

D-9, 3 strikes
I'm blessed, no curse

We make it work
Got stuck on my past
Creep late, I lurk
I'm cleaning up dirt
Dry cleaning my shirt
Not playing no game
I bleed for fame
I bleed for drain
And we don't bleed the same
I need your light
I need your light
I want your dream
D-9, 3 strikes

I get the check and then I spend it
Thaiboy off the Henny, not no Rémy
I mix that Louis and the Fendi
Lambo, I fuck up the engine
Link up with the gang, we go trending
Mixing up the drink like I'm a chemist
I'm making hits like playing tennis
Four band, need them twenties

Bad karma, had to get the good Prada
Good lawyers
In the club with Whitearmor
White-walker
Red and Blue, Peter Parker
Got darker, thought it couldn't get darker
I'm with Woesum, treat this shit like it's nothing
I'm focused, pull up in a black Lotus
Feds scope us, eat the night like a locust
We don't care, we brush shoulders

I'm with the SG you don't need to worry
Three iPhone, shoe like 7 Kobe
New island, you can't really find me
And I'm higher than the house, I'm off the Bentley
Link up with SG, just for one night
Fucking with SG, I had this all inside
I just took a nap on a long flight
Two cups, baby, that's a good night

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