

# Lost A Person

Rio Da Yung OG

(Ooh, SAV killed it)

Alright

I'm back in this, hey, nigga, I'm back, nigga, fuck what y'all niggas talkin 'bout

Alright

Okay, I'm back, I took a break, it was temporary

I made damn near ninety racks off "Legendary"

Free the ghetto, he'll be home 'round February

Bitch asked when I'ma spend some time with her, I said, "Neveruary"

Tryna make a million cash in my itinerary

Got some rap money and bought a bunch of artillery

I'm good in every state I go to, these niggas scared of me

Fuck a Pitbull, bitch, I'm the dog, be aware of me

Too much lean and Percocets, got me scared to sleep

Hit a bitch raw, I think she burned me, got me scared to pee

Mask on when I start bustin', it was never me

I think I'm finna rap ninety bars, don't wanna share the beat

Sixty-five-inch flatscreens sittin' in every room

Sorry, baby, I can't love you 'cause I married food

White bitch with some big titties look like Betty Boop

PLR got a gas tube, I'll let it poot

Glock 30 came small as hell but mean big business

Bitch started playin' with my sack, so I hit-sticked her

Wocky in my cup, you pourin' green, it's a big difference

Skate down your block and pop an opp top while I'm kickflippin'

Ayy, what up, SDot?

I swear, my white boy sold more dog than a pet shop

I was overdue, she gave me head at the rest stop

Gen4 .357, I buy the best Glocks

Ridin' down I-75, just passed Big Beaver

Police got behind me, I hid the pills in the bitch cleavage

Went and picked up a bitch for nothin', she was misleadin'

Fucked up in the head, I be happy if I catch a bitch cheatin'

Get the fuck gone, like, bitch, beat it

Got her comfortable, made her tell me all her deep secrets

Told the bitch that I love her once, but I didn't mean it

PLR with a shellcatcher, you can meet Jesus

[?] when I go to sleep, I be fightin' demons

Drunk a pint fast, ain't no more, now it got me fiendin'

Fiend got down on me for thirty pills 'cause I didn't read 'em

Told me they was Percocets tens, but they was seven-fifties

Seven hundred blues in my stash spot

Red-tipped shells in a black Glock

Two headshots'll leave a nigga flatter than a laptop

Sorry to inform you, this ain't Wock', this an Act' pop

I know I'm gettin' money, but I act broke

Fell asleep in the car for two days, feel like my back broke

My new bitch pretty and she thicker than crack smoke

I'm damn near a millionaire, what I'ma buy a Hellcat for?

Paid the bitch to fuck, her pussy trash, I want my money back

Last week, Trael FaceTimed me with two hundred racks

Beat the lining out this bitch pussy, I'm off a hundred-pack

I made ten off [?], bring Sunny back  
That's my favorite Arab  
Twenty-two minutes is how long a whole eight last  
Pablo Picasso with this K, we in paint class  
Fuck the pussy, I just want some head with your stank ass  
Go down the street you tryna cop some blues, 'cause I'm poppin' mine  
Peezy sent the contract I signed on a dotted line  
I can never tell my bitch the truth, but I am not a liar  
On the road to riches, want a ride, you gotta buy a tire  
My bitch think I'm stressin' 'cause I'm chain-smokin' Newports  
I burned the 'Cat up at Cook Park, they need a new court  
I'm plugged with the plug, your mans dry, you need a new source  
I swear to God, I think I say "Bitch" better than Too Short

Don't put no weed on that scale, it's been dope on it  
I don't even ride past my block, ain't no hope on it  
She ain't put her mouth, she put her throat on it  
Bitch acts too childish to me, she ain't no woman  
Auntie used to play with the hard, now she snowblowin'  
Started trickin' off last month, damn near went broke from it

The bag ain't movin' fast enough, so I'm slow rollin'  
Clutch runnin' in and out the crib, who left the door open?  
FN bullets fast, leave a nigga heart in slow-motion

Okay, I'm ready to go hard, last year was just really practice  
Pop a nigga up, then go eat me a Philly sandwich  
Bitch, I ain't trickin' with you, that's for kids, you silly rabbit  
You worried 'bout installations, need to go buy a better mattress  
Twelve years ago, I was cough syrupin'  
I just clocked in the booth, I don't think I'll get out 'til Thursday  
I done bought hoes liquor and Plan B, I never bought Birkins  
Twelve lines of drank and six blues, when I walk, I'm swervin'  
Ain't no phones in the trap, I can't talk, I'm servin'  
Hit the club a hundred deep, I think we lost a person  
Fancy-ass nigga, bitch, I talk in cursive  
Had her suckin' dick all night, her esophagus hurtin'