

How I Came

Quin NFN

Pew, pew, pew, yeah, ayy (Pew, pew, pew)
Yeah, I don't know what we gon' call the album, but (Cio)
Fuck it, I might make this the intro song, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, ayy, ayy, yeah

Seat a recliner, lil' Quincho been stackin' designer
But he ain't found nothin' to go with it
Found me a way out the streets, but I still gotta play on the P's
I just let my lil' bro hit it
We leave niggas deceased, I ain't signed to G Herbo
But when we start beefin', it's no limit
Got off my ass, had to go get it
He say he ridin' 'bout his clique'nem, but my niggas no different
Too hood to go R&B, but I still put the truth in it
New house came with three rooms in it
She said I went out in two minutes last time
So I popped a Perc' just to groove in it
Brand new coupe, backseat with no room in it
She like a hoop with the troops, I'm a lieutenant
He tryna hide, stay inside, we gon' shoot in it
Had to lay low and just grind for a few minutes
New M5, not a SRT
I don't change up, nigga, LRG
Green dot with a stock on the ARP
Draw down with this lead like it's A-R-T
My son got more paper than y'all, what you didn't know?
Got the rap check and investin' in Crypto
We got some big shit that go through a hippo
Won't do no flies and I'm poppin' like Crisco

Yeah, it ain't no slidin', why you talkin' bout slidin'?
I came in, bitch, that's just how I'm dying
We gotta seek for the opps 'cause they hidin'
Jumped in the crowd with my chain and my iron
Bitches you ridin', better make up your mind
Retaliation don't come with no time
We made a toast just to pour up some lime
He made a post, we gon' blow out his mind
It ain't no slidin', why you talkin' bout slidin'?
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He make a post, make him go to the drop
Sam catch up with him, we gon' hit at his top
She said she wanted me ghost like the ho name was Taiki
Bitch wanna fuck on my brother, you know I ain't stop 'em
Can't be my baby, I don't do no adoptin'
Don't fuck with niggas like I run with Nazis
With a bitch makin' Tres, but I'm pourin' up Wocky
Put this shit on, put money in all of my pockets
Ayy, I see you watchin', I hope you ain't plottin'
Got a Glock .23, but I shoot it like Stockton

Droppin' off bags and put dope in your stocking
Got a cougar who drop off the Perkys and Roxys
If you tryna make money, just sit back and watch it
All my phone do is ring, you would think I was boxin'
If we talkin' 'bout boxin', what, I'm havin' boxes
This shit exotic, just pull up and cop it
I can tell she a stripper, the tats on her body
I rap when I want to, but trappin' my hobby
She get in the hotel and catch plays in the lobby
6ix9ine, he a rat, we don't fuck with Tekashis
White girl'll go gnarly, just give her a Molly
The way I've been pippin', think my name Scottie
Think I'm a lick, he get looked like Charlie
Slide on a opp, roll him up like Marley
Floyd, I'm ballin', I feel like a Marvin
Go Smith like Will, he lame like Carlton
His house on fire, I guess I'm an artist
Drop back, throw bullets like Carson
Ayy, Runtz got me high, I done been to a martian
Play with my bands, them young niggas marchin'
Ayy, play with my bands, young niggas gon' shoot some
Guys in the truck, we pull up and move some

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Gon' blow out his shit