

# No Troubles

LUCKI

We don't need, No more troubles

I figure... drug money securing me  
Checking packs like security  
Keep it closed, ring of purity  
My protection plot  
I Pick their fate the way juries be  
Fade away how fake Jury be  
They white thin the way flurries be  
My connect send right  
Hush yo fuss  
I hit corners  
Like I be drifting  
Then I go make a mix for that bread selling Jiffy  
My connect a bitch, I want more packs, he say he'll get me  
He lucky I'oon fuckin rob'em but I'll wait til he get me  
Fuck it  
Ain't no dealers out working these type of Rocks  
Act fine, then wrestle off that pack, I'm like The Rock  
And then I go dish a bit to them cool kids, Sir Mikey Rocks  
Counting cash until my fingers look weirder than Megan Fox's  
Where the raw cut? Stashed in my dash and locked up  
Passed With in a dark cut, located a few blocks up  
Not getting locked up, like companies, get my stocks up, then hit a few blocks up  
Changed me, like kissing frogs, um

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I think the law tryna bump me  
But I'm proactive to dummies  
You need some black cats to get bad at Lucki  
They luhh love me  
The clucks, they fucking adore me, me  
I get around like I'm touring  
Cause some places more controversial than Maury  
Lordy...

I think this money more precious than new borns  
It's lovely, you find me mixed in the green like croutons  
They ain't askin so I'oon tellem I'm servin, they fool on  
They wouldn't know until I tell'em I got it, I'm Ru Paul

Ooh Dawg, I ditched, I'm block roaming  
And you the type to get yo family in trouble, Nico & Roman  
You know I'm moving cheap packs through the hood, you called me Roman  
And You'll sit & watch a pack fill up, like you blood doning  
They tryna kill me for white girl, I feel like Emmit  
No disrespect, just the only realway I thought they'd get  
Get it?  
Eerka, eerka mix a lil sum innit  
Shit, if Greg was here he'd prolly say I'm so innit

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