

G.I.H.F.

Rylo Rodriguez

(What's happenin', Chi Chi?)

This that share each other shoes 'cause we brothers
This that fall out 'bout no hoes, we don't love 'em
This that post up with your sack out all day in apartments
This that shooting dice to cop the Jordans, ayy
This that alley-hoop a nigga ass and dunk, ayy
This that poke a nigga ass for the bottom bunk, yeah
This that trap music, Doe B like the Gump
How the hell I'ma leave my warriors and I'm smoking the runtz
Young nigga shit, back on young nigga shit, ayy
Bitch, won't you come and suck a young nigga dick?
I put a band on his head, no flute, got a drum on this stick
I bought my college girl a teacup and my hood bitch a pit
I put some racks in my mama purse for all the times I stole from her
I don't know if Sergio my niggas' father, but I swear all my bros gunners
Five thousands on her titties, everybody not real
Hit for one, he was in that car, but everybody got killed
Everybody pop pills, all my niggas pop seals
Oh, you gangster? No you not, chill
Money color Rucci steering wheel
We recite the alphabet, I'm just being real
Try to let my food digest but I want every meal
This that ho, don't use your teeth, you know your dentals fine
This that pull a sheet back, let his mama identify him
This that I need two pairs of all-white 1's at Finish Line
This that Christian Dior I could've bought ten pair of Lebrons
Sportscar, Hellcat don
Shit, there go 12, let's run
Car came with umbrellas
Dickriders, all this fame came with a bunch of 'em
The ho a dime but I still wish I could unfuck her

Goat in human form, yeah
Goat in human form
Goat in human form
All these niggas 12 without uniforms