

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 one 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 fuckin' 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 over 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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