

# Hideout

Trippie Redd

(Loesoe goin' crazy)  
(Sil on the beat too)

Yeah, expansions in the mansion, that's my hideout  
Fuck the bitch, she kiss and tell, I gave her timeout  
Out here gettin' paper, bitch, I'm on the grind now  
Hella F&Ns and drums when we slide out  
Foennem brazy, just got home, they wanna ride out  
Make you meet your maker, fuck your soul, we take it

Woke up in the mornin', bitches makin' eggs and bacon  
Makin' multi-millions while you niggas makin' statements  
Makin' love to your bitch and makin' what you can't make  
Niggas love talkin' shit until they cannot talk no more  
I got love in the city, but I cannot love a ho  
Out the country and shit with a bad lil' model ho  
Rockin' red like I'm Santa, red and black carbon, red bandana  
Infrared beam in a red 'Rari, took the red eye from a red carbon  
Fuck a red bone with a red heart, took the red pill, now I'm heartless  
Mr. Redd don't give a fuck, you know that nigga came from darkness  
Mr. Redd don't give a fuck, that boy'll turn you to a carcass  
Is you actin' tough with me? Lil' bitch, is you retarded?  
Pussies reachin' for the top the most will hit the ground the hardest  
She wanna suck my sword because she say that I'm the sharpest  
I'm the dark knight, bitch, in some bright ice, bitch  
This a gang, not a clique, fully auto with that switch

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Catch an opp and turn to bacon, assalamualaikum  
This a game of lemonade, she tell me, "What side you gon' pick?"  
Jigsaw a nigga, catch a pig, cut him limb from limb  
I just smoked a blunt of Runtz and landed on a fuckin' blimp (Yeah)  
Only blue hundreds in my left pocket, nigga, I ain't bangin' Crip  
My young nigga ready to catch a stain and he'll do it anywhere  
That lil' petty shit you makin', we'll throw it in the air  
I bought my bitch new Chane-ne, she'll fuck me anywhere (Shit, goddamn)  
My bitch boujee, look at my fingernails before I put 'em in her (Yeah)  
Why the fuck this nigga mad at me? His bitch under my picture  
I could really post the shit, it make you mad and make you bicker  
I got a bag and it's way bigger  
I'm on they ass, I know they can feel it  
Balenci' boots and Rick the denim  
Lord, forgive me, I know I'm a sinner  
Fashion killer, codeine sipper  
Bitches beggin' to take down my zipper  
Pussy good, I might just tip her, yeah  
I don't smoke no Swisher Sweet, bitch, I'm rollin' RAW Organic  
Walk around the mansion with my chopper, I won't never panic (Ayy)

Yeah, expansions in the mansion, that's my hideout (Ayy)  
Fuck the bitch, she kiss and tell, I gave her timeout

Out here gettin' paper, bitch, I'm on the grind now (Oh, okay)  
Hella F&Ns and drums when we slide out  
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