

# Off The Rip

Nafe Smallz

(Cage Got That Cold)

Yeah  
Let's go, let's go, yeah  
Let's go, let's go, yeah  
Gone!

Lit right off of the rip, okay  
I came in to flex on your bitch, okay  
Stuffin' the moon in the clip, okay  
I'll turn you to solar eclipse, okay  
We been too lit to quit, okay  
Spending your whip on the drip, okay  
Living my life in the tricks, okay  
Where she flying in for the dick, okay

We high, eatin' dinner  
Sky ain't the limit  
We dinin' up in it  
She dyin' to get it  
Diamonds are swimmin'  
I'm high on the ceiling  
She high in her feelings  
Fuck what she feelin'  
I rock what I wanna  
Spend what I wanna  
She rockin' Bottega with head like a scholar  
I'm up and I'm gone back to the dollar  
She wanted my number but I didn't bother  
I'm at jumbo jet, back in the set  
'Kay? Plannin' congestion  
I seen how they lookin'  
Now I'm in progression  
I heard how they talkin' when I wasn't present  
I'm too lit to quit on 'em  
Come too close and we pull out the stick on 'em  
Fuck the numbers, I still got a cliff on 'em  
You my grandson, don't make me go Rick on 'em  
Yeah, stylin' forever  
I never claim 'em, they aimin' wherever  
Animal skin and she came in leather  
And the pussy was good but the brain was better  
I light up my tree and I change the weather  
If you wanna talk on the waves it's hella  
I make it rain wherever  
Still make it rain in money and pain  
My niggas insane

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Diamonds in the groove  
Flyin' from the moon  
Slime from out the womb (Okay, hey)  
Resurrect my golden jewels  
Tutankhamun  
Straight up out the tomb (Go, let's go)  
No matter what the deal  
Paper like a tail  
I'ma front the bail (Mmm)  
Party in the hills  
Shorty from Brazil  
Do it for the thrill (Mmm)

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