to me
Every time I laugh you know I know that's the laugh of luxury
Until these crackers kill me, you faggot rappers are stuck with me
And half these niggas gangstas but all these niggas is ducking me
The fuck is up, the fuck you thought it was, yeah so

Stupid bitch you better run with me
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When the police get here they taking your little ass with me
If it come down to it you the one that sunk the ship b
On the Run tour, I'm just a Hova, no bitch b
I'm on the On the Run tour, I'm just a Hova, no bitch b
I put that memo up, I got my demo tucked
I hope they still don't fuck, shit, aye
I tell that bitch slow up, and what I said so what
I be just tryna to fuck, shit, aye
On thin ice with my pup, I think heat this bitch up
And watch us all go for a swim, aye
We don't give no fucks, she say I'm blessed, I'm luck
She throwing shade, why I need a brim, aye
Bitch I'm cold, bitch I'm cold like your last break up
Stare deep into your soul by the time we shake up
Dude flexing for his peers, I know what he made of
That's pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, mmm taste good
Look homie, I'm finesse born baby
Prescription meds raised me
Little old giant tryna to live up to Peyton
Sick promise to my momma pussy won't break it
Dash lane, crash lane, fuck it I'mma take it
I guess that's when midnight start