Let It Rip

midwxst

Yeah, woah
Yeah, woah
Yeah, woah
Yeah, woah

I'm at the top, don't think that I'm stoppin'
Makin' some songs, my fans tell me, "Drop 'em"
Designer on me and you know that I'm coppin'
Walk into Saks 'cause you know that I'm shoppin'
I'm in the top two and I'm not second
Bro got a choppa, he's holdin' that weapon
Feel like a teacher, I'll teach 'em a lesson (BenjiCold, why you icy?)
Like Ash, already know I'ma catch 'em

I got that rocket on me, let's blast
Talkin' that shit? We beat your ass
You wanna talk, but don't got class
Countin' my money, I watch it add
Up in the bank and it never go down
The hollow tips on the motherfuckin' rounds
Do not think I can let my mama down
I'm doin' my best, I'ma make her proud (Yeah, yeah)
Do not think I want your ho, sellin' out my shows
Balenci' my toes, squad, I keep 'em close
This the life I chose, ain't do this alone
Stayin' with my bros, talk to me, boy, watch your tone
You want that smoke, so we pull up with sticks (Boom-boom-boom)
And now you don't wanna talk shit
I got a choppa, that shit finna rip
Beyblade, we gon' let that bitch spin
Shout-out the gang, yeah, shout out my twins
King of the dough, bitch, I always win
Do it for family, I do it for kin
Free all my brothers that's locked in the pen
I'm finna get a tat, that stick-n-poke
Only wanna talk shit through a damn phone
I been makin' money by singin' at home
Talkin' to me, boy, you bet' watch your tone
Shout-outs Antonio, R.I.P. Tone
She said I'm not shit, but I'm makin' her moan
I feel like I'm Zee, 'cause I'm up in New York
I'm puttin' in effort, I'm puttin' in work
I know your girl want me, yeah, she tryna flirt
I don't even want her, but I know you hurt
Come with the cash if you want a verse
Killin' my features, put 'em in a hearse
Kill them motherfuckers, put 'em in the dirt
I was real down bad, think I had a curse
But I'm up at the top, I ain't stoppin'
Know niggas hatin', I know that they watchin'
Accepting defeat, that cannot be me
I'm mixin' the Kapital with Louis V
I feel like Pharrell, I've been rockin' ICECREAM
Bapestas, know that they stay on the feet
I need the money,
Smokin' on gas, it's all in the brain
Link up with Sam when I'm off the plane

I never cared 'bout that shit they sayin'
Don't play with the stick, stick, know you don't wan' get hit
Know I'm makin' them hits, hits, know I cannot miss now
Wan' copy my fits, fits, boy wanna be like me
He tellin' a fib, fib, I know that boy lyin'

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