

# Rekless Too

Rio Da Yung OG

Bitch, haha  
Yeah, Rio said it, nigga, that wasn't Mike (Enrgy Beats)  
Huh?  
Lil dirty-ass ho

I'll stomp a mud hole in a nigga brain  
Even though the club closed, I'll still make it rain  
We from Flint, if we say chatty, that mean niggas lame  
I wouldn't even let my son wear you niggas' chains  
Stay over there, you a rapper, bro, stop switchin' lanes  
Give you a taper with these clippers and these bitches fade  
Shout out to the Cali plug, he kept a nigga straight  
He gave me four hundred-some grams, then a brick was made

My styrofoam filled with a three of Tris  
How you go and catch a body knowin' you couldn't beat the shit?  
My girl caught me cheatin' with her cousin, I beat the bitch  
I know it's foul, but told your ass once, I'm a piece of shit  
Doggy came through and bought a three of hit  
Twelve hundred rounds in this car, nigga, we legit  
My white boy just spent seven thousand on a diesel kit  
One shot out this BMG'll make a Regal flip

Ayy, I'm a stretcher  
I need to see how this shit hit, here go a tester  
Fuck a scale, I need a bale of weed, I need it measured  
It's easier to move the bag when you ain't pressured  
Fuck your mama good, then beat your ass, bitch, I'm Melvin  
Walkin' 'round her house in nothin' but drawers, I feel like a wrestler  
This bitch tried to set me up, but I ain't let her  
Pop you while you shoppin' in the mall, you twenty-one forever

But I'll beat a nigga ass like I was sixteen  
Fucked your bitch for sixteen hundred and bought some big B's  
Bro could've popped you, but his Glock had a misfeed  
It's cool 'cause I sent my lil' brother on a ten-speed  
Nigga want a five-song EP, give me ten G's  
Drop fifty out this 26 'til it's empty  
My girl sister tryna get hit, she be tempting  
Dog tried to flex in the Scat' that he was rentin'

I got a problem, but I'm workin' on it  
Players fuck up too, don't try to judge me, I ain't perfect, homie  
I ain't with the Crips or Vice Lords, I got all purple on me  
I ain't Steph, but if we talkin' shots, I'll drop forty on you  
Last CD I dropped hit Apple charts, it wasn't a chorus on it  
Safe junky as fuck, ain't clean it up 'cause I be hoardin' money  
Can't wear my VLONE shirt no more, I spilled some Morton on it  
Just bought a pair of Gucci socks, I spent some Jordans on 'em

Call my AR Motel 6, I left the light on  
Popped a nigga in Flint Township, then moved to Brightmoor  
Feds came and took bro CPL, now he fight more  
My fiend arm swellin' up on him, he put some ice on it  
Oh, you got a glass pint? What's the price on it?  
Have my nigga kill you for some drank, put the pint on you  
Bro bought a 41 plain, put some ice on it

Fucked around and found a blank script, I had to write on it

Ayy, I'm into fashion, I used to slang credit cards  
I'm used to cashin', I can barely work a debit card  
Hit him in his head with an AR from thirty-seven yards  
Bro, you cut grass, you want a verse? Do fifty-seven yards  
Damn, that's a lot of cuttin'  
Your CD ass bro, you was talkin' 'bout a lot of nothin'  
Charge my brother one-twenty a gram, I forgot I cut it  
Mike popped a nigga 'cause he pushed me, we do not scuffle

Shot him twice, shit was loud as hell, I forgot the muzzle  
Popped a Xan' and started throwin' punches, I forgot we brothers  
Bitch kept starin' at me hard, I forgot I fucked her  
Rio charged me one-twenty a gram, he forgot he cut it

(My fault, just let me send it back, bro, I forgot I touched it)  
Ten bands on me, feelin' cute, I forgot I'm ugly  
Fucked this bitch, but I don't trust her 'cause I shot her brother  
Boy, you was raised out in Fletcher, you did not struggle