

Boomshakalaka

Starlito

Pull up shooting, yeah I clutch .30's
Just like Curry, but my cup dirty
I'll shoot a nigga, like Future nigga
When Young Metro say you ain't trustworthy
Does that make Trip Klay Thompson?
In the kitchen like Action Bronson
Racks on me like I'm Blac Youngsta
I'm an All-Star with cash money

NASCAR full of fast money
I fuck a bitch for her tax money
My bread dirty like Murphy Lee
But I'm Marshawn Lynch if you at me something
I'm so cold, I need a space heater, and a pair of mittens, and a chinchilla
Left hand shooter like James Harden
But I'm good with the right like Quentin Miller
Blade sharp as a potato peeler
My clip long enough to say No Limit
My babies even like balling out they say "Daddy's pockets got play dough in it"

This my real life man it ain't no image
All these rappers with the same ol' gimmicks
Talk that talk but they don't live it
We the Dream Team, '92 Olympics
Pistol on me like I'm Pete Maravich
Shooter like I'm Peja Stojakovic
You would think I play for Gregg Popovich
Moral of the story, you ain't robbing shit

Strapped like I'm ready for an apocalypse
Two percent tint on my rocket ship
Beam on my bit' with a carbine kick
And a clip longer than a fucking hockey stick

Two 9's on me, I'm Jermaine Gretzky
Ten pounds of sour that's a power play
Tryna get a check and stay out the penalty box
I've been grinding 48 hours a day
I can eyeball it and tell you how much it weighs
Sell you dry wall and tell you "Have a nice day"
On the Eastside that's the games we play
But I've been trying hard to stay out of the way
I know some bad bitches that'll lie to your face
Tell you that they love you then send my guys to your place
Naaah, and they don't bake
Them niggas coming for them pies and that cake

And all they wanna know is the time and place
Money in the picture, I'ma find a way
I checked my schedule, my time is great
It's pay day, it's my kind of day
I'm back in the bitch like I moved away
Laughing at the bitches that I used to date
Bitch told me to buy her a Gucci bag, I told her "Shut the fuck up" like Jui
cy J
This hoe must be hallucinating

I'd rather throw all my loot away
I'd rather burn all the cash I got, if I tricked I'd never recuperate
I'd be somewhere in the ICU
Breathing through a muthafucking oxygen tube
Craig like "Craig, what happened to you!"
I'm dying cause I bought some bitch some shoes

They lie so often, I get confused
I'm on my grind, yeah my office is my kitchen too
Everybody with me tote my bitches too
You might get hit six different tools
A .45, a .40, Glock 9, FN five-seven, and a couple Mac-11's
Overnight trip, yeah we still pack the weapons
Though we might trip, extra clips for protection
This ain't what you want, but that's just a suggestion
Make it out alive even if I get arrested
Tell a hundred lies, but I won't give a confession
I could teach a lesson on discretion, Lito