

Krazyman

Rob49

I just caught a 20 causally in bulletproof tall, nigga
Come get with me
This shit a foreign cline tail, you know why?
Because we got bitches, money, and drugs
Top floor penthouse on partners, nigga
Anywhere I point, praise and run
My fucking neck and wrist look like broke glass, nigga
Play with my fucking V's, we gon' turn a murder in this bitch
We got monks and antennae's around this bitch
What's up?

Yeah, why they choose to act like who ain't with it? (Why they choose to act like who ain't with it?)
Fuck what nigga say, I run my city, millionaire still in the trenches (Millionaire still in the trenches)
I took a loss before but I got busy (I took a loss before but I got busy)
And jump back in the trap like it ain't happen, my whole hood know a niggas reckless (My whole hood know a niggas reckless)
Flew her out for one day, on God, I ain't give her nothing (Yeah)
Fucking this thot, it's first night, on God, all I did was slut her (Yeah)
Throw them V's up till I freeze up, go crazy 'bout my brother (Go crazy 'bout my brother)
I know I fuck niggas hoes, how the fuck am I gon' trust 'em?
Yeah, vulture see that roll that weed up bitches leaches (Roll that weed up bitches leaches)
Yeah, she a eater, nasty hoe who take it easy (Nasty hoe who take it easy)
Yeah, savage in my blood, shit, I hope niggas see it (I hope niggas see it)
Bro don't give no fucks, kill niggas in front they people
Buy her what she want just 'cause that pussy Fiji (Yeah)
Yeah, trappin' like a trap start kick her out in Yeezys (Kick her out in Yeezys)
Yeah, M.I.A. with choppas, see me when you see me (See me when you see me)
Love my bitch to death, she dark, I call her Reese's (I call her Reese's)
Fuck you niggas think? You hear that choppa ringing
Yeah, I don't touch my profits till I make a payment (Till I make a payment)
Yeah, she know I'm a savage, she wanna have a baby (She wanna have a baby)
Yeah, bitch know I'm a vulture, I ain't no fucking raven (I ain't no fucking raven)

Bitch, I been hood rich, nigga
Still coming through the projects
For forty thousand in my pocket at todays game
You understand? Tripper let me trap on DJ Herms beats
In the back of the Cullinan

Yeah, bro, don't catch no feelings, all he caught was cases (All he caught was cases)
My new whip matt black, the world gon' think I'm racist (They gon' think I'm racist)
Yeah, I treat dimes like nickels, my new bitch from Haiti (My new bitch from Haiti)
Yeah, smoking on some good gas, they gon' think I'm racing (They gon' think I'm racing)
Yeah, watch them killers brothers like he came in Navy (Yeah)
Yeah, I ain't got no choice I feel like my haters made me (I feel like my haters made me)
Yeah, bitch I'm from New Orleans like I'm Wayne 'n baby (Yeah)
L.A. with the Lakers, you get killed for fakin' (You get killed for fakin')