

## R.E.D.

Sleiman

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Iver (Uh)

Ho thicker, diamonds on my neck flicker  
Drug dealer, professional pot whipper  
Seven figures, got your bitches fuckin' quicker  
She want a picture, I tell her no, I know she bitter  
Niggas cuttin' up on the internet  
Fuck nigga, we ain't into that  
We end up in your crib where your family at  
Got the .40 on my hip, yeah, that's my stick, yeah  
She wanna fuck for a grip, yeah, on my blick, yeah  
Couple bands on my shit, yeah, I'ma rip, yeah  
With the shits, yeah, that's my clique, yeah

MAC-11, 9 milli', ridin' with it (Ridin' with it)  
I'ma hit him up, I'ma fuckin' kill him (Fuckin' kill him)  
Run up on him, masked with a black .40 (Black .40)  
Hit 'em in his hoodie, no A Boogie

Pu-pu-pull up in the black Benz  
Clip for the .9's and the MAC-10's  
Beefy on the molly, niggas want my money  
But when they see me coming, I can see them niggas runnin'  
I see them niggas runnin'  
Let them niggas act, 'cause they bitches they be lovin', yeah  
Blood time, blood rhyme, nigga, this is blood line  
Niggas gettin' stupid, try to get by  
Pu-pu-pull up in the black Benz  
Clip for the .9's and the MAC-10's

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Let that shit breathe