

BANDS!

SXMPRA

Bitch, I got my fuckin' bags up
Wallet gettin' bigger, need a belt to keep pants up
Pop a couple .9s up at his feet, now he a dancer
Pussy postin' pics like it's an evo just a lancer
Bitch, I got the magic—
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Bitch, I got the magic, come and see the necromancer

I'm a light a church up, liquor in my cup, uh
Bitch, you got me fucked up, steady with the pump, yuh
Click-clack, bow, nuketown or the slums
Typin' in the comments like a bunch of fuckin' bums
Think I'm 'bout done with these mothafuckas, everybody really wanna be the o
ne to talk that shit
Ain't nobody really wanna do it in the same room
Guess I better be the one to walk that shit
Get up out the goddy with a shotty, everybody really gonna wanna put the fuc
kin' hands up quick
Gimme, gimme, gimme the cash
I'm boutta pull up on a mothafucka comin' for the brand new whip

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Think I be goin' insane
Bitch, I'm an animal, I can't be tamed
Flow is intangible, we ain't the same
Feel like I'm Voldemort, don't say my name
I just be doublin' down on the fact that this shit is too easy, that's why I
can make what I make
Keep me locked up 'cause if I'm gettin' buck then you know I be takin' up ov
er the space
Spin that boy like a Beyblade
'Other way, mane
I don't wanna be the next to the grave say
Hypothetical enemies with an AK
Run up on a mothafucka, but he keep the blade safe, ayy
And I'm back with a bang
Pull that pin, bitch, get out the way
Ain't a damn thing change when I made a bag
Just a couple of cars and I'ma never look back

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