

# No Chill

Rob Vicious

Yeah (Yeah)  
Hey, hey  
Hey (Hey)  
Damn (Damn)

Fenix pop pills, damn, he got no chill  
I just popped like 3 bars, damn, I'm so, so chill  
I don't know what's going on, I'm just like, "oh, well"  
Niggas actin' 'bout that life, but they ain't gone kill  
Most my niggas on drugs, most them out on bail  
Most you niggas go to school, they never seen no cell  
Most my niggas keep a two, like yeah, we take no L's  
But we'll take what's in your pockets, boy, don't come 'round here  
Swear it's like a pop a xanny, then I got no feel  
She like "nigga, don't pull my weed, for you ain't got no hell"  
Say you need a two for ten, then just pull up right here  
This is Wock up in my cup, Fenix don't drink no pill  
Yeah, hey, I get the guap and I run it (Hey)  
Countin' up nothin' but hunnids (Hey)  
I could turn nothin' to somethin' (Yeah)  
With that lil' bitch when we run it (Hry)  
Them xans, they turn me to a dummy (Dummy)  
I tried to quit, back up on it (On it)  
Yeah, put your feet back up on it  
Hit a lick on a two-liter bottle

Sorry, but the lean more important, just look at my shoes, they imported ('P  
orted)  
You don't got my money, just stalled it  
That ho' say she pregnant, abort it (Damn)  
Okay, now I'm doin' to much, but lil' bitch, I've been with the extras  
Crash the Masi, now we up in the Tesla, ah  
I plot the pressure, nigga, don't press us

Fuck this flexin' shit, let's go and hit a lick  
I know somebody who know somebody who say they got them bricks  
Nigga, you ain't nobody, your block ain't wet, so why you think you sick?  
These niggas nobody, you ain't nobody, you move just like a bitch (A bitch)

But I'm gon' knock up on yo' door (Hello?)  
You can't even beep, I got my finger on the hole (Fuck, who is it?) (UPS, si  
r, and you have a package)

Bitch, I'm Rob Vicious (Fuck nigga, let's get this shit crackin')  
Kick the door and up the pole, just tell me where it's at  
Givin' me a hard time, you get smacked with this gun  
He say I got coke and weed and blackies in the back  
I can sell this coke and weed, but I can't sell this smack, ayy  
This that Mafia, so shit man, all we do is pass  
Flexin' with a stack of cash, my youngins on your ass  
Shout out to the notes, we robbin' niggas with no maps  
I'm Southside, you're a forfeit, I can turn you to a lash