

street cred xxx

OsamaSon

(Woah, yeah)
I was outside thuggin' with the mob (Yeah)
Team no lack, yeah, we got new mops (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Bitch pulled up, "Is you fuckin' or not?", yeah
I got a fast-ass ride, yeah
X and the Jeep truck flyin', yeah
You don't got no street cred' (Nah), no
I was just duckin' from the Feds, yeah
I don't care what he said, huh
That ho full of tren', huh
Ten racks on my teeth, yeah
I'm tryna hit some heads, yeah
I got blues on, lit (Yeah, yeah)
I got blues on fit, yeah
I got a cool five, lit, yeah
You can't do that, bih', woah

I'm in the trenches, huh
I got my slime in the mix, huh
Count up the fucked up checks, uh-huh
Told the ho, "I don't care what you do"
Countin' up a hunnid thou' in this room
Bitch can't fake it for none
Bitch can't kick it for none, yeah
Run 'round, all-black gun
Brand-new, brand-new VETEMENTS, yeah
And I got money on the bed now, uh-huh
Pourin' up, pfft, put the red down, yeah
Told slime to catch up, I'm next now
And my slime finna crash out, yeah
Bitch actin' up, pull the bands out, ayy
Bitch actin' up, pull the bands out, ayy
5.56, go through that truck

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