

Accidents Happen

Tory Lanez

Baby need shoes
Mama need a house, going through racks again
Baby mama bitching 'bout another bitch and I got the racks again
Caught me down when I was slipping, but I promise I'll never lack again
My shooter trigger finger itchy, nigga, might just hit ya on accident
Reload the strap again
We coming back again
Ya double crossed on a nigga, we hit em and it ain't by accident
Throwing new racks again
Blowing through stacks again
Hella new plaques again
Spitting these facts again
Sipping the dirtiest baby
The shipment come, we get the earliest, baby
I'ma spend it, I'm courteous baby, the 1st until the fucking 30th, baby
It ain't a place a nigga can't go
One Umbrella, that's the fucking gang though
Had to imprint it on the chain though
Switching different whip like I'm Django
I done came up from the sidewalk, now I rap nigga, used to slang dope
From the fist fights to the shootouts in the parking lot and now it's bank r
oll
Was a broke nigga, now I came up
I don't do this shit to entertain ya
Can't believe I even got this famous
Yesterday I was gripping on a stainless
I was selling dope from out of Popeyes
I was whipping corner counter clockwise
Tryna Porsche with the frog eyes
Selling dope a nigga should be top 5
Got extended clip inside a Glock 9
It was never times I forgot mine
If a nigga trippin', turn to Columbine
Shooting anybody that the shots find
Niggas say that they deserve my position
But them pussy niggas, they did not grind
If we talking about the shit that separates me and you, nigga it's long line
I done came through, Bentayga Bentley
Never thought that I'd be seeing this when I was young and I was playing Seg
a Genesis
Pancake seats made at Denny's
That's real nigga shit
We don't pay bitch nigga debt
Bet your life on the line
'Cause we don't make lil nigga bets, nah

Look at all this dope
It ain't by accident
Bitch nigga I'm froze
It ain't on accident
She gon' give me that throat
It ain't on accident
Fuck nigga, just know
Throwing more racks again
Blowing through stacks again
Bitch I might back the Benz
It ain't on accident

Backing that back again
I fucked up my stacks again
Nigga get clapped again
It ain't on accident

Shitted on em, so I know they mad
Cop my freezer from AZ in rolley bag
Groupied up, we don't care where the police at
And we scoring, fuck boy, where your homies at?
Niggas know us, we 'bout it, we love to drill
Some of my youngins be on that, they love the field
And we pull up we blasting that shit for real
Mama said "It's for nothing, you need to chill"
I'm going off, still on that gang shit
But I told you I ain't lane switch
I catch a lick, it ain't really about shit
We gon' spin off the strip and just change whips
Ain't no security with me, we toting like 50
That's life of the gangslit
But fuck it, we live how we live and I know what I did
Plus it's too late to change shit
Ain't no fighting that Glock
We arrange shit
If you wanna meet death, I'll arrange it
In a foreign, I pick up your main bitch
She was sucking my dick and I came quick
I ain't even gon' talk on the opps side
Y'all can say what you want but do not slide
I caught him slipping, he ran into Popeyes
Everybody all tough 'til them shots fly
Gang

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