

Stop The Act

LUCKI

I brought home the loot, Balenciaga too
All that talk in cash but i'm tryna see the proof
200 on the dash won't pull over for the woo
Like my money fast and my bitch to tell the truth
Get money, we salute, not no liars in that booth
All I sip is red lean my cup like suwoop
She come from her magazine my lil bitch the truth
All I count is dead peeps I prefer the blues
Won't let nothin happen to me my brothers the troops
In the matrix, and the color pill I choose is the blue
I brought home the blue, she came with me too
All she is is dead weight after she get thru
I can't find no damn lean so I caught the flu
I just left the damn scene in the loud coupe
She wish she left me on see after we get thru

All I here is facts, stay way from the cap
I'm so sick of red lean let's go find the Act
You dont get no damn cheese lil boy stop the act

That bitch really fool me she know how to act
200 on the dash I come from the
They gave her some damn cheese don't know how to act

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