

Drill Flow

Pluto

Okay

This drill rap gettin' easy, layin' you down like OMB Peezy (Ant, man, you s
o hard)
These rap niggas be corny, fry your hair like some bologna (Jayco, on bro, o
n foenem grave)
She steady talkin' reckless, finna turn her to a necklace
And I never shot a soul, but, shit, I'm still gon' up this pole, uh

Thirty on your head, your kid gon' sit and watch it blow
Red light, green light, go
Don't care if it's red, I'm still gon' go, huh
Drill shit be cap, layin' in my bed, I'm makin' rap
Fuck it, I'm still gon' spit this drill
This might be fire, but I ain't gon' kill
Uh, this drill rap gettin' easy
Take your bitch and make her easy
All these rap niggas be corny
Can't get me wet, can't make me horny
She steady talkin' reckless
Take out her throat and now she breathless
And I never shot a soul, but, shit, I'm still gon' up this pole, uh
Thirty on your head, call BabyDrill, he take your head, uh
Try me if you crazy, you ain't up the score, so you ain't phase me
Got away, I know she glad
Don't let me catch her or that's her ass, haha
This drill rap gettin' easy, layin' you down like OMB Peezy
These rap niggas be corny, fry your hair like some bologna
She steady talkin', I said, she, huh?
These rap niggas, huh? Huh?

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I'm as rich and slimy as it get, I'll still wipe some noses (Slatt, slatt)
Niggas bitches, actin' like they 'bout that, tryna get exposed
Fell in love with this new G-lock, I put blood all on my pole (G-lock)
Niggas actin' like they see us, niggas know it's time to score, redrum
Nigga, I mean murder, walk down with that blick and hurt 'em (Baow, baow, ba
ow)
I don't send shit straight to doctors and I don't send shit straight to hear
ses
Huh, Young Crew do a lot, caught for a G-
lock, I'm just glad he ain't snatchin' purses
Uh, take down, take down, take down (BabyDrill)
I told PLUTO, "You ain't even gotta spin, just turn buddy in" (Shh)
I put a box on the Glock, when I saw him, I gave him a high-
five, nigga, we ain't friends
Dap him up, I don't feel no kind of anger, I'll talk long as they dead (Shh)
'Bout to put a switch on a G-lock, 'fore you caught an opp, had to shave dow
n the fuckin' pin and that's on God
Nigga, I ain't gotta spin no more, not 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, up under my b
elt
I can pay a young nigga hop out here and step
I ain't gotta talk shit, I'm a real-deal rapper

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