

## More Clips

Shy Glizzy

Yung Lan on the track  
Trauma Tone  
Young Jefe holmes

I used to sleep in them trenches  
Now I'm in a house on the water  
My bitch she a pretty New Yorker  
No none of you cannot afford her  
'Cause she need a nigga that spoil her  
I want her to give me a daughter  
Bitch I got some goons in New Orleans  
And they shoot them choppers and forties  
I used to in the alley, where all of my niggas caught bodies  
And they lost they foot in the sorry street  
I needed my niggas beside me  
Young Jefe, I'm a boss  
No none of these niggas can fire me  
And she let me get all her trust  
Now she doing too much entirely  
Girl how could you ever get tired of me?  
Girl look at my face, don't you lie to me  
I knew that they wasn't gon' ride for me  
They lied when they told me they proud of me  
Bitch I really came up from poverty  
Know you just in love with my salary  
Now I don't smoke shit but that Cali weed  
We mobbin' deep, I'm a prodigy

This shit that I got on, you can't afford this  
I just left from Paris, bonjour bitch  
I promise you don't want to go to war bitch  
I just got a chopper, came with four clips  
Gave that girl a home, she was an orphan  
Please leave me alone, I'm on some more shit  
I was dead broke, I'm tryna make the Forbes list  
Every time we get a check then we buy more clips

GG, king of DC  
Pull in my new whip on a fuck nigga like beep beep  
Chopper hold a hundred, guaranteed to get a three piece  
Tell me do you want it, make us put that shit on repeat  
She can make me shoot my gun, yeah she the only one  
Don't want to be a player girl, feel like Big Pun  
She shake her pom poms, tell a nigga uh-uh  
She fuckin' with a don, she don't need a son son, yeah  
I come from the Yo girl, we say kill 'em all  
Sold a lot of dope, yeah I fucked a lot of hoes  
I rock a lot of gold and I rock a lot of shows  
I rap 'bout how I'm trappin' but it feel like rock and roll

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