

Hear This

Rylo Rodriguez

(KookUp, what's up?)

(Damn, Kai, you goin' crazy)

I don't know who need to hear this, but this Wocky, this ain't Act
I don't know who need to hear this, but your boyfriend is a rat
I don't know who need to hear this, we stopped puttin' rubber bands on the racks
I don't know who need to hear this, but go and take that jewelry back (That jewelry back)
I don't know who need to hear this, ho, your pussy ain't like that (Pussy ain't like that)
If you broke, you need to hear this, I motivate you to get cash (Motivate you to get cash)
Traphouse is like Hoarders, walk in, steppin' over bags, yeah
Seen some gangsters go to jail who got turned into fags

They be postin' artilleries (For what?)
Them niggas bleed how we bleed (On God)
Got me ridin' 'round with .223 (Yeah, yeah)
We gon' put them boys on a few tees
Butterfinger in my Backwood, got me ashin' candy
Ho, don't send your Cash App, think she got that from her mammy
I'm just gon' slut these lil' hoes out and let you be romantic
They can't believe what I've become, they wanted me to panic
Scars on my back and arms, bros, they revoke the bonds
Wanna know just how I'm doin', everything is everything
I know niggas married the streets, but 12 took they wedding rings
Why the D.A. mad at me? I don't know this ho from a can of paint
Ain't a nigga sip more lean than me, I done poured this shit up in every drink
Had a threesome with a white ho and a red bitch, call it a candy cane
'Fore music, way before this rap shit, in my city, I been had a name
GMG, that's still the gang
Much care 'til we meet again

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Ooh, she got it all wrong
I go and buy her a home
All of my diamonds on
Fill up my styrofoam
You made me (Made me)
Why the hell would you tell them people that? That's crazy (That's weird)
I'm bein' grateful, so if you really did, I'd thank you, no thank you, honestly
How long you think you'd run until you run into danger?

Bought this trench coat 'fore the 'Rari first
'Cause his mama hungry and his daughter thirsty
I walk long miles when it come to work
We only come outside on Tuesdays and Thursdays
Made a quarter mil' off sellin' merch
You gon' fuck her, but she want titties first
I don't fuck with rappers, I don't feel they verses
Tired of buryin' niggas, we wanna flood the hearse
Yeah, I dropped out, but I done fucked some nurses (On God)
I'm dumpin' ashes up inside of a foreign
I'm out of town, I'll be back in the morning (In the morning)
Picked the backend up, the frontend on guns (Frontend on pistols)
Ain't no Fathers Day 'cause all these rappers my sons (Nigga my children)
I don't give a fuck, I might just marry a nun (Marry a stripper)
In and out the courts, I'm startin' to feel like LeBron
I got choppers bigger than my opps, yeah
Black extendo in the Glock
These ain't the other kind, they won't jam
Fucked a cougar, still call her ma'am (Yes, ma'am)
I know a nigga take fake pills, yeah, the Percs hittin'
Riding 'round with .223 like Draymond (Green)
Got niggas all in the pen' waitin' on my mixtape
You tryna hear about ballin', nigga, don't press play
I'm eatin' candy, smokin' Hi-Chew, I'm still blessed, mama, I pray
I been fuckin' her for a year straight, but she still don't know where I stay
Bought a thousand Faygos, I can't stop leanin' for some reason
I put these karats in my ear, they think I went vegan

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