Walk

Rylo Rodriguez

Feezie Productions

Fuck that nigga Rylo, he rap horrible
I deleted her number, head was horrible
Nigga punks, sittin' all lookin' at the lines I just poured it up
Got cameras, we see them, they can't see us, this trap boarded up
Don't run no trap before that money, it hold you for ransom
I need help, I got a problem fuckin' exotic dancers
From the crack the code, to the bottom of the smoke, I get my hands on
She thought I was cookin' for her 'cause I fucked her with my pants on

I gave every young nigga a Glock in my hood
Which one you workin'? Buy two, you servin'
And that hate, get back and forth with the court like Julius Ervin'
I could've bought a kilo but I bought a chain for thirty
Glock 27, I stuck a dick in it, it was a virgin
I'ma chase that paper 'til I'm tired, nigga had a rest
They wear this carb', he still die, but he had a vest
Hope you proud of me, nobody made it from my projects yet
I signed a deal then my city on a private jet
I rock Fear of God, I ain't never feared a nigga yet
All of us got bankrolls, we do not flex with each other's checks
And these hoes know I'm the G.O.A.T., I'm fresh out the barn
I'm dropping my addy, she call that baby shit 'round me, the foreign

Dior, walk, VLONE, walk
Model, walk, she don't suck dick, walk
Plug walk, draco, walk
Now he can't walk

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No knock, just sign me for the meals, I prolly fuck it off
Won't put my BM in the Benz, I heard she fuckin' off
I been out here grindin', Rollie timin', yeah, we wildin'
Baby prayed the lawyer since I made five hunnid thousand
Presi', Presi', Patek, they like, "Doggybone a problem"
I ain't go to college, so he got it out the mud, huh
Seen two mill' in blues, he don't even fuck with Bloods
'Cause I want twenty for a show, but still I ask, "How much the club got?"
Can't wait 'til they left bud, a'ight, I'm done playin' games
Won't switch for not a bitch, then hear my son sayin', "Change"
Like we made it, I signed a deal for a couple hun', I blew that shit in Vega
s
If not fine, then I'm with Baby, if not Baby, I'm with Ced
So many shirts, want twelve a verse or back to sellin' meds

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Hunnid bands and Birkin bags, my girl don't need no OnlyFans
I go crazy every shot I get, like this my only chance
I run through a million cash so much, I need another hand
I just hope the play not play with me, we gon' fuck up the plan
I just heard he said he rich as me, I know he wish he was
Don't know what they kid gon' pull up in, I just keep switchin' up
I had racks before my buzz, if they know, they know what's up
Ain't too many niggas in Atlanta sold more bags than us
Rylo went new cat on 'em, Dugg got four hunnid racks on 'em
I just sit, laid back, chill, I could bust they ass, for real
Bitch all in my comments, makin' jokes like I be poppin' pills
Boy, you know what's up when it be smoke, someone get popped for real

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Bitch
Sum'n light

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