

# Beat It

Trippie Redd

Okay, gorilla killa drilla, living like a dope dealer  
Krispy Kreme moon walking, Micheal Jackson, no thriller  
Told your girl to beat it, Micheal Jackson, no thriller, ayy  
Who this hitting my line, for bro I don't really got time  
But tell that little thottie to beat it, ayy  
Tell that little thottie to beat it, tell that little thottie to beat it, ay  
Y  
Tell that little thottie to beat it, tell that little bitch to beat it  
Tell that little bitch to beat it, ay  
Tell that little bitch to beat it, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

Stack it up, flip it, repeat it  
If the hoes really - tell them to beat it  
I don't want your pussy, you can keep it  
She suck on that dick like she teething  
Got a chick that fiend for Rhianna  
And a chick that fiend over designer  
Bitch I fiend from only those commas  
Getting money, I hit you with llamas  
Yeah, we toting my nigga  
Take your bitch, I be puffing my nigga  
I don't play no games with hoes  
I just want my bankrolls yeah  
Ayy, beat it hoe, beat it, tell that bitch to beat it  
I don't need your presence baby girl just beat it

Ayy, pesos, bankroll  
Tell that thottie get go beat it, get out of my face hoe  
Ayy, bankroll, ayy, pesos  
Ayy, I want all my money get out of my face hoe  
Pesos, bankroll  
Tell that thottie get go beat it, get out of my face hoe

I've been chasing money, fuck I gotta chase fame for?  
If she don't fuck the squad, fuck about a nigga face hoe  
Fuck what you gotta say hoe  
I'm just tryna get a peso  
Baby I just need a bankroll  
Baby girl I need a bankroll  
Tell that little bitch to go beat it like she let me hit it from all angels  
I've been flexing on lil shawty like a wrestler, baby talking Kurt angle

Perfect living, perfect whip, foreign whipping  
Hell yeah, add it up, east sushi, like its chicken (Hey!)  
What a gift, what a vision, what a living (Hey!)  
Got the Rari, got the Lambo, fuck the Civic (Okay)

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