

# 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 blowed up I was hurting  
I guess you can call it propane

We smoking opps out the whole thang  
She a that  
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