

# Counterfeit

Summrs

Snoozed

Lotta' racks on me, no counterfeit  
Talking shit, you get hit with a blick  
Pop a little perc take me outta space real quick  
Tell the cops catch up we too quick  
Tell my ex bitch, "suck my fucking dick"  
I got too damn hard for that bitch  
I got two fucking sticks feel like Wick  
Margiela, Helmut Lang, on my fit

Hop off a jet then hop in my fuckin' bag!  
Where my chauffeur, tell that nigga come get my bag  
Fore' I put the fucking racks on his ass  
Have them shooters come eliminate his ass  
They don't come in back, until they complete the test  
Heard ya ass shit lil boy, I swear that, that shit was too trash  
Go get some food, then I record, swear that this shit need a plaque  
Blue benji's, I need some more, I can never get enough that's facts  
Play with the money, like sport  
We gon' wet that nigga with no remorse  
Hop in the rari, hop in a fucking horse  
I'm with' the gang, even if I go to the dollar store  
Do I got some money?, of course  
Lil nigga need a stick, to do his chores  
Said you want smoke? Okay, send you to the lord  
That Kel-Tec sing like it got some vocal cords

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