

RIP

LUCKI

(Bhristo, talk to 'em, slime)
I turn a hoe to a pack
Her best friend told her she better get back
Okay, okay, okay, okay

I turn a ho to a pack
Her best friend told her she better get back
Say what you mean, be direct
Cash on the world, better keep it a stack
It's only two seats in the back
Somebody can't come, I'ma leave it with that

Whenever I'm geeked, I'm the best
Million dollar week, I ain't even get rest
Can't lose sleep 'bout a witch
Fucked her friend, but I think it's a test
Say what you mean, be direct
No more drink, who the reason for that?
Ain't even see you for that
It was fuck everybody, you the reason for that
She caught me geekin' again
She think she slick, I'ma leave her for that
Nigga wanna beef on the 'net
I'ma be cool, lil' bro fiendin' for that
I used to go to sleep in the trap
I ain't even sell shit, that's where my people was at
I'd never see them again
Drink a lot of syrup, still lose sleep 'bout the shit
I ain't gone speak on the shit
Whatever I say probably gon' deeper the shit
You just gon' keep it a wish, I'll really go get it, go see about the shit
I still be stuck in my ways, how I get higher than space?
How you gon' go against the people that know you and break your back for the
fake?
I'm in the Bentley, I'm still sippin' codeine, 'cause somethings will never
change
Know you excited about that pape', better not let it change you
You ain't slime, no slatt, either way, prey get ate
Mind my business, leave it up to God, He don't make mistakes
I'm into super calm drugs now that I got His faith
Ain't nobody in my way, ayy
I'm still, I'm still Super Tune

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Ha-ha

Eh, eh, okay, okay

Okay