

Fashion Killa

Stunna 4 Vegas

Damn, Kai, you goin' crazy
Ayy, ayy

Fashion killer
Take me one out in designer
My opps rap too
I get my shooters to go and sign em
A nigga just lit foreal
Don't tell me that I'm famous
I flew a bitch to the crib
She ain't even speak my language
I grinded a lil harder and my knots got bigger
I'm balling like I'm Harden on you soft ass niggas
My nigga jack sons like he M.J. thriller
The rapper gotta step 'cause we took all his hitters

I drop a lil ticket, they popped that nigga
Better play with yo kids, I am not that nigga
My Younging hit where his top at
We GTA living, somebody get shot at
I bet somebody get stripped
We ride with them sticks in the whip
I hang out the window and hit
Ain't dissing I'm sending a blitz
Won't mention I'll give em a shirt
He play?
And we put his dick in the dirt
Bet he lay
And somebody feelings get hurt
I live what I say in a verse

I was dead broke I was hurting
So I put my pockets on surgery
Ran it up fast like a cheetah
Remember it used to come turtle speed
They with me, they sliding like major leagues
I'm still in the streets, ain't no saving me
It get harder to stick to the strategy
They shoot but them niggas ain't bagging me
My K's, they be Russian
I be rushing to the paper
I left that lil bitch ugly
Cause I didn't want to make up
First I had wanted to save her
Got my nut off then my mind changed
Before I blew up I was hurting
I guess you can call it propane

We smoking opps out the whole thang
She a thot
I can't tell her my whole name
Give me top
Hit they block
We tryna knock off the whole gang
My lil nigga want bodies, he insane
I pay for the homi, he get ate
We drop em off then skips states

Got the streets in a lock like an inmate

I drop a bag on ya cheap ass
Speck in here sleep with a ski mask
They counted me out
I need that
I cry to the bank
I don't laugh
I pass that hoe to my nigga like Steve Nash
Aye, whole gang hustle like Tip
You don't understand how I live
Believe when I tell ya it's real
I was standing under rain drops
Loaded off roxys
I smoke a P
I'm a master
These niggas ain't bout it
Really you niggas just nobodies
None of yo niggas got no bodies
We drill everything and go quiet

None of my opps be outside
We tryna hit everything when we go slide
This 4 time 16
Pop an opp, he get dropped like a 16
Mama telling me I'm moving too risky
Leave em smelly if he moving fishy
My killer get in his zone like 2 3
Drop back with that 9 like Drew Brees
We left his friend dead
He oozing
Before the fame
These bitches was choosing
In investigation, I'm clueless
Them folks woulda thought I was stupid
She heartbroke
No Ruth Chris
She gave me more brain than a student
I make em take tips like a tutor
Glock clip longer than a ruler
I learned the finesse from Scooter
Out here playing chess
We'll do ya
I'm a Great Dane, he a poodle
These niggas be shrimps in a shark tank
We stank em
Give his mama heart aches
I used to be broke
I get money on off days
Now I hit a hoe and we part ways
We beat down his block like an earthquake
Nowadays I wanna gain and maintain
And free all the bros out the chain gang