

Mail

Stitches

I send it, you receive it
I send it, you receive it

I love the smell of them bricks (I send it)
They whiter than some mayo
And I can send it to your house through the mail
This is drug dealin' music
(I send it, you receive it)
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I'm A-1, so is my coke, Stitches get it, right off a boat
I'm swagged out, every day and night
I like to shoot my gun, cause I don't like to fight
I say, run up on me, I'm ready, gun up in your face is steady
I'm the life of the party, bitch, but I ain't talkin' confetti
I got bricks, bricks, bricks, pounds of that molly
I'm a drug dealer, and I'll tell anybody
I take pride up in that shit, I don't really give a shit
And I shoot my gun real quick, if we talkin' about them bricks

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I'm so cokarific
So don't get that pretty boy shit twisted
Got that big stick for them fuck niggas, that squadron too deep
77191164 them streets
Chop 'em down, pack 'em up, my gold ring Versace
Hater blocker by Gucci, pop that coochie like "Tip Drill"
Dope boy, pop me one, four 28's, sendin' weight
112 on two 6 extensions, them bricks

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You want a whole ki, that's a piece of cake
Numbers of grams, a thousand and eight
Met a brick in two-thousand-eight
I'm only eighteen, do the math, mane
I keep flippin', and I won't stop it
Fuck DEA, they tryna take my profit, they some fuckboys
If you got a badge on, you a bitch, bruh, bruh
I never snitch, bruh, bruh
Only thing I'm ever gon' trust, is my AK-47, bruh
Rest in peace to a hater, I saw your statement on that paper
I hope your girl ain't got no plans to see your ass later

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