

Tramadol

Summrs

Rambo way

Yeah, woah, fuck
Look at these diamonds, yeah, blinding
Lil plain jane, perfect timing, woah
On a lil jet, (flying), woah, yeah
With the gang, throw some racks at the motherfuckin' Pilot
Bring them sticks out, we can get grimey, yeah
Shit'll get violent, took my bitch to the islands
Drugs got me fuckin' crying, yeah
Cartier frames got me blocked to the fact that you hate, (Brr)
My diamonds skate, (Brr) pick up my racks like a raid
Broke nigga gon' hate on me 'cause Rino just glowed
Tramadol, Tramadol, Tramadol, give me strokes, yea uh
You got no bands so knock it off, lil joke
Woah, walking in Yves Saint Laurent, get a lil coat
Go sit down at restaurants, order me a burger
I don't even gotta to pay shit, 'cause I'm fucking the worker
Slide in the all black Audi, with' some murkers
Flexing my bands in public, on purpose, (on purpose, yeah yeah)
'Cause I want these fuck niggas to think I'm a lil lick
Call up Autumn, he gon' (phew), he with' the shits
Call up saint, he gon' pull up with them dicks
New fan I just fucked, she want to take pics
Jugged that lil boy in public, pick six
We playin' defense, call a play we doin' the blitz

Off the xan'
Drugs, lean, percs, molly, (yeah)
Off the lean
Drugs, lean, percs, molly, (yeah)