

## 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