

None Other

LUCKI

Aye

Man, man

I'm t'd off juice and xan
I don't know you lil' mans
Got this lil' deuce-deuce in my pocket, in these Nudie pants
My plug up on a band
I gotta meet him there
So I don't do shorts, don't do deals, it's either here or there
My bitch don't like new niggas
Say they gone get me caught
Say, "fuck with them, you gone catch records." '07 Randy Moss
I touch her redskin, then I jet
Boy I'm Santana Moss
Wait, let me pop like four more pills
Them old ones wearing off
Boy, who the fuck is you?
You ain't no one nine seven
What stain you rep?
Who chain you grip?
It's looking ugly, yessir
I take yo' shit, won't bring that back
Boy I'm no Devin Hester
That bitch left me, fake like that hurt
Boy I'm just like a wrestler

I talk my shit like none other
Finesse this shit like none other
Fuck around, make you rob yo' brother
I'm on it

Man they got me T'd
Don't tell me no fucking rules
We don't do those
Remember I said that's why I dropped outta school
You gotta listen bitch, don't make me show this attitude
You like, "this why all yo friends be fucking mad at you?"
I'm just too smart for mu'fuckas but that don't matter dude
I'm just 18, they said I'm dumb but that's what xanax do
Well I pop X
Don't be this stubborn to the devil wanna dance with dude
Finessed a close friend
I didn't feel anything
I knew since then that it don't matter if you kin to me
Instead of ghost, get Scooby-Doo to solve this mystery
You sick? Well this black-market magic is the remedy

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