

If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you

I'm with my killers, killers in the Maserati
I put four holes in his back like he an Audi
Sneakers, they Bally, my t-shirt Cavalli
Shoes, they gold, they go faster than a 'Rarri, but...

Maserati, Mase-Maserati
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And mama, yeah, she good, I'll prolly die first
You say you got shooters, nigga, vice verse
And he say he gon' kill me, need to heal first
Fuckin' with a nigga get your mom hurt
I'm, I'm flauntin', shooters, they kill for nonsense
And where I come from, killin' is a contest
To be honest, them lies, they start to haunt him
Send shooters down your block, they comin' constant
I'm sellin' work, straight up off the curb
We in the buildin', but we party on the third
Super swag, hit your bitch with a curve
Watch your ho, she'll prolly switch up for a purse, but...

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BFR, your swag look like Tarzan
Superstar, oops, I mean a shootin' star
Two twin Glocks, can't tell apart
Tell that nigga play his part
Bricks go NASCAR, my grill yellow, look like Bart
We-we-we could go from A to Z, no sugarcoat, no ADD
You-you should thank my mama just for makin' me
Kitchen like a bakery, cook more food than cateries
This shit ain't a thing to me, scoreboard look like 9 to 3
Money a daily basis at my realer day to day
Young nigga day to day, on my block like day to day
Sticky uh, ooh, uh, in and out the radar
And your block like a graveyard
Gucci hat and Gucci scarf, Gucci belt and Goyards
Glizzy spittin' like a retard
Diamonds on a new ark, I look like a water park
Fuck it, I look glow-in-the-dark

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