

# Rocket

Quin NFN

I'm really strapped with that rocket  
I was outside in the projects, low-key  
I was smart could've went to a college  
She tryna fuck and give knowledge  
I make a lot of deposits  
Ran off with his pack cuz my young niggas goblins  
I'm flyer than a bitch I don't need me a stylist  
They got me deep in the 4 making private  
Don't try to come stop it my young niggas violent  
Reloading this GAT. Hit his block and we poppin  
No need for a wallet, them racks in my pocket  
Whole lotta diamonds on me bitch I'm shining  
I got it from treasures but shout out to Johnny  
I came from the dirt to the top where I'm climbing  
These niggas capping they rapping ain't rhyming

Lost in the 4 with no m'fuckin guidance  
Tony Hawk for that bread bitch I'm m'fuckin grinding  
She tryna fuck cuz she see how I'm rocking  
She said boy like a doctor pull up like I'm stockings  
We wet his block with this glock like Katrina  
We pull up fah fah then we slide in the beamer  
These niggas shocked cuz they wasn't believers  
But now I'm on TV they know I'm a creature

I ride for my posse. Rocking Versace  
My young niggas grimy. Don't play cuz they slimy  
Lil bitch tryna top me. She gone off a molly  
Go get in that cat and get beat like karate  
Roll a wood of gelatti. I'm in my body  
I ball like I'm Ganni. They know they can't stop me  
We gon slide on his block with a stick like it's hockey  
We beef from the sneaks to the tee bitch I'm cocky

Bet not nobody move. Bet not nobody move  
That nigga old and we taking his shoes  
Since he want him a show we put bro on the news  
Niggas talking like how cuz they know what I do  
He get chopped like 'froh, hit his store with that tool  
I really wan throat from the hoe then I'm through  
Lotta niggas get broke, we got dough I salute

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