

# 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?  
Started bettin' 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