

Listen To Me

Rio Da Yung OG

What they be sayin'?
(1-800 for you)
Okay
(What am I here?)
Boyz in this bitch, nigga

It's nine in the morning, I just woke up
Before I make an egg sandwich, I cook dope up
Walked out of Gucci with some boxes, bought the store up
Couple shots, hit him up top, shape his fro up
These bitches out here actin' childish, need to grow up
I got bars for ninety dollars, but it's blow up
I want smoke with all these pussy niggas, tell 'em roll up
I heard you caught a lil' body, nigga, so what?
I can get ten niggas dropped like my dad Italian
I been chasin' money bags like I'm Meg Thee Stallion
Committed to the dope game, I make sales with passion
Shootin' dice with Louis on, takin' L's in fashion
BJ swipe with Gucci on, he do scams with fashion
I love the Wockhardt so much, I can spell it backwards
The nigga really shot at me, can you spell casket?
I made a million last week, can you tell I'm cappin'?
Pew, that's how you niggas sound
Let me cut the work for you, I mix like DJ Brown (The realest)
Nowadays, if you shit talk, you stealin' Rio's style
And if you rap 'bout swipin' cards, you took Teejay's sound
A middleman and bricks of soft, we on three-way now
I really get the work gone, I need an E-way now
Bitch, I road run for real, I'm on the freeway now
I just threw bro a, yeah
I just threw bro a lob, press replay now
Brody said we gon' come up long as we stay down
I ain't never broke the code, so I won't start now
I'm havin' withdrawals off drank, I gotta fart now
I used to chase niggas on feet, I got a car now
I see you got a Hellcat, how much you drop down?
Broke ass couldn't even make a payment, it won't start now
.308 go far, I could knock a fuckin' star down
I can get a nigga whacked without sayin' nothin'
All I gotta do is nod my head and them K's bustin'
Brush a nigga head with .223's, I see waves comin'
Last nigga tried some bullshit, he in the grave or somethin'
How you gon' put me on a flight where I ain't say I'm comin'?
He Cash App-ed me a deposit, I got paid for nothin'
In the trap for seven days straight, damn near made a hundred
Get rid of all the dope and move the guns, I feel a raid comin'
Drivin' on the sidewalk, I seen an opp walkin'
I ain't have to say too much, the Glock start talkin'
Went to the ER with my son, he had a bad fever
The doc' was actin' real cool, so I started coughin'
Aim a .50 cal at your body, knock parts off it
Bitch pussy clean, I'll lick some Wockhardt off it
The chicken I just made, you can't put no hot sauce on it
Don't judge me if I paid you once to fuck, I had a boss moment
That nigga fumbled with the sack, the crowd lost momentum
Fuck swiping, I spend cash 'cause it's more simple
Bitch, that's a scar on my right cheek, them ain't no pimples

You ask me 'bout that shit again, I'm uppin' four-nickel

Listen, man, don't ask me shit else 'bout my face, man

Ain't no motherfuckin' pimple, bitch

I been through real shit in my life

Dumbass