

FCK IT

Trap Beckham

Turn up the streets
Roll it up burn up the tree
Ice on me turn up the heat
This a hit bitch turn up the beat
Hot boy, burner on me
Whole lotta Money got green like leaf
I do this shit for the whole family
Take care of mahome's like cheifs
Lord I thank you for this feast
Dinner done came in the form of a beat
Amen let's eat, if real it ain't me
You can steal but it still ain't me
And I been in the game
I'm a og wit oz's
I go OD in OT
About my team
Nigga we don't win we don't leave
They gon' have to go thru me ok let's see

Whole lotta knock in these 8's
I been eatin' good got ya' thot on my plate
Found out a whole lotta y'all went snake
Ya fake, ya lucky I don't throw ya in a lake
Can't listen to you if you tellin' me to wait
Got too many bills gotta get dis cake
Came from the bottom how the hell can u hate
If it ain't beneficial how the hell can I stay
Fuck dat gotta keep the racks on the way
Girl come relax with ya bae
You a bad bitch then I'm happy to pay
We can spend half a day goin' half on a bae
Remember, we was goin' half on a 8th
December, we ain't have nothing in the safe
For dinner, it don't matter long as we ate
Dilemma, goin' thru it each every day
I'm the motherfuckin' big dawg
U can tell by fit and my neck and wrist dawg
U can have that shit dawg
I done tried to do a tik tok shit had me ticked off
And I spit that fentanyl
I'm da man in my city from the Getty I been gettin' off
And I ball like Chris Paul, like Rich Paul
From the jump like criss cross
Y'all lil niggas ain't talkin' bout nothin'
Why u think I never wanna have discussion
Cobi he on the percussion
A crazy production this shit is disgusting
Yo bitch get to bussin' with all do respect if she she like it I love it
Call Chris Tucker cause I gotta tuck it
Fuck how u feelin' I'm feelin' like fuck it

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