

Over Sick

Skeme

This shit here be over sick, I'm over shit
Like fuck a bitch, it's over quick
Loads of a chips, a frozen wrist
With heavy chains and Cuban links, that's Hova shit
Nigga rolling up, pouring up
Keep a slut, she know it's us and know what's up
Look, Presidential date, date the Rollie bruh
With no stones, it glow enough
See, growing up, I had it rough
But now my money be adding up, so add me up
Look, women lie and rappers too, I've had enough
I'm mad as fuck, you rappers fucked
And nigga now I'm on, the cash is up, the pad is plush
And my new bitch bad as fuck
Gats is tucked, I'm active bruh
And down to bust at all y'all, who gassed you up
Nigga what I spit get Tyson bit
And I'm convinced that I'm the shit and you's a bitch
See you wife the flip, I pipe the flip
She like the dick, I beat it up, I Ike the shit
She got that uppercut like Bison's fist
I'm nice with this, you think you nice? I'm twice as sick
I heard your new shit, I called it trash
I had to pass like I just yelled "hike" and shit
Screaming cash me out, trill nigga 'til they blast me out
Sip syrup 'til I'm passing out
Nigga curiously done killed the cat
But I'm the nigga your bitch kitty been asking 'bout
Getting lump sums, large amounts
With 5 accounts, so many 0's it's hard to count
Nigga Euro clothes and Euro ho's
With Euro names a nigga like me can't even pronounce
Nigga pocket full of guap, now it's look what I got
I got no brakes so I chase cake nonstop
Eyes locked on the top spot, you is not hot
Stash box full of crack rocks, nigga why not
Around here we don't pop shots, bitch hop out
Let the clip rip on some sick shit, knock knock
Bullets dance on a pussy ass nigga, pop lock
I got B's and C's, woop woop, yap yap
I'm a Inglewood nigga, finger on the trigger
Far as bank accounts, I get more figures, go figure
Your niggas broke niggas, mine getting rich
Ain't shit sweet, sugar free all on the bitch
S to the G to the Ol' Dirty Bastard
New chain, new whip, feeling like master
Fuck her one time, then I'm done, you can have her
Playing with the money turn you niggas all to cadavers
This beat bang, put my voice to it
Got some girls from the valley getting moist to it
I heard them niggas rap, but they never spit facts
So it's clear that they don't do it how the boy do it
I got some cash plays lined up, strike that, where the dice at?
Presidential on the wrist, broke nigga, price that
I be cleaner than a whistle, you can still get your issue
Back back lil' nigga, you don't know me like that
Got a Germ for a car, but the AK Russian

Sipping on Ac, I don't touch no Tussin
Poker face, play the cards right, no bluffing
High as fuck, trying to fight the temptation erupting
The boy keep busting, nigga we run it
A1 from the gate, everything 100
Everything 100, A1 from the gate
Lil' nigga we run it
Description by Sebi978. more