

Lost Ones

Quando Rondo

(Everybody up the hill)
(Ayy, Soul, that's sweet)
(Shh, Hellion)
I'm ridin', everybody slidin' (Yo, Vicky)
Banger on my waist on 95, you're never hidin'

I'm back from the gutter, the trenches raised me, off the porch with a Glock
Better watch the ones who claim they love you, for the drop, they get guap
These niggas tempted by these slut hoes who fuckin' the block
Ain't no more love in my heart
And I don't mean to question God, but
If he kill my partner, am I wrong if I go get him back?
I look around and see they gone, nobody got my back
If you a rat, ain't havin' racks, then you gon' get respect
From the fans, raise your hands if you know a nigga like that
That shit ain't one hundred that all them real niggas in the grave
They showin' love when he come 'round and all the trill niggas in a cage
I cashed out on a hundred pounds, now I got real killers gettin' paid
I gotta watch out how I'ma move 'cause in the field, I got haters

With that Glock out, rock out, roll in the field with my laser
In a stolen car, spin on they block, they corner store, we jump out facin'
The double O, my nigga block, I'm sippin' Wock while on that Frazier
I told that ho to suck my cock, don't kiss no ass, I'm chasin' paper
New AMG, all money gangsters
Leavin' brains hangin' entertainin'
I don't even got a cold or got a cough, I'm just a drinker
My heart cold like the north pole, red dot, Rudolph, red laser
I was out here on my own, without a home, not even daycare
Now they know my money long, they tryna come around like they cared
We shoot at doors, y'all hear the poles, believe the plan was not to play fa
ir
Ain't no more postin' on that corner, my best advice not to stay there
What time we on? You know the type, wearin' wedding gowns, heels and fake ha
ir
Passed on my block inside a Maybach

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O take that K, bring yellow tape, Trackhawk, get that banger, niggas know we
rich and dangerous
Hats off to the youngin, jump out bangin' with that Draco
Racks on, I got Balmain on my denim from my ankle
Last song, I been thinkin' 'bout my nigga Trig in California
Back home, I still got a couple pillows that I gotta get gone

Back door slime, I'm sleepin' with my pistol, I can't have a cracked dome
Mask on, I still got a couple killers that could take me to a home
TracFone, break it, toss in the river, the nasty dealer rat gone
One hundred fifty thousand and ridin', we straight from off these vacuum sea
ls
We gon' need some more money counters, I broke the last one tryna count a mi
ll'
I swear my heart in the projects, but ain't been 'round, now they got out to
kill
Like, one, two, three, went to droppin', y'all drop the three, but y'all ain
't got no kills

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Oh, man, we be rollin'
Let us in this bitch and we gon' send shots at the doorman
Dope man, I'm the dope man
Look down at my neck and wrist like brick, it's super cold, man