

Attachments

Pressa

I couldn't believe it
Soon as I bought my Cuban chain, she called me back
Soon as I ice out on my wrist, she got attached
On C.O.D she see this glizzy got attachments
For all these bitch ass niggas that try circle back
Sluggah got hit up in the party, did a dance
Sizzlac dead and they don't post him on the 'gram
Say "Free my niggas", swing his knife all in the can
You see that cut, he couldn't shake, he wind up dead

Boy play with me, we got Glockes in BnB's
And there's a difference from a robber and a thief
Taliban ain't do no drugs but when he kill shit, he get geeked
I knew that nigga was dead when he popped up on my feed
My opps, they crippin' but lately they had to bleed
See, uh, that Glock right on my lap, not under the seat
Free my nigga, he a nightmare, he a dream
Hit the floor, pray for my niggas for the mail they won't receive
They got my nigga behind the wall
And crodie kill so much shit that he had to find Allah
And murder, murder, murder, we broke more shit than the law
Lil' bitch I hit that beat and watch that shit just like a pause
On lil' bro, put 'em youngins in the car and tell them go
Wrap the plug if we can't get to him wrap his little bro
From the 6ix, but I got 36 all in the brick
My OG, he so goofy, he ain't know that I was hit

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Yeah, let's go
Yeah, fuck the fake
Me and my niggas great
We gon' get this cake
Don't give a fuck what they say
Pop bottles like bitch, we made it
All it took was a little bit of patience
I'm different, your bitch is basic
Yeah, still can't believe that I made it
Gotta watch who around me
And fuck whoever doubted me (Looked down on me)
My grandma gone, but I know she proud of me, yeah
And I promise ain't no stopping me, yeah-yeah (Let's go)
Yeah, broke bitches make me sick, yeah
Gucci gon' match this fit, yeah
Everyday, bitch, we lit
Gon' get it how you live
Watch us all get rich
Make these haters sick, uh
They won't believe it

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