

Dead Shot

NAV

Yeah, yeah, yeah
(Aye, aye, aye) Let's go

Shoot out with vest but that boy, he still caught a headshot
Bro can shoot from down the street, his nickname, yeah, is Dead Shot
Bro just chased a opp until his legs stopped
I just fucked his thot and I just hit her with that leg lock, yeah

My chest hurt when I be toking 'cause I'm smokin' dead opps
He think a shotta, hit his top and take his dreads off
And I got these Perkies in my pocket like I'm tryna get these meds off
Me and Lil Uzi stackin' up so much guap we'll pay the feds off

Every time I do something right, they try to say I'm dead wrong
I can fuck your lil' bitch in my whip, I treat it like my bedroom
Pulled up in that coupe, no, I didn't have no headroom
My niggas about that murder game, I call it red rum

She let me hit in the car, you know my backseat got some legroom
I just took half a pill from Pluto and I went to Neptune
When I'm lacking confidence, my diamonds comin' to the rescue
Got shooters that watch my back, every time I sneeze, they be like, "Bless you"

Put a check right on your read, no reason for me just to check you
Got cash on me like XO, I don't know what no lil' check do
And he could sneeze up on his on but I still will not bless you
Walking on this beat and I ain't even got no dress shoes

The way that your girl be topping me off, I could tell she don't respect you
Fucking her like a dog, she at my house, she watch my pets, too
Just got a brand new Uzi, I'm with Uzi and we got TECs, too
Lots of water on my neck and I can easily get you wet, too

Shoot out with vest but that boy, he still caught a headshot
Bro can shoot from down the street, his nickname, yeah, is Dead Shot
Bro just chased a opp until his legs stopped
I just fucked his thot and I just hit her with that leg lock, yeah

My chest hurt when I be toking 'cause I'm smokin' dead opps
He think a shotta, hit his top and take his dreads off
And I got these Perkies in my pocket like I'm tryna get these meds off
Me and Lil Uzi stacking up so much guap we'll pay the-

Stack it up, stack it up, stack it up, stack it up, stack it up, stack it up
, stack it up, stack
Stacking up this fucking paper, to get to top, you gon' need a elevator
If you get to the top, yeah, it come with a favor
If you get to the top, yeah, it come with some haters
I was not good at school but I'm stacking the paper
Lowland 1600 shit

Yeah, she give me brain, that's a scholarship
She don't know my name but she love this dick
I'm too fucking rich, I might pop my shit
Every time I pop my collar, yeah, it compliment the fit

Run it up, run it up, run it up, run it up
Skeptta my Nikes, I'm getting the check
Having this money is really a flex
1600 to the Rex, yeah
I know she fucking with all of the rappers, but as long as she tell me she l
ove me the best
There ain't no contest, I'm getting my content
I love when she honest, she giving me sex

Always use condoms, got Fendi pajamas
Treat hoes like my problems, I put 'em to bed
I'm getting moody, I know she too bougie, she don't use a menu when she go t
o Catch
I got to get all my habits in check, had to go on a jet, couldn't walk up th
e steps
Go to the trap, I'll put you to the test, I got birdies that fly far away fr
om the nest

Shoot out with vest but that boy, he still caught a headshot
Bro can shoot from down the street, his nickname, yeah, is Dead Shot
Bro just chased a opp until his legs stopped
I just fucked his thot and I just hit her with that leg lock, yeah