

6am In Vegas

Starlito

Lil mama downstairs fixing salmon croquettes
More money, more stress, it come with having a check
You one of them rappers they press, it come from lack of respect
If I'm on stage I'm on deck, they ain't pat me down yet
Yeah I copped one in the desert, said I'm too tall for a Vette
Saw one at the auction I could've bought, I'm so messy
I'm already stamped, so I thought I'd address it
I'm appalled, you let my balling upset you? Well this pressure
Rappers road rage, in my rearview a pedestrian
Throw this bitch in reverse, might throw your bitch in a verse
Lance say he got some Ac, I ain't totally quit the syrup
I'm joking, I woke up, rolled up, did yoga, and went to work
Not worried bout what I make, just know I'ma get my worth
Picking up Grind Hard OG with the grower November 1st
They say it ain't so fun when the rabbit got the gun
And I feel like the bunny with the drum
How I keep going, and going, and going
Yeah I'm knowing they feelings hurt
Just know it was God's plan, even though I ain't been to church
I could've been in that hearse, so I'm knowing that prayer works
Got this hoe I hate, she the worst, left my throwaway in her purse

I ain't fucking with that bitch, she on that lil girl shit
You just a fake broke nigga, you just look real rich
Down bad, fucked up, but I took my lick
Had to run it back up, so I took me a risk

Glad I chose this over hooping at Fisk
Every Tuesday around 6 pull up the coupe to Ruth's Chris
Got a cougar to cook for me but I choose to forget
Come through in the clutch, Jermaine shoot but don't miss
And I promise I ain't slanging, yeah I'm truly legit
My momma's neighbors probably think I'm moving them bricks
I been stock trading, getting 2 for a pit
Getting 10 for a show, still got nothing for a bitch

Look, reaching for my chain'll get you paralyzed
You a trapper and a rapper, that's a pair of lies
I can look you in your eyes and tell you petrified
Left third, now I'm headed home and I ain't scared to slide
Baby say she love me, I told her love don't pay the bills
Even though that pussy wetter than the Navy SEALs
She said I'll never be hungry 'cause she can make a meal
I told her I'm money-hungry to make a mil
Burning in them coffins so we turned to the office
I ain't learn nothing in school, I learned everything from losses
Balling on these hoes, and I never went golfing
Ain't giving niggas nothing, that's a Boston
Shit I gave niggas everything, they still snitching on me
My lawyer lying for me, shit, and he don't even know me
Do it by myself, that's what come with being lonely
If I left it up to them, I would end up being homeless
If I didn't have the mic and pimping I wouldn't have a ride man
Always on that bullshit, but I ain't from the Chi man
It's cool coach, put me in the game and we won't lose coach
I'm asking for the ball when the game getting too close
(Swish.) I'm a westside block nigga

Bring it to you direct, but connected like a Cox nigga
I can't fuck with her if she ain't investing in my stock nigga
Lito you my brother, it's gone be that till we drop nigga
Gone