

Go To Hell

OsamaSon

(This smoke trap and you fuckin' with surreal, gang)

Yeah, yeah

Uh, uh

Yeah, mmm- ha

Mmm- ohh, mmmm- oh

Mmm-m

I'm so slimey, I'm so slimey, I'm so slimey

Call me slime, I be finessin', and free my best friend

You gon' turn yo back, you can get hit with that FN

Bro gon' let it clap, so I finesse with the weapon

You better get back, cause' you can get left in the dead end

The foreign weapon, one up in my left hand

Juggin' and finessin', you can fallout with your best man

I took the L, like, what the fuck? That was my best friend

But I sit back and run it up, so stop the stressin'

You like, "Where the fuck the love go?" Like, "Where my hug go?"

"

But I'm like, "Where the fuck the mud go? Can't kick the cup, n
o"

Do that shit way too much times, like, "That's enough", bro

And he can't spend no money, that's his last, the pussy nigga b
roke

You is not my twin, not my slime, no, you can't call me bro

Bitch, just let me fuck, can't get no racks, now she call me br
oke

You fucked up my day, but not my bag, not mad 'bout no ho

Rob bro, cut me off, I said, "My bad, I guess that's how it go"

Uh, rollin' off a 10, I say, "Yes, not for the Xans"

Can't get left with yo' mans, you will not stand a chance

When I saw that text, I had to sit, like, "Damn, damn"

When I saw that text, I had to say like, "God damn"

Had to say like, "God damn"

Had to say like, "God damn"

I'm so slimey to let you in

I'm so slimey, boy, I cannot let you in

I'm too slimey, boy, you wouldn't even wanna come in

Cause I'm gon' slime you out and send you to your friends

And they gon' come get hit up with the FN

Again? Lke, "God damn"