

The Kennedys

P. Reign

Maybachs, back to back, we got ten of these
All black, all strapped, that's the energy
Still trap, that's no cap, they'll remember me
All slaps, we on the map, like the Kennedys
All facts, she throw it back, to my melodies
Hundred racks, ya booby trap, got the best of me
Great sex, off percocets, give me energy
All slaps, we on the map, like the Kennedys

I'm extra, I like it extra
And We ain't pulling up in Tesla, can't do no Vespa
Got fifty chains gone puff my chest up, feel like a wrestler
No she can't treat me like I'm regular, she lift her legs up
Nah, I ain't down to fuck the ugly friend, I need the best one
You always talking 'bout some money, bitch, you need to get some
And everybody know my body 'cause I'm down to catch one
And If I step inside the party, bet the owner spent something
Streets ain't been the same since Rich and Em, this shit is sickening
Like ten years plus, we running shit, it's great conditioning
The Coca in the pot, it's sizzling, my nose is tickling
I'm whipping it with both hands, bitch, I'm double dribbling

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All white, I'm so godly
Ask the streets, I hold pipes, I'm so Bobby
And I lived the hard life, seen cold bodies
After cold bodies
Someone get control of this bitch, I don't even know shawty
They thought my G-Wagon was rented
Bulletproof, I got it tinted
When they see me, they see money, so it got them in their feelings
Almost dropped the top, forgot there's stars inside my ceiling
Laid back, first class with no bags, I'm going shopping
When the plane lands, main smash, second option
Niggas saying this and saying that is how they copping
Really made men talking 'bout the tops, the only topic

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