

# 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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