

Congratulations

Shy Glizzy

Young Jefe Homes
Congratulations

Pocket full of blue faces they still motherfuckin' hatin'
I came from the bottom had to motherfuckin' take it
No I ain't never trippin' if I do I tie my laces
Cause death is guaranteed and your life is what you make it
When you shinin' too hard you can see it in their faces
Still standin' on them couches with them motherfuckin' aces
Boy behind the smile know you makin' funny faces
It takes a real nigga to tell you congratulations

Look here I'm a boss my nigga you all fraud
For ten grand large my nigga he take you off
Young Jefe I'm a God them bitches they praise the lord
I'm really from the trap you grew up in your garage
Boy you need to stop yeah put that shit in park
Monday I'm in Off-white, Tuesday Saint-Laurent
But this ain't what you want nah this ain't what you want
Bitch got mad at me wanna hit it from the front
Everything I do now yeah, I do it for my son
I do it for my lil bro, I do it for my mum
They wanted me to lose but look at me bitch I won
A nigga play with Glizzy he get hit with Glizzy gun

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Yeah its Glizzy season
Fuck whoever your team is
Pussy ass niggas always hating for no reason
I be with them demons they kill you for no meanin'
War zone in my hood they got blood all over the cement
Nigga we ain't beefin'
I come through your hood squeezin'
Right around the time when the lil ones should be sleepin'
Late night I be creepin', police always geekin'
These niggas big and bad 'til they bitch ass hit that precinct
Or they 6 feet in, you niggas gonna see then
It's Glizzy Glizzy baby, know you niggas wanna be him
I'm on another level that these niggas don't be reachin'
If you ain't talking money then what language is you speakin'

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Ya, congratulations
It takes a real nigga to tell you congratulations
Ya, GG
It takes a real nigga to tell you congratulations
Congratulations