

Rari

Pi'erre Bourne

(Hellcat)

Rari
It sound just like a Rari
It sound just like a Rari
It sound just like a Rari

Skrرت-skrرت
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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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

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