

Armageddon

Trippie Redd

Ha (Let me in)
Look (Yeah)
Yeah (Uh)

Yeah, hundred round drum on me (I'm shy, oh my God)
Hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me
Yeah, hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me, yeah

Hundred round drum on me, brand new blick on me, brand new switch on me
Soon as I up, I blow, soon as I blow, he bleed, yeah
Hangin' with killers, hangin' with all of the real ones and duckin' the fake
Tell him to mind his business, I done seen niggas who talkin' get shot in the face, yeah
That's why I'm keepin' my K, yeah, that's why I'm havin' my way, yeah
I'm 'bout to send that text, yeah, make a nigga pull up, spray, yeah
No, I ain't playin' at all, shit, nigga can't run no game, huh
Oh, he want smoke with us, yeah? Make a nigga face card famous
They know I keep my racks on me, they know I keep my MAC on me
Niggas done made me mad, brother, I'm tryin' not to go crash on 'em
They know we'll tweak out, do shit worser than that last nigga
In a Demon, ridin' with some steppers, I'ma spend that bag on 'em

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Hundred round drum on me
Hundred round drum on me (Hey)
Hundred round drum on me (Yeah), yeah

I keep that blick on me (Blick)
I keep that trip on me
Bentley got heated seats
Play with the gang, he deceased
Murder an opp like I murder a goddamn beat
Fuckin' that bitch and I'm keepin' it P and I'm keepin' it G in the streets
I'm not no puttin' not no dot on no motherfuckin' barrel, lil' bitch, I'm a motherfuckin' beast
Shorty come over the crib, she swallowin' dick, she fuckin' up all of the sheets
Alright, I'm fuckin' up all of that money, I'm fuckin' and gettin' her geet d (Ew)
I ain't never pressed 'bout none of these bitches, I fucked that ho last week
That little bitch was an animal, ate like a cannibal, crushed that lil' bitch like a Danimal
Walked in this bitch and I'm fresh like a cantaloupe

Dope in the closet and racks in the envelope
Don't get to talking, this shit can get physical
Pull up big body, that bitch lookin' mystical
We sent some shots through your grandmammy living room
Now he not talking, he turned to a vegetable
We with the business, we send 'em a message
Man, who the fuck is these fuck niggas testing?

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Hundred round drum on me, yeah