

Rari

Pi'erre Bourne

(Hellcat)

Rari

It sound just like a Rari

It sound just like a Rari

It sound just like a Rari

Skrrt-skrrt

Yeah, sing, sing, sing

She in a tutu

I said, "Get in" (Can you get in, please?)

We really bend blocks

Young nigga, spin

Most of my niggas trappin', dodgin' felonies

I'm in the booth with the melodies

She was in my DM, talkin' to recklessly

I ain't respond, she was 17

I go to my hood and if niggas start actin' funny

I start clappin' and clear the scene

I'm usually a red sipper and it's Raw

I won't settle for a pint of green

Got me tucking this .40 caliber in public

I like my bitches when they really mean

I don't care if you maxed out, get you packed out

Got some killers inside the bing

Eatin' Bossa Nova with a little bitty bad bitch

And she won't ever get a ring

Hellcat sound just like a Rari

Hear the pipes sing

(Hellcat)

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Young nigga, spin

Grippin' all over her back dimples

And her ex still sell nickels

XD 45 got hot

And a nigga had fell victim

Waitin' for my play

Pourin' up Akorn right in front of Kellz kitchen

Mixin' all this Palm Angels and this Chrome Heart

You can tell I'm still pitchin'

Let my brother Kwame outta the G-Wall
I know he in his cell lifting
Niggas sayin' that they ain't the police
But this paper work tell different

If you want a bag, hit me on my Bat Phone
'Cause I know these niggas listening
Walk in to the club, too many racks on
Paper work different

(Hellcat)

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