

Deadman

Stunna 4 Vegas

These thigh pads, I got money in my jeans (Thigh pads, nigga)

Uh-huh

It's me and Joe, nigga, we on, we on the way to that place

(Tell No Heart I'm finna get in my—)

Ayy, look

I get to that sack, nigga, could've made the league (I get to that sack, nigga)

Look at these thigh pads, I got money in my jeans, nigga (Uh)

Bro touch him like an iPad and it won't cost me a thing (Bah, bah, bah)

93, I'm so supreme, I get you murked, you play with me

I get you murked, nigga, I get you took off (I get you took off)

I get you picked off just like a football (Man, get your bitch ass back)

We be grillin' shit just like a cookout

Up and bust this motherfucker, I ain't never been the lookout

Up and bust this motherfucker, say it's smoke, I pulled my blick out, uh-uh

Uh-huh, Stacks be quick to tweak, he tryna wig out (Wig out)

Uh-huh, lil bro 'nem love to strike, they take his whip soon as he pull out

(Better not pull out)

Uh-huh, pussy way too wet, my bitch a vet, I can't even pull out (Better pull out)

Uh-huh, I tuck my strap, I start the 'Cat then put my hood on

Ayy, nigga, I ain't tryna hear no yap, go catch a hat, I'll get you put on

Uh-huh, these lil' niggas morons, they'll fold just like a futon

I ran it back to put my crew on, get you smacked, we don't need a coupon

Uh-huh, hide your cars, hide your daughters (Daughters, nigga)

All these diamonds 'round my neck, shit look like Florida water (Like Florida water, nigga)

Uh-huh, he just yappin' on the 'net, he ain't no fuckin' bother (He ain't no fuckin' bother)

He ain't bother nobody

I get you lined just like a barber (Uh-huh), and fuck your ho probably

I get you lined just like a fade (Uh-huh, fade, nigga)

We had M's before M's, bring out yellow tape (Bring out the yellow tape, nigga)

Members only, ain't no entourage, all these niggas gang, on my mama, nigga

Dive ain't no producer, he walk with his Drac' every day, nigga (He walk with his Drac', nigga)

You know how that go (Uh-huh)

Don't make me call Cino (Gang)

I get a nigga whole fleet repo'd

Shit get cold, I keep my heater on

Pussy play, I get you pita rolled

We was fucked up, used to look at slime like he the hope (Uh-huh, uh-huh)

I rock all this Denim Tears, I ain't shed nan' (I ain't shed nan', nigga)

Drop a twenty on him, that's some head-bands (That's some head-bands)

Won't put nothin' but my jit before these dead men (Put nothin' but my jit before these dead men)

Nigga think it's sweet, I'll be the reason he's a dead man (He's a dead man, uh-huh)

I rock all this Denim Tears, I ain't shed nan', nigga (Shed shit, bitch)

Drop a twenty on him, that's some head-bands, nigga (That's some head-bands)

He ain't drop nothin' but a diss, but he got dead friends (This nigga got dead men)

I don't put nothin' but my blood before these dead men (Before these dead men, nigga)

Don't put nothin' but my bitch before these dead men
Put nothin' but my- before these-, uh-huh
Put nothin' but my mama before these dead men, nigga
Got a switch, I'll leave you dead, man
Put nothin' but my chopper before these dead men, nigga (Twenty on him, that
's some head-bands, nigga)
Denim Tears, I ain't shed nan' (Brrat, brrat)
Pussy, fuck nigga (On God)
Free Trillz, nigga, free Sosa
You know what the fuck goin' on, nigga, YRB shit run the world, bitch