

RIP Virgil

Summrs

Put that bih by that Maybach
Run on the curb
Took me out of my plug game
Now its game out the dirt
You should not copy my lifestyle
It's not gonna work
I just got all of this money
I love the percs
And this bitch I got with me
Off of these percs
Close the curtains
In the backseat swervin'
And my pockets hurtin'
With the birds they chirpin'
These racks kinda nervous
This bitch is a serpent
Know the devil is workin'
Told her "pull her pants up" twerkin'
Getting money the purpose
You know it be urgent
Soccer tie like a virgin
Yeah these shoes like Virgil

I'm at the top of the stars
Believe it or not on my cars
Me and my niggas ain't beefin' about broads
With the DA we stack up a wall
I'm fuckin' this bitch with my ice on
I'll probably be sucked like lipo
Got these niggas they mad like psycho
Drugs they make go psycho
White girl
Hit 'em back of the skull give 'em a halo (Halo)

I do what I do, you're not able (Label)
The label watching me just like its cable (Cable)
'Cause they know I'll go up and have to come
Give me the fuckin' anchors (Anchors)
The drake off fuckin' shake 'em
I got a lot of this little paper
I gobble can't save 'em
And they know that I'll get rich as fuck and they know that they hate 'em
I come back and fuck another bitch imma bite 'ya
Imma get you in this bimmer let's go biking
Most of these niggas are because I made 'em (Hoo hoo)
I got rich as fuck and they hate it

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