

Keep It P

Money Man

Hatin' ass niggas, need to shut the fuck up, niggas

Yeah, I told him I'ma keep it P, come and get a P from me
Aim it with the blick, I shoot the stick just like he shoot a three
Hush up with that talkin', he just cappin', who the fuck is he?
Push up with that glizzy, he'll get hit with the Glock .23
Tuck in's just blend, I'm in Ft. Lauderdale at Eddie V's
PJ straight to Houston 'cause they pick me up inside the sleeve
Grow house send him CP9, they raid it we ain't trippin', yeah
Four hoes drain the plastic, fuck the kills, you know I'm pimpin', yeah

Jroc watched me open this bitch up, look how I whip it, yeah
Trap spot in the trenches, you can't come because it's wicked, there
Bought my bitch a key, but I told her, 'Stuff all them racks in there'
I can't see y'all niggas, too much smoke inside my atmosphere

Goyard y'all full of paper, weigh me down just like some gravity
Black truck full of shooters when I pull up, they in back of me
Closet full of firearms, I hope that ATF don't come
I'ma cop another charm, the shark piece is the latest one
Drop the dancer off and then I went and picked the doctor up
Exotic custom builds, you know I had to split the chopper up

He ain't in rotation, he just sittin' around that bitch pressed
At Taboo in Miami, yeah, we left that bitch a fuckin' mess
Went and bought a hundred P's from Sac, that my side quest
How much money do we got for real? Bitch, just tryna guess
Million every hour, told my label, I can't go for less
C8, I just pulled up on him, picked her up, inside the Vette

Yeah, told her, 'I'ma keep your P, come and get a P from me'
Aim it with the blick, I shoot the stick just like he shoot a .3
Push up with that talkin', he just cappin', who the fuck is he?
Push up with that glizzy, you'll get hit with the Glock 23
Tuck in just to blend on me, Ft. Lauderdale at Eddie V's
Pj's straight to Houston 'cause they picked me up inside the sleeve
Grow house in the CP9, they raid it we ain't trippin', yeah
Four hoes drain the plastic fuck the kills, you know I'm pimpin', yeah

Tryna stay away from gangster shit, but I'm still with it though
Still remember days that we was robbin', scammin' bippin' loads
You ain't tryna shoot or tryna drive then find a different road
Told my youngins, 'Let's go get some dope,' they gotta itch to score

Tryna stay alive and dodge the system, but I'm fresh to death
Bitch ain't tryna fuck, I'm like, 'Aight,' then baby, exit left
Runnin' up a check like every day but I ain't catch a breath
Told the baby, 'Guys calm it down,' but all they know is step

Finna hit the stage and go perform with my Glock 26
Answerin' my phone from random bitches, I'm like, 'Who is this'?
Bro just hit my line, he gotta play for about twenty bricks
Ain't tryna fuck with me, I laugh it off like, 'Yeah, you losin' bitch'

Every time a niggas hit the scene, I bring the diamonds out
Better keep your bitch up on that lease before I fly her out
In the streets, I know that I signed what I signed up for, I ain't signin' o

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I remember I was broke and doin' bad, but now I'm shinin' now, niggas

Yeah, I'm told I'ma keep it P, come and get a P from me

Aim it with the blick, I shoot the stick just like he shoot a three

Push up with that talkin', he just cappin', who the fuck is he?

Push up with that glizzy, he'll get hit with the Glock .23

Tuck in's just to blend, I'm in Fort Lauderdale at Eddie V's

P.J. straight to Houston 'cause they picked me up inside the sleeve

Grow house in a CP9, it get raided we ain't trippin', yeah

Four hoes drain the plastic fuck the kills, you know I'm pimpin', yeah