Captain Crunch

Trippie Redd

Yeah
Pussy niggas said they gon' kill me
I don't give a fuck, I was gon' die anyway
Tell ya, yeah, yeah

Talk about them P's (P's)
Got a bunch nigga
Wake up in the morning, brush my teeth and grab my gun, nigga
40 on the wrist, colored diamonds, Captain Crunch, nigga
Oh you sipping on Tris
We sipping Wock, dumb nigga
Got it out the bricks, yeah
Fuck nigga (Fuck nigga, fuck nigga)
If you said it's up little nigga, then you know it's up with you
Best believe we gon' find your bitch ass, nigga I'm gon' get up with you (We nuts)
If we come, we gon' bust at you

Fuck a bitch, fuck 12, little nigga I don't need no cuffs, nigga (Cuffs)
Politickin' and pimpin' in that Vette, leave a hater in the dust, nigga (Skrrt)
Takin' all your shit and my chains, that's snow on the bluff, nigga (Yeah)
Now get up outta here
Yeah aight, I'mma fuck with ya

Don't be reaching for my chain
You know we pop niggas (Bitch)
Call us backwood gang (Why?)
Because my opps in it
Open up that closet, yeah
I got big mop in it (They poppin')
They don't buy no drink from me
'Cause I rerock niggas
Fuck nigga we can shoot a box (Yeah)
You know we punch niggas (nigga)
Every time we see y'all out, we eat, y'all niggas lunch menus
8 of Wock in my cream soda (That Wock)
It ain't no cut in it (Uh-uh)
Play with mine, you gonna die today right now, come try your luck, nigga
I'll give a goofy all headshots, like is you dumb or naw
You sink niggas won't front me no more bags
'Cause I be running off (Fuck 'em)
Bust a Cuban and a rose gold Presi blown, yeah, that's a 100 ball (Yes)
Fuck the stage, I ain't doing no more shows unless my gun involved, nigga

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If you said it's up little nigga, then you know it's up with you (You know it's up, then)
Best believe we gon' find your bitch ass, nigga I'm gon' get up with you (We nuts)

If we come, we gon' bust at you (Mount up!)

Tripping off the red with Trippie Redd
Vezz keep counting up blues (Okay)
You already dead
If me and my mans get to walking up to you (Bye)
Like a bitch give me head, her and her friends, yeah, they about to do it
If you ain't got no bands, I'm just saying, not talkin about no music
All my clothes exclusive
Spin move your hoe, elusive
Put the dope on the road, that's lucrative
Then make it back home, secluded
Up big fast, shoot it
I'm big five, boolin'
Tell a bitch be quiet, the rudest
Shut your ass up, mute it (Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay)
My trap jump, groovin' (Huh)
Pass me that cup
Pass me that blunt
Pass me that gun, Scuba
Racking it up, is you packing or what? Who backing me up?
The whoopers, the apes, the shooters
The Dracs, we use them
We hate computers

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Yeah, I ain't drinking no Tris (Nah)
I don't fuck with no snitch (Nah)
You a broke ass lame nigga
I ain't touching your bitch
I'm humble, I ain't soft nigga
Had your ass go blitz
Used to pray for a whole thing
Keep one on my wrist (Everyday)
D to the O, me and Trippie Redd
Actavis, baby I'm sipping red
Got my advance from dealing meds
Bro right yeezy and the feds
Trappin' ain't dead, these niggas scared (Yeah, that's crazy)
My niggas trained to go
Fuck my bitch, fuck my bitch best friend
I'mma just blame the dope
Police came, hit the lights on me
Turn Usain and bolt
Can't believe they let me in the game, skeetin' a famous hoe
Cuban links, diamonds full of pointers, I don't do chains with ropes

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