

Hellcat

Tee Grizzley

Helluva made this beat, baby
They scammin' in my city, it's a jugg, facts
We don't bang gangs, we rep hoods, yes
I'm from Joy Road, Lee from Six Mile, Mario from Brightmoor
Beam on every strap, when we up states you see a light show, hol' up
Activated drop May 11th, man
That's three days before my old dude birthday, rest in peace
You know I got you, big baby
Shout-out to BocBoy JB, nigga, this beat hard as fuck
Aye

Ridin' in the motherfuckin' Hellcat
If I catch a opp he gettin' his head wet
Rest in peace pops, I need my mans back
Math the only subject I ain't fail at
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In the trenches with' a 100 of 'em
Hellcat got 200 on it
Niggas want beef, put money on 'em
High school days used to have niggas runnin' from me
Shoes Italian with German
Pockets on [?], no Sherman

Street niggas gettin' chased like surgeons
Everything foreign down to my Balenciagas
My hoe from Europe
Draco with' that blue light from Wakanda
Tell them boys that I want yo' top, better not let them spot you
In the trap house dressed like a whole cop, .45 with' the binoculars
[?] street no thermos
Thirty hangin' out no curfew
In the Maybach, closed curtains
Y'all niggas clowns, no circus
Say my name, they merkin'
She know I'm showin' up, she fuckin'
If y'all niggas feelin' like Kermit, chopper ready lil' nigga start jumpin'

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When I go on stage I'm in Givenchy drip
Come back to the trenches, I take off that pretty shit
Probably in my Dickies fit
Hair trigger, don't hit my hip
I'm motivation for the 'Gram, might up a fifty strip
And that Bentley truck so big, I might hit her in the whip
She got up out my bed and left to Philly for a trip

That ain't the only thing she left, that bitch left hickies on my dick
Free Meek Mill, niggas can't even pop no wheelies 'round this bitch
If I drove to your city, I got all sticks
I'm a grizzly but I be with' all pits
Yo' bitch ain't see no money, she got all dick
When she asked me for a bag, I told her, "Naw, bitch!"
And my niggas on the east side all rich
Ain't sittin' in no trap, they take them long trips
You a turnaround and come back with' that dog shit
No finessin', we would nail you to the cross quick

Ridin' in this motherfuckin' Hellcat
If I catch a opp he gettin' his head wet
Rest in peace pops, I need my mans back
Math the only subject I ain't fail at
Shit we smokin' strong, you could smell that
When it come to gettin' this money, we can't fail that
If I catch a opp he gettin' his head wet
It ain't gon' stop there, I want his mans next