

Tether

Rio Da Yung OG

This Rio, nigga
Ghetto Boyz shit, you know what I'm sayin'
Free the whole ghetto, yeah

Ghetto Boyz shit
When the feds come, just be ready for that shit
Finna bust an AP, that's like seventy on my wrist
Aim at his top, hit his shit, I barely ever miss
I just poured a seven of the Tris
So much dog shit, when I die, I might go to heaven with this shit
I just middlemanned it, made like eleven off a brick
My whole life changed when they put that tether on my shit
Eight hundred for a zip, this shit wetter than a bitch
Icy-ass wrist, this shit wetter than my bitch
Off-White sweater cost a zip
I just offed a fake pint, I'm finna dip
Jump in the Hellcat, turn the traction off
They tried to nail lil' bro, he let the hammer off
Oh, you ain't never sucked dick? Well, take your panties off
It felt good with a rubber, but it's better raw
You can sell some cut dope, but it's better raw
We got the best work, we ain't sell fentanyl
Just took a picture with my baby mama, all you hear is, "Aww"
Had her suckin' dick for two hours, she can't feel her jaws
I took a plea for five years 'cause I broke the law
A nigga disrespected Chris and I broke his jaw
Niggas thought I was gon' fall off, but I'm standin' tall
Chop him with the AR, had a standoff in the mall
Think I took too many Percs, bro, I'm finna fall
Dropped so many shots in the crib, we done hit the dog
I can make two hundred racks if I hit the dog
Spicy shit, when I'm in the booth, cut the skillet off
Drank came with my auntie name, I had to peel it off
Bitch, we got our own swag, we ain't stealin' y'all's
Cuban link cost a dub, pendant forty racks
Shit talkin', I made a genre, this important rap
I couldn't even pay attention, I was poor at that
Grew up fucked up, aw, shit
Grew up fucked up, I'm like, "Shit, the floor ain't bad"
I just got a whole pint of Wock', I'm pourin' half
Tell your friend I want a threesome with your boring ass
Two years ago, me and C was just pourin' glass
I knew an ooh-head who buy zips, but he snorted half
Walk around your crib with the Glock, this a cordless strap
New crib, marble on the countertops and the floor match
My nigga did some bullshit, I don't support that
I got a nigga say he love me, but he don't even support my rap
In an old-school Monte with the crocodile floor mats
You ain't made no money off of rap 'cause you're trash
Yeah, I know the lil' bitch a ho, but the whore bad
Redbone bitch, she got braces, ass immaculate
And I'm not a serial killer, but I'm stabbin' it
Don't come around me with your ass out, 'cause I'm grabbin' it
Before I had a dime, bitch, I look like I was havin' it
Glock bullets stick to his top like a magnet
They hit the spot, six pints of Wock' in the cabinet
K bullet hit his windshield, I'ma shatter it

Hit the car so many times, he died from a bullet fragment
Thirty-two hundred for a pint, I'm grabbin' it
I'm a team player, nigga, I ain't stingy, I'm passin' it
The only reason she stopped givin' me head, 'cause I had to piss
Bitch ass so fat, she walk- when she walk- huh
Bitch ass so fat, when she walk, she draggin' it
Nigga, I was just broke, from rags to riches
Fifty thousand for a chain, last year I ain't have a necklace
That nigga ain't gon' kill me, I'll probably die from that asthma shit
Lil' bitch fell in love with me, I ain't have to hit it
The drank game gettin' ugly, I'ma have to quit

Ghetto Boyz shit, nigga, you know what the fuck goin' on
Southern, yeah
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me, nigga
Southern giant, so I know that