

# 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 Milly, 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

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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