

Harden

Shoreline Mafia

Chopper with a side-kick, shoot like Harden
Bullets so big trying to make a call flip
Every time I hit, trying to make her forfeit
She wanna french kiss, cause I'm riding foreigners

Sellin' bags til I get a bag
You wouldn't understand
Get a brick, bring it down to grams
And flip it with my mans
I just copped a thizzle xans
I done sold it to my fans
In the trap I'm baggin up the cocaine
Way in sand
Molly, Wocky, Kwali, Prolly
In the crib with a bitch shaking ass like its Folley's
All you niggas is pretend
Me n' my niggas get it in
Came to the club, with a .22, they let it in
If a fuck nigga want some smoke, we let it begin
Hella wave, we the wave
These my brothers, not my friends
Came to the club, with a .22, they let it in
If a fuck nigga want some smoke, we let it begin

They got all the questions
I ain't got the answers
Niggas want smoke, fuck it, Imma give em' cancer
Choppas like Amanda
Turn him to a dancer
Chase him with the F&N
And he gon' need a pamper
Niggas on some fuck shit, but ain't gon never gonna bust shit
How I'm supposed to trust these niggas
I don't know what trust is
Same niggas I fuck with
Niggas that I bust with
Why we let this bitch up in the spot if she don't suck dick
[?] Rob Vicious, you so vicious like the Devil
I walk round' with two metals
These niggas tryna test me, get it poppin' like some kettle
Pour a four so I feel better
These niggas want some water, and its whatever

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Twenty in my pants, baby watch me do my dance
Forty in my hand, leave a nigga where he stand
I be counting bands, sorry I can't be your man
All up in my pants, you ain't hearing what I'm saying
Fuck me in her house, fuck me in the car
Top me in the whip, ride me like a harley
Fuck me till I'm sleep, wake me up up in the morning
Cookin' for DaBoii, when I [?] in the morning
I'm the man round' my hood

Slide, you know its good
Put yo' bags up in the trunk but my trunk is in my hood
I'm a thug until I die, wouldn't change it if I could
Hunnid bands, won't stop raining with my hood (Yeah)
Baby fuck me good, fuck me good
My heart got so much pain, I'm so misunderstood
Forty on my hip, wish a nigga would
We want all the smoke, smoke a nigga like a wood

We want all the smoke, smoke a nigga like a wood
She think I fell in love, I think that bitch misunderstood
Bussin' off a molly, riding round I'm making jugs
Designer on my body, I'm that nigga with the plugs
Raf Simons, Gucci Denims, I got rackies in 'em
Ksubi Jeans, you know I'm movin' with the packies in 'em
UPS, I ship it out, I got the packies in 'em
Fenix Flexin, on yo' bitch, I'm in designer denim
Balmain, Cocaine
Sippin dirty, all my cups filled with stains
Niggas talkin all that beef, ain't with a thang
We gon' pull up, we gon slide, and let it bang