

Harriet

Pressa

Lil' nigga get shot now he embarrassed
And your lil' mixtape I don't wanna hear it
Nigga you a bitch I don't wanna hear that shit
Opp niggas in the club we gon' air it
And my manager said a nigga need therapy
'Cause my mind keep chippin' on current's
Get money 'cause I wanna go hiss
If my bitch bad run it up like Harriet, see

Niggas always in and out surgery
Send that pussy ass nigga to the infirmary
Ha, stayed at emergency and they only gave the cop a third degree and the ot
her should've got accessory
Ha, if you talking technically but fuck, fuck all that extra shit
My bitch she a stripper from Tennessee
Ha, back to the topic, 10K just to run around topless
She don't wanna fuck she just want topic
My bitch bad little bitch she poppin'
Fuck nigga, they know we poppin' shit
Diamonds go crazy let 'em pop my shit
Tried macy's Glock got hollow tips
Never showed you niggas where my condo is
I'm cut throat
I can make a little nigga step and go and shovel
If I gave that nigga a ball I bet he don't fumble
He put that shit and he get whacked he should've stayed humble
And how a nigga broke if all I do is hustle
Pick up and go, ah ah
Pick up the load, ah ah
Pick up the phone, ah
I'm picking my bros, ah ah
Send in the post, ah
My killer he slide nigga, he still on parole

Lil' nigga get shot now he embarrassed
And your lil' mixtape I don't wanna hear it
Nigga you a bitch I don't wanna hear that shit
Opp niggas in the club we gon' air it
And my manager said a nigga need therapy
'Cause my mind keep chippin' on current's
Get money 'cause I wanna go hiss
If my bitch bad run it up like Harriet, see

Bitch blowin' up like mercury
Who would've thought it would've worked for me
She bad, how she have the audacity to ask if a nigga pop molly or xan
I don't know 'bout you but I'm in my bag
City to city tryna serve a nigga bag
I don't know 'bout you but I do it for gang
Tried to cross the border but a nigga got flagged
Kill a fuck nigga and do it again
Ain't no cap I'm one of the best
And I got money out here I got ghat
Free crodie with' a knife and recession
We from the wild, wild west end
We duckin' and dodgin' detectives
We dodge the metal detector

My plug ran it up like he Hector
Foreign do the dash like it's Nashville
We spin the block like a hand drill
We take a lil' nigga necklace
Leave a nigga deserted like Texas
My dawg a snake like he venomous
Numbers they're comin' the metric
I found that Glock and the glizzy

Lil' nigga get shot now he embarrassed
And your lil' mixtape I don't wanna hear it
Nigga you a bitch I don't wanna hear that shit
Opp niggas in the club we gon' air it
And my manager said a nigga need therapy
'Cause my mind keep chippin' on current's
Get money 'cause I wanna go hiss
If my bitch bad run it up like Harriet, see