

Dracula

The Underachievers

Came a long way from a heart still sinning
Try to play me, get a mark where he living
Rich lowkey, but I'm high still winning
Fits straight fleek, but my mind stay vivid
Shittin, nigga used to chef in the kitchen
Now I squeeze in a bitch, like the whip won't fit in
Cheese on my lips, but your bitch still kiss it
I'm a fiend for the cash, bet my team gon' get it
U.A. winning, you're team finished
Yeah I'm up right now but I need a lot more chicken
When the drum go 'round everybody get hitting
When the drugs run out, make your bitch go get 'em
Slang, stuck in my ways
Tryina grow up so I'm cleaning my slate
Tryina get paid so I'm cleaning the plate
Fuck a new friend, yeah, my nigga, I'm straight

I get the work, then I bag it up
Flipping shit just like a spatula
Shorty come suck me like Dracula
I hit it once, then I package her
Pull out the stick, make you back it up
Talking dirty, we erase them on camera
Fuck your opinion, you amateur
Only fuck with the winners, can't challenge us

She get that pussy popping for a G
She ain't no stripper, do that shit for me
Diamonds be surfing like I sip Capris
Shoot up your strip and then my nigga breeze
Most of these haters plottin, gotta keep a chopper
If a nigga pop up, leave him sleep
Know all my niggas riding, all you hear is sirens
Then the reaper got 'em underneath
Whole lotta talk, but you really ain't with it
Travel 'round the globe, yeah I move my pivot
You ain't with the gang, get the fuck off my premise
Fuck up my bands, and I get explicit
Had to take a chance, ain't nobody gon' give it
Stack a couple bands, now I got no limit
Rips in my pants, Mike Amiri be the stitches
Now your chick wanna glance, but a nigga to litty

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