

Lethal Weapon

Nef The Pharaoh

Ah, wah
Mmh, ah
Ah, wah
DTB on the beat, that's bro

And I still ain't never heard of what you claimin', nigga
Lil' richer, but I'm still gon' be the same nigga
Neffy always with a heifer like I'm Rocko
I'ma drop four and knock the shell off your taco

Whole body inked up like a vato
Give a fuck about a bitch 'cause we pop hoes
Every day I'm in these streets like a pothole
All sticks, I can't tell you what the stock hold

Your baby mama suckin' dick 'til she snot-nosed
My dogs barking, I'm rocking Givenchy slip-ons
I'm the type to squeeze a Glock 'til the clip gone
And you the type to go on dates and take the bitch home

I'm the type to bring some nigga mom home
Get smacked if your ass acting macho
5'7", leave a tall nigga 5'4"
In the field choppin' shit like a lawnmower

Ever since I got that check, I got a lot of bling
Blue cheese, I think I'm Buffalo Wild Wings
Dirty boy, all this damn mud got me drowning
How you your brother's keeper but you need no rounding
It's fifty on the Glock, I let that bitch do announcement
Me and Lul G out the P, sippin' ounces
Money counter, I don't need no fuckin' accountant
Niggas swear they ballin' like they Baby, bitch, I doubt it

Fifty bands, all hundreds, I be counting
On my neck, diamonds wetter than a fountain
I be deep in your bitch, pussy drowning
While you at the house with the kids, frowning
In the trap with them packs, ain't no lounging
Might not never got to college, but my child is
Real rap, I'll never do a challenge
And your nigga the definition of what a clown is

Baby, you should put that nigga in a circus
Chop clap like a fat bitch twerkin'
Ah, bitch, I'm good, call me Charles
I don't lie, I don't jaws, gonna die with no flaws
I'ma serve the kickback when the Glock click-clack
The dody in my sack awake God from a nap
If it ain't one in the head, why you ride with the strap?
Startedbettin' on the race, I was tired of running laps

I was tired of running laps so I'm running up a check
She was tired of throwin' it back so I got her givin' neck
Before the SOB chain, around my neck was a TEC
5 years old in the Vistas, I was thuggin' in the 'jects

I'ma puke on her face and send her back to her ex
Niggas bitin' on they nails, they ain't scratch nothin' yet
Gang hop off the plane and head straight to the traphouse
Bow Wow challenge, he don't live what he rap 'bout

Damn near five bands plus when I cash out
Got a fat white bitch, she a cash cow
Big gun, fuck around and whip Shaq out
Cavy on the side of kings hittin' the pow-pow

Pull up, draw down, nigga, pow-pow
Get on the stage, rock out, and dive in the crowd
It feel good 'cause the world know my name now
If I go down, I'm allergic, that mean I'm breaking out