

# Don

Trippie Redd

(Banger)

(DJ on the beat, so it's a banger)

Yeah

Sippin' Don, Don, Don, sippin' Dom, Dom Pérignon

Baby, I'm gone, gone, gone, go infinity and beyond

Baby, I'm the one, one, one, they was tryna count me out

Had a couple real ones with me when I was in the motherfuckin' drought

Got a couple steppers that'll lay your face down on the motherfuckin' ground

Don't think I won't do it myself, nigga, just been a while

Mama ain't raise no sucker, lil' nigga, .30, let it howl

You are what you drink, so I guess I got a dirty mouth

Bitch, I'm from up north, but I like chillin' in the dirty south

You niggas ain't gettin' money, lil' nigga, you still trapped in the house

My niggas movin' that white and them P's out the trap house

Maybach so big, it's so hard to back out

Talk down on the gang, that's the type of shit make you crash out

Two hundred on the 'Rari dashboard, little nigga, yeah, mash out

Don't do no Tom Ford, but I got an Audemars on my wrist

Get a Richard Mille, they're two hundred, give the AP to Chris

My niggas out here trappin', yeah, every day we take a damn risk

Pneumonia in my neck, yeah, pneumonia in my fists

Every day I feel blessed, no stress, baby, I feel bliss

R.I.P. Juice WRLD, free Melly and Melvin, baby, "6 Kiss"

I'ma put the Corvette and the Bentley in the shop, get wide-body kits

How dare you test my gangster, lil' nigga? Know that we body shit

Always talkin' tough on the internet, but ain't really 'bout shit

Big Bird in this bitch, I'm the Ferragamo Falcon

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