

Bling Blaow

Nef The Pharaoh

Still smokin' this fatwoods
(Wrigh wright wright wright)

Bitch look at my motherfuckin' neck (at my neck)
She see me in the traffic and she wrecked
These rapper niggas want some money come Stretch
Make one false move and get left (pow pow pow)
You was PC'd up with no rec time
While I was at the bank like is check time
Chang the barber, bitch I cut every line
Karo'ing nerds, its cut every time
You pussy boys smell like hella period
With the gold plated chains you can't be serious (what the fuck)
Fake thugs don't put no fear in us
The only one I fear ain't here with us, God
Icy neck full of rocks
Bitch I wear what made the titanic stop
Where was you at when we was gettin on cops
From tryina stop niggas from tryna cop that glittery shit

Look at my neck bling blaow
Woah

Why your bottom bitch got a nigga a neck froze? (Drownin')
Diamonds changin colors like a gecko
Bling-Blaow V.V.S make my chest go
Fake nigga, snake nigga, thuggin' let that tec blow
Run up with that bullshit
Now all his chest gone
For a long time I was the same nigga slept on
950 Yeezys broke
Bitches get stepped on
And for my nigga Chang Chang I let that tec blow
Real north nigga, never been a dork nigga
Why funk with y'all
You the type to go to court, nigga

Fuck a Honda Civic I'm the droptop Porsche nigga
Four, Five heatstick bounce out and torch niggas
SOB, bitch if you ain't gang don't pronounce it
Jigging for them P's, nigga we don't flip ounces

It's money over here, broke bitch don't come around us

Diamonds like water I got a young nigga drowning

Look at my neck bling blaow
Woah

Shining like a crystal ball I'm finna break dance
Nigga touch me? He won't make it
Where your diamonds at, I cannot see 'em in the dark
Lil shrimpie it ain't a compliment I'm calling you a mark
Dipped in butter, all the hoes flutter
My neck is on (wow) your nack is on (shut up)
You the type type of nigga that scared of the diamond tester
And I'm the type of the nigga that fuck your bitch off in the Tesla
I'ma Sick Wid It soldier, Neffy took over
You got your jewellery from the middle of the mall
I see you post it
It go twinkle-twinkle punk ass star (punk ass star)
How come your diamonds don't hit that hard?
My shit hit like a Pimp on his broad
My shit hit like bass in the car
She tryin to race to the car, to give me face in the car
I don't need a flashlight I use my chain in the dark (whoa)

Look at my neck bling blaow
Woah

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Woah