

Grammy Freestyle

REASON

Yeah, yeah
Yah, yah (Yah, yah, yah)
Yah, yah
Shout out D-Ron

Look, tell me how you really feel (Whoa)
I tell you how I really feel (Whoa, whoa)
I done played my cards right (Right)
And I ain't even got a deal (Wait)
These niggas fishin' for hits (Hits)
They ain't even got a reel (Nah)
They love REASON 'cause it's real (Nah)
Authentic, comin' for the kill (Skrt!)
These niggas spendin' they rent to be on some new shit
I could tell by the designer, you ain't got a future
Uh, I'm makin' more hits than I'm makin' excuses
I feel like Frank Lucas
Headshot 'cause the nigga ruthless
Leave a nigga roofless
Free [?] hustle, we come for the chips (Chips)
I get it then dip (Skrt!)
I hang with some killers, they all with the shits
Some Blood and some Crips
All these blue and red around like I play for the Clips
My cousin, Rico, he playin' with them clips
Just got locked, now he gotta sit
Sometimes, it's just what a nigga need
My niggas hungry, we gotta eat
That pussy expensive, I got it cheap
She gotta have it like she gotta breathe (Hah!)
We just came back from them Vegas nights
Bet the 6's in [?], that's a way of life
Got all these hoes' attentions
Shit, we got that for the table price (Haha)
Haha, look
And Del Amo city raisin' (Yeah, yeah)
Heatin' up like it's cagin' (Wait)
Hustle, comin' for the bread (Bread)
I need to check in, in the savings (Savings)
I need the diamond and the phases (What)
All black 'cause I'm racist
We done really put some days in

Heh
You know?
Just West Coast shit

They gon' think I won a Grammy (Wait)
They gon' think I won a, wait (Wait, wait)
They gon' think I won a Grammy (Whoa)
They gon' think I won a, wait (Calm down)
They gon' think I won a Grammy (Wait)
They gon' think I won a, wait (Wait)
They gon' think I- (Haha)

Look, they gon' think I won a Grammy (Yeah)
Nigga did it for the family

Hoes on me like SpongeBob, knee tell like Sandy
Swear this trap shit easy like takin' baby from a candy (What?)
Well, takin' candy from a baby
Henny got me kinda hazy (That true)
I pulled off in a new Coupe
Gettin' busy, got some twins with me
I can't even tell who's who
Got a cougar bitch with some ass on her
Put my paw on her like Blue's Clues
Pussy lips on Bruce Bruce
I cannot fuck with these ratchet hoes
You know I don't fuck with these ratchet hoes
Fuck a bitch 'til I'm tired (Tired)
Henny shots 'til I'm wired
Now I'm fuckin' her for hours
Throw the dick in like the towel
She surrendered but I kept goin'
And REASON on it then the best on it
I'm recordin' while they sleepin', nigga feel like Wooly Beamin (True)
They gon' think I won a Grammy (Grammy)
Del Amo nigga, that's the family (DA)
They gon' think I won a Grammy (Grammy)
She go down like a hand me
That's a hand me down, nigga (Whoa)
Sometimes it's hard to understand me (Yeah)
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a, wait

They gon' think I won a Grammy
REASON killin', God dammit
This proof shit, nigga
Killin' niggas at they own game
Diamonds dancin' like Soul Train
Ratchet on me like Soul Plane
Big body, I'm in both lanes
On the block, check the post game, nigga wait