

Leaks

Rylo Rodriguez

(Go crazy, AG)

Made her fuck the both of us the first day that we met her
How the hell you fallin' for her? We just flipped this ho together
How you surprised [?] My day-one, he got jealous
Lil' bro threw his life away, I pray his lawyer Malik Willis
Had the bags in the project home, grew up around steppers
I'm the only rapper but somehow, all my niggas got records

Got her boobs did for her, made her go up a shirt size
Ask who else I bought some titties, I sent her picture to four-five
My lil' sister had a baby, I damn near took all a Perc' 5
Not kickin' with 'em 'cause they grew up with me for real
Tired of fake dapping, you niggas don't fuck with me for real
R.I.P. to [?], how they do that to a lil' girl?
Know you used to wake up every morning hoping they kill that nigga
I'm goin' to heaven 'cause when the other side die, I feel a lil' better
I wished he would've never threw that party, [?] still be with us
Knowin' I ain't the one to pull the trigger, sometimes I still forget
"Damn, lil' bro, why you trippin'? You got niggas 'round who'll kill for you
"

Would you rather take they pistol? Ho, you know you wrong, you 'round here f
uckin' all these niggas
[?], he just found out that his child ain't his lil' one
You know that shit killed him
Tryna milk the game, my nieces and nephews, they need Similac
Niggas puttin' insurance on themselves all on the internet
Playin' police games, think a nigga gon' say, "Fuck it"
Hell nah, every time I see that shit, I'm gonna up it
I don't respect the gangster, seen straight through you, why you lie to me?
You don't even know me, how the fuck is you gon' die for me?
Shots left him on the rocks, AR sing just like PnB
[?] never home, we send a bitch to see where they Airbnb
We slide, gotta leave your phone, we don't trust the DND
My dog died, and the expiration date on GB
I done seen killers go from Clubhouse to PC
Why didn't nobody tell me they was strict on gun laws in D.C.?
I'm on papers in Mobile, out in Florida, get me a PPV
First tape went number one, name another artist blew up off leaks?
All them niggas on that case with you got time, so how you out free?
They ain't tat it on my face, look in the mirror, it remind me
I was can't be fucked with before Dominique signed me
Interrogation, I know you gon' fold 'cause you crying
I'll never rat, picked the pencils up and Drew Findling
Nah, where my lawyer at? I don't wanna talk to you folk
One of my day-ones on that mojo, it got him doin' bad
His mindset still stuck with the young niggas
Livin' to buy fits, what about your jits? You livin' in the past, you trippi
n'

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Went and got hammer switches soon as she left the porch
The only time he bustin' for nothing is on the fourth