

Loud Enuff

Sauce Walka

(Samurai)

Tell lil' buddy send the drop then
I'll Beyblade a nigga, Drac' make his top spin
Four baddies at the house booted, have you boxed in
Lights changin' in the Bentley, look like a new Benz
Rarely fuck with new friends
If you ain't with TSF, you might meet an FN
I can't trust a nigga far as I can throw a penguin
Make your bed with a snake, just know you gotta sleep in
You might drown around this bitch, stay up out the deep end
It's some tears on my denim, but I ain't stressin' in 'em
These three women want me in the middle, guess I'm a sex symbol
Heard lil' buddy died instantly, hit in the left temple
Everybody would be millionaires if it was that simple

Huh? Huh? Huh? Huh? (Huh?)
Huh? (Huh?) What? (What?) What? (What?)
Huh? Huh? Huh? (What?) Huh? (What?) What? (What?)
What? (Huh?) What? (Huh?) What?

What you sayin'? It ain't loud enough
TSF business, too much money steady pilin' up
This a Urus in the yard, baby, not an Audi truck
I can't hear none of my haters lately, they ain't loud enough
Ooh-wee

I can't hear my haters, man, them niggas quiet
Don't play no games, reach or my chain, you gon' die if you try
These nigga beggin' for the grease, but they be hidin' all the time
We stay on point, nigga, send you to the sky if you slide (Fah)
Ayy, we stand on business, my lil' shooter get to schizin'
Hop right out that car and get to rockin' out like John Lennon
Is it the Perkies or the money? I don't know, my palms itchin'
I'm in the valley with the eses and I'm cappin' in Givenchy
I'm in that presidential double R, presidential gold plain
Me and woe widebody back to back, hoggin' four lanes
After I bought my first pendant, got addicted, bought some ore chains
And then I went back to the hood and caught some plays like I'm Notre Dame (Ayy)
Sippin' drank, smokin' Blacks, ashin' on Amiri pants
I got my fire and I'll shoot it, nigga, but I'm still a businessman (Yeah)
And I promise he gon' lose another friend if he send his man
When I was on that block sellin' rocks, I knew that I had bigger plans
Beat a nigga ass like I'm Akuma
Or go a different route and bang it out, I got some 5.7s in this Ruger (For real)
In Oklahoma like, "I need that money sooner" (I need it)
You had your spot, now I'm on top, don't be mad, it ain't my fault that you blew it, nigga

Huh? What you sayin', nigga? Turn it up
Them niggas brought the ooh-wee in the club, we 'bout to burn it up
Them niggas want my spot, they want my shine, but they ain't earned enough
He think he ran up on his hip, but now he must got monkey nuts
We spillin', bitch
TSF the business, we really rich

Yeah, them long-
haired niggas with them diamonds in they mouths on that silly shit
We poured up
And you lil' niggas just ain't loud enough
Say it with your chest
Nigga speak on me, better get your vest
I'ma stand on ten when I'm at your neck
Nigga

Huh? Huh? Huh? Huh? (Huh?)
Huh? (Huh?) What? (What?) What? (What?)
Huh? Huh? Huh? (What?) Huh? (What?) What? (What?)
What? (Huh?) What? (Huh?) What?