

Hypnotised

Nafe Smallz

G17s, no switch, no beams, no soul in my nigga's eyes
No soul like he hypnotised
With the stars, but I'm still a trap nigga, I just been disguised
I bet your bitch know I been the guy
Rich gettin' richer, still kill for my nigga
I stuff a zip in the Swisher
Yeah, I been a go-getter
From an ounce and a presser and the rounds on my dresser
Still down for whatever

Lost a lot of homies to these streets and I missed a lot of opportunities
This weed so loud, you can't speak when it's lit
In that foreign spaceship, still as real as it gets
I throw the money on
Match a bust down to the money long
They on me now, tell 'em, "Run along"
I call shots and to shot him and he not alone
Cali' pound, smokin' somethin' strong, smokin' somethin' strong
Such a beautiful mess
Had to cut them niggas off, weren't moving correct
And she know it's too official as soon as we step
Fifty bands for the feature, got shooters for less
Yeah, I got shooters for less
Rose gold, white gold, two different sets
Landing different time zones my usual flex
Huh, gone, only move for the checks

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G17, been around them since seventeen
My baby clothes never clean
And I'm still ridin' dirty, still grindin' early
Yeah, still swervin', might just scoop up your girly
No soul in my nigga's eyes, but I see him hurtin'
Heart on fire, touch my chest, feel it burnin'
I don't cross bridges, I burn 'em
Whip German
Yeah, and the burner's from Berlin
Throw my set up like I'm hurlin'
Everything we did, never saw, never heard it
Never speak on it
Everything I got, they wan' leech off it
That's why I stay at least arm reach of it
Take the broom outside, do a one sweep with it
Quick clean up
Trap money in my pocket, so I gotta pull my jeans up
Yeah, uh, no beam, no switch on this G-lock, G17

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