

Beat That Vest Up

Nef The Pharaoh

(BTP on the beat, that's bro)

I had to get it out my system
Thought I quit syrup, but I'm right back sippin' (Right back sippin')
You can't judge me, I'm independent (Why)
Plus, I'm twenty-three, I'm a grown lil' nigga (Say that!)
I touched a hundred 'fore I had a son (Fact)
I'm the type to catch the fade, you tuck your tail and run
I popped up at your brother' job, he ain't know where you was
And I ain't come to talk about no fuckin' one on ones
Catch him lackin', stand off, do him dirty
Sun was peekin' through the clouds, it was still hella early
This niggas scared of The Chang, a lil' bird told me
And I don't know if you got some, but fuck your dead homie (Fuck 'em)
Lil' petty thief, bitch, you ain't no real robber (Bitch)
25, ain't got no whip, I'ma fasholy spot you
Half of the game I obtained was from the 40 Water
Bitch, it's on sight, you gon' meet Nina, that's my

I heard he had a vest (What?) Beat that vest up
Hit everything from the neck up
Head-shot, red-dot, that's a dead opp
I ain't gon' be happy till this pussy nigga laid out
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We got a chop, we got hella, plus three more Glocks
Gun-slinger, SS, Cowboy Beebop
I beat her box, sittin' at his grandma's spot
I'ma 86 these shells if they loiter, or not
Ugh, catch me pissing on my hands 'cause I did him dirty (Dirty)
It's still early, hit-stick him like Todd Gurley
I ain't pushin' off no fades, out the shop early
Hit his dirty ass dreads and made his hair curly
I heard he had a vest (What?) Beat that vest up
If he ain't want the problem, glizzy ate him from the leg, up
Who said what? Spittin' out these shells like they fed up
He said he comin' with it, we wasn't talkin' when we met up
Bet this .40 ridiculous, how the fuck is you stickin' us?
If you bleed like I bleed, why these hoes ain't pimpin' us?
Keep it G, stripped him to his drawers, threw his keys
Catch him pickin' up some weed, he gon' be pickin' up from me

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