

Cuban Links

NoCap

Ayy, you know I rep that Backend, Taliban shit, that BET, nigga
We tote forty-one shots, know how we comin', nigga
(Stay with Vegas on the wave)

Say, I'd be rich as Hell if I wasn't rappin'
Okay, brand new Cuban links, brand new drug habits
Okay, they done motivated me, now my engine V8
Ayy, fuck my opps, they gay, I'm tryna get this shit straight
Uh, baby, I'm a villain, I can't take you on dates
They walk up in this restaurant, leave blood on the plates
My cup is double, I can feel that lean travel through my soul
Google me, but tell security don't search me at the door

I could never trust a bitch who fuck me and she got a man
I could never trust a nigga screamin', "Gang," and take the stand
I can't trust you if you ain't gon' blow when this shit hit the fan
I could never, uh, I could never, yeah
We in the club with that iron, we shoot like Ja Morant
Don't fuck with niggas, it ain't too many we not against
I ride down Collins poppin' shit, police stop me for tint
That banger stay with me, I think that my Glock should pay rent

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I ride Goyard for my niggas who got stopped in the field
Fuck what you heard 'bout me, you can stuff a dick in your ear
They Instagram killers, nothin' about these niggas be real
Spread rumors 'bout me to the world and they got nowhere to live, huh?
Post up on that block like Mutombo
My toolbox, it look like a fuckin' gun store
Got a yellow bitch, she look like a Kardashian
All these flights on private jets, I should be arrogant
Took two letters out of love and I got LV
If it's 'bout money, then I'm very nosy, you smell me?
If you love me, I want you to show it, not tell me
I keep these lemon squeeze banana clips, I'm healthy, nigga

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