

## Still Gittin

Skeme

Yeah, a young nigga thuggin', but he still gettin' money  
I could run through the cash like it really ain't nothin'  
Paper cuts on my hand, throw me through these blue hun'eds  
Yeah, a young nigga thuggin', but he still gettin' money

I'm a pull up on your block in that Europe  
Put up twenty thousand for that two-door  
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Whole lot of money in this bitch right now  
I'm the shit right now  
Loadin' up the motherfuckin' clip right now  
You could get chipped right now  
Broke back then, but I'm rich right now  
So, broke nigga, keep quiet, pipe down  
We don't want to hear not a motherfuckin' sound  
Lil' nigga, can't you see it's goin' down?  
Pull up in that California 'Rari like, 'Skrr'  
Or better yet, I pull up in that brand new Porsche like, 'Skrr'  
Then it be right on the curb  
Tell me what you heard 'bout a nigga  
Whole lot of guap, that's the word 'bout a nigga  
Buy a new crib, sorry 'bout it, nigga  
As far as haters' conversations, I ain't worried 'bout it, nigga  
I just did fifty K, tell my dealer  
Reach for these diamonds, get that real good of your medulla  
These bitches want to ride on my digit like a hoop  
I just want some brain in this bitch, I need a tutor  
Even though I got a ripe cheque, I'm still wit' them shooters  
Been wit' them since day one, them boys don't play none  
I got my change up, still I ain't changed none, fuck y'all niggas

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Fuck all the rumors and what they assume  
I've been the trillest in the room  
Lately, a nigga flow so in tune  
I'm shootin' out rocks from the moon  
I'm worth my weight in Cuban links of gold  
Fuck them and they silver spoons  
I got soldiers down to die for my car  
Shout-out my squadron and my platoon  
Ho-niggas been afraid, bitch, I'm a renegade  
Run keys and Ps up the interstate  
I eeny, meeny lames, you could die any day  
We never fucked wit' you, anyway  
These niggas fabricate  
I'm rockin' foreign fabrics, rap 'bout cash that I really make

I done made history  
Know if they mention me, I got them hits like I'm Willie Mays  
I supply my hood wit' choppers  
If we spot a op, we'll give him a quick trip to the doctor  
Brazy like Mad Max in Shottas  
Murder, no, Biggie ain't askin' who shot you  
I have your whole family dressed up in suits like Sinatra  
This shit ain't new to me  
Ain't no ten, shout-out to Eulogy  
Your or me, you gon' die first just cause you're of no use to me  
You should be tryin' to get money, not tryin' my gangsta  
Lil' brah, that there is a silly decision  
We shoot wit' aim and precision  
All of that talkin' gon' end and you no longer livin', my nigga

See, this what this shit about, my nigga, whole lot of money  
Shit on you hatin'-ass niggas, five mill up

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