

Drill Flow

Pluto

Okay

This drill rap gettin' easy, layin' you down like OMB Peezy (Ant, man, you so hard)

These rap niggas be corny, fry your hair like some bologna (Jayco, on bro, on 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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And I never shot a soul, but, shit, I'm still gon' up this pole, uh

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, baow)

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 down 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 belt

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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