

Mufasa

OMB Peezy

(Hitmaka)
(D-Diego)
(B-B-Bankroll Got It)

Bankroll on me right now
Ain't worried 'bout bills, that Glock don't lie, quote
SRT, hunnid round hanging out the window, I tote that block up
Do it for Cool, do it for any nigga that be pouring that Wok up
I move like I was brought up in a mob house, some of these niggas impostors
King of my jungle, Mufasa, young nigga grew up with choppers
Run from if it's a problem, we gon' slide and hit the opps, so
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SRT hanging out the window (Boom)
Chopper make it heat like an instrumental (Rah)
Look, this a rental-geek, no, it ain't a rental, nigga
You was all in her phone, I was in her dental (In her mouth)
Glock with the switch won't lie, quote
Ain't with the talking, fuck the rah-rah
And them fuck niggas know they can't stop us
Run up, I'ma hit 'em with that rah-rah
She acting like she want to give me head in the Maybach
If you want to do that, baby, come, we can see that
Packets on full, ain't no way that we can weight that
I'm with the whole, yeah, get 'em hit, call it payback
Ever since a nigga can't remember, been a hot boy
I ain't got no limit, I ain't stoppin' it when I start
They be talkin' hard with them boys like I know heart
Nigga say he want to be a boss, play your part
She gon' wonder why I ain't text her
I been busy running them racks up
My life a movie but ain't a actor
Try me, I'ma shoot like a director
Nigga, you ain't nothing but a robber
He been lying on them songs like he whipping that rocko
Know a couple niggas in the trap
Ain't going nowhere, sell a pill for a doctor

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Whole lotta guns, got options
Way before fame, we was mobbin'
Me and my niggas was starvin'
Whole lotta trappin', went robbin'
Whole lotta clappin' a whole lotta clappin'
Ski mask in traffic, they don't know what happened

Way before rap, we was snappin'
Eight figure transactions, couldn't imagine, ayy
Whole lotta M's (M's)
Having that shit, now, I'm him (I'm really him)
Shoot like I aim at the rim (Ayy)
Lolling, big wet, Viny Slim (Gang)
Tricking got me in my feelings
When we lose killers, we killin' (We on that)
Therapy, we need some healin'
Until then, we just keep drillin' (Spend)
Pull up, coupe got choppers in the hood, in my hood (Yeah)
It ain't bulletproof, 'cause I'm still good in my hood (You know)
And my raps don't lie, ain't tryna die, so I keep that fire
Try to come show love, but I know fake love

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