

Flawless

Quando Rondo

(Ayy yo, Bans, what you cookin'?)
Oh, yeah
Q-R-N
(LC, LC)

On the way from school, we made a vow that we gon' blast for each other
Call it perfect timing, since a child I spent straight cash for my bezel
I wrap my wrist with flawless diamonds, off shippin' packs to the fellas
My gangsta bitch the project's finest, [?] cook the crack in the kettle
My heart got broken by that bitch, now I feel like damn I can't settle
Jump in that [?], how we grewed up in the ghetto
New Honda four-
door filled with sticks, like we don't fold under pressure
Whole sixty days worth Dickie fits until I ran up some cheddar
Late night we spent low to the rocks, let's put the boys on the stretcher
I drop a ten right by your yard, we making noise with Berettas
Purple Codeine cloudin' my thoughts, like I don't know no better
Two F&Ns, Rocky Balboa, we leave straight smoke in they bedroom

Think with my dick more than my brain, that shoulda fucked, plus I ain't quick to empty clips
Like fuck the dealer, cameras in that thang
Got all this Codeine in my liver plus my killa might just be my main
Right cross the tracks, we up them forties at four niggas for speaking on my name
Ran up my guap then watch my people change
So many times I question that father like [?]
Like why the fuck they got a judge or lil' partner, came from the bottom
Life of a thug, call me QPac, young bishop rich and ballin'
Twice I done fucked but ain't no love so I no longer call 'em
The opps keep callin' from the phone, we don't wanna do 'em
Ayy, lil' [?] gone, now we gotta make sure these shirts say "Long live"
Diamond in the rough, put in my watch, that came from out the projects
My pistol tuck, I know they proud even though they ain't my partner
It's sad enough I ain't even fuck, fell in love from the convos
Here go some billion dollar luck, like wrap this up for Rondo
Wonderful feeling from the cups, I'm knockin' at your front door
Brick from my 'migo cost a dub, not talking Quavo Huncho

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