

20 LBS.

Starlito

Ahhh
Hahaha
Lito

I ain't goin live till they free Kodak (Yeah)
We be in the city on that dro, like where ya hoe at? (Where ya hoe at?)
Grind Hard, I put that on my floor mat
I took it across the globe, and now my rookie card a throwback (Lito)
had a poster of a Lamborghini diablo, now days I post up smoking tangerine g
elato (Lito)
I'm ducking police, dodging cameras, and these pot holes (ahh)
Thuggin living fast like I don't plan to see tomorrow
Famous only fantasy insanity and sorrow (ahhh)
Speaking to my fans, counting bans, bumpin Nardo
You can be a cold killa, and still get your heart broke
Know some rap niggas that met they plug watching Narcos (watching narcos)
Catch me in that thang, look like it came from out a car show
I been feeling strange so I keep changing my alarm codes
Still got whatever that I bought for, bet (bet)
I'm an 84 vet, in an 84 vet, Lito (Lito)
Pink label and this animal wet, pink titles and you ain't paid for it yet
Ole lady at my neck, goin crazy on the text
Shit, dealing with this shit that just make me want my Ex
What happened to that code that niggas say they going to respect
You niggas snitching on yourselves, giving statements on the net
I don't know maybe its entertainment, I don't get it (I don't get it)
I'm trying get, what I can get, while I can get it
Then exit when I'm ready

I'm good, offer me 20 pounds in a week (20 pounds in a week)
I give it to him like I got it, make a thousand a piece (thousand)
Niggas ain't really about they profit, they just clown for the freaks (clown
for the freaks)
I come through spitting 80 rounds, Nigga gonna sound the police (sound the p
olice)
I be the Cartier wearing, diamond grill, pull up in that a Bonneville (skrrt
)
AR in the night I'm still bury, she gon bunny hop I got the real carrots (re
al carrots)
I'm shinning, I've been grinding, like in the whip without the wheel bearing
s (it's dat)
Me and Lito smoking out the seal, its real berries (I'm blowing)
My eyes closed, I can still flair it I'm catching plays
Pull up on my Dr. Phil, got the pills buried
Them cookies on the napkins, well sell (skrrt)
I got my soldiers with me, and they rolling like a wheel chair
That still ready, (they still ready) them choppas on me, and they real heavy
(real heavy)
They hate me cause they know my skill set, I'm still deadly
A real nigga (Lito- Yeah) they approach me like a real threat cause I fuck w
ith the real vets

40 cal, 30 rounds underneath (30 rounds underneath)
He just jump out left 20 thousand on the seat (count it and see)
I fucked around and smoked a pound last week, but that's okay
I sold nineteen for like three thousand a piece
I'm in the streets, I track the package I don't sign the receipt (you don't

sign receipt)

I ain't got time, and I ain't trying to compete

Fly and hit my gang, then buy what I need (buy what I need)

I need something fine with me, finding my weed

Need to know who not, and who really riding with me (riding with me)

Never take my pride already got my privacy, obviously (obviously)

Aghh

Lito