

LOCKJAW!

SXMPRA

Ha!
I got
Blood dried black on my T-shirt
Little rappers on my back 'til my knees hurt
Pants sag, nuts hang, make 'em eat curb
Jumped up, but a much ma seen worse
One, two, three bodies drop to the deck like
Creepin' out the motherfuckin' dirt, no rest
Got a .45
Pointed at my motherfuckin' chest
Put a finger on the trigger and we'll see what's next

Keep a blade tucked in my sock
If it pops off
I don't do beef
But ya leave with a rocked jaw
Lock jaw
Biting like a bully bitch, I'm locked on
Really wanna make a milli, I succeed and then I log off

Aye
Fuck with kid, oh no
Motherfuckin' bump in the whip fo sho
Really wanna buck with the kid like woah
Wanna be the motherfuckin' with a bag
And a sold out show like

I'm aimin' for the top and bitch I won't ever stop, I got paper
to drop
When I'm creepin', leavin' 'em shocked
I keep on
Leveling up and I'm bettering, I am the reaper, I come for the
kill
I just and pushin' and pushin', I'm doin' my thang and I'm beat
ing these fuckers at will
Never be one in the masses, I'm comin' for mansions, I'm runnin'
' I run up the bills
I am a demon I'm feigning, the fuckers are dreamin', I'm seekin'
' a bag of a mill