

No Hook 2

Soulja Boy

Yeah!

Trap out the Demon
Trap out the Hellcat
Walk in the mall and I spend me a hundred racks
That nigga start it, but Soulja Boy finished it
If I go spend it, you know I'ma make it back
Mini Draco on me, you know it'll spray you flat
Poppin' two pills, now I'm feelin' like limitless
Ride in a foreign, I used to ride [?]
Poppin' a pill, I feel like I'm Ritalin
I'm fuckin' your bitch, does that solve your mystery?
Young Drako my name, you know I made history
It means a lot to you, but it ain't shit to me
Run up on gang, you know I'm leaving you 6 feet
Open the back door, nigga go creep-creep
I'm fuckin' your bitch, she know she a freak-freak
Bands'll make her dance, RiRi
Young Drako my name, I know they remember me
How you acting like you a friend of me?
Cock back the pistol, I shoot at my enemies
When one of these pussy ass rap niggas gonna come finish me?
Smoking on dope, I feel like I'm fishing
VVS plug, I don't fuck with middlemen
Who is this nigga, I never heard of him
Hop in the Lamborghini, then I swerve on them
Smoking on cream, I'm sippin' on purple
Young nigga geeked up, like Urkel
VVS diamond my water, Squirtle
I'm in your bitch, just like a [?] orders
I got them bricks, that ship cross the border
I hit the Mexico, I jump the wall
Living my best life, just like Duval
I got this shit from LA, out of New York
Smell like a pound when I'm up in court
Ballin' so I'm hard, like I'm on a court
Flexin' on these broke niggas like it's a sport
Lambo to [?], they know who I am
Pop out with Draco, that chopper go blam
Catch me if you can, like Gingerbread Man
Riding 'round town with a hundred and fifty bands
Rollin' up green, gas, Shrek
Pourin' up red, blood, Hi-Tech
Try to finesse me, you know you get wet
Shout out my squad, shout out my set
Try to rob, we leaving a mess
This is not school, so nigga don't test
Cuban the link and it sit on my neck
Back in High School, I was serving that crack
Sippin' on lean, I think I need a doctor
Back in High School, I had M's sittin' in my locker
[?] you got it
That ain't shit, I got racks in my pocket
Young Drako, nigga took off like a rocket
Young rich nigga, fly as a cockpit
Say he get money, fuckboy stop it
Stack up an M, gettin' money my hobby

Made me an M, they think I'm 'Luminati
Cop a hotel, then nigga run 'round in the lobby
Every time that I drop, they go cop it
Fuckin' your bitch, now she giving me sloppy
Jump out the Demon, I feel like the GOAT
Two-two-three bullets, they hit at your throat
I kept on servin' and trappin', young nigga I'm bold
VVS diamond, my necklace in gold
Stand in the kitchen, that strap with a pole, my elbows
Came a long way from rockin' them shell toes
Young Drako, nigga I was strapped like velcro
Cookin' that crack with my wrist in a circle
[?] like bow and an arrow
Covered in gold, they callin' me Pharoah
Cuban the link and I used to rock [?]
Pourin' Hi-Tech, drop a deuce in my styrofoam