

## Freestyle

Sha EK

Look

Why do niggas lie about their money, wait what's up with that  
Remember I was broke, that shit was funny

Now I got the racks

Brody he throw bullets at the tummy

Never at the back

Wipe a nigga nose if it's runny

Put 'em in a

Ffff

(Wait, wait, wait)

Look

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I can't fuck with lame niggas, huh

Brody hit my phone, say he a grave digger, huh

Please don't ask bro name, no I don't name niggas, huh

Please don't play with gang, my bro got aim nigga

Huh, my bro got aim nigga

Big as forty, this shit might hit ya

Bitch, imma throw you a strike, I'm a pitcher

Blood in my gun, the drink in my liver

She want the dick, I come to deliver

I need the wood, don't pass me a swisher

My money good, my pack from Denver

All of my A-shit cold, December

She wanna ride the pole, a stripper

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh

Put your cups up

Me, I'm off that casa

Brody leanin' off that dumb dumb

If he talkin' hada, have him greetin' with them dumb dumbs

Shoutout to El Chapo, that's my brother

He the dumb one

It's the fucking Bandman, you heard?