

# Heroin Flow

Plies

It's that heroin flow, might get an item for this  
Still keep a scope on a stick, just to make sure I don't miss  
I'm on the low of the scales, I like the fork on me feel  
Knee bitch in all I don't kneel  
That said achieving will kill 'em  
Ain't been asleep in a week  
Money be having me deep  
I ain't even reach my peak  
White when you call for free  
I keep a stick in my pants, already smoke too much  
I don't really hang around niggas, ya'll like to bitch too much  
Using more dope on the regular, although why don't we tell 'em?  
I already fought with one of 'em  
Y'all better check my credentials  
Bitch I'm from Pakistan, meaning I ain't wrapped too tight  
I used to sleep through the day, I used to hustle at night  
I walk with pride, it's real, I got my.9 on me  
I am the G.O.A.T for real, you can't deny my homie  
I'd rather grind and ball, don't need relying at all  
If I gotta question you, then you ain't my dog at all  
I wake up flex, God done already blessed me  
I won't let a male or a female stress me  
I don't need no more kills, I'm not trying to erase ya'  
I ain't trying to marry, I'm just trying to hit ya'  
Drawn piece of 'erb me, no you can't search me  
You ain't never worked me, I can't let you murk me  
Diamonds on the top dance, strippers on my lap dance  
Just like I signed myself, gave myself my own advance  
Realer than yo' favorite rapper  
I got mo' money than yo' favorite Trump  
Late nigga that's how I move, she let me fault one over  
Getting money by true profession. no bitch I ain't never stressing  
Started feeling like Machiavelli, damn that ain't gonna be necessary

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Still walk 'round with dotty, then brought my bitch come thottie  
When I was legit though, while fucking and bitchin' they got it  
Still got Trump in my blood, my folk went and bought me a bud  
Still bad bitches I hate, dumb bitches get on my nerves  
Listen to wave and boos, get on that dope and I swerve  
I ain't never been cured, you know how my dough body's served?  
Got bodies under my belt, notes across my face  
Man school that nigga, remember no face, no case

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