

## MP5

Trippie Redd

(I'm too far gone)  
(Yeah)

Hop out a GT3 with an MP5  
I got ice like Alaska, jet to Dubai  
Had to spread my wings, teach them all how to fly  
You niggas square, divide 'em by pie  
Rollin' 'round, three GMC's, 'bout to be a drive-by  
Your little homie know what's up with me, talk down, you gone die  
Keep that .40 on my lap, I spent like twenty-four on my Rollie  
When you see me out in LA, just know I'm ballin' like Kobe

I've been number one, bitch, don't need no trophy  
Know we crackheads, pass me the rock and I'll be ballin' like Kobe  
Ridin' down the 101 not no Zoey  
I stay stackin' with my twin for the win, Zach and Cody  
You niggas be hatin', Mr. Mosby  
Stackin' it up, on lowkey  
Stay stackin' up, rackin' up, triple OG  
Fuck stress, stay blessed, stay away from the phonies

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Light that shit up  
Walk in the spot, I'ma pipe shit up  
Them niggas hatin' my swag, them niggas so bitter  
I thought I told them little niggas I'm hard hitta (Takin' that shit to the heart)  
I thought I told you little niggas I'm gon' get up (Tell them little niggas I'm God)  
Press Shit, don't matter like how could you fold nigga? (How could you bitch ? Oh my God)  
How could you let that hate sit in your soul, nigga? (How could it sit in your soul?)  
Shawty a demon, a real soul switcher (I'm like, how did you know?)  
Y'all niggas steppin' on toes  
Handle that shit like you grown  
Doin' this shit on my 'lone  
I got that bag on my own  
Fuck it, I'm in the zone  
Gon' say nigga I'm God  
Hop in that ghost, I'm ghost, I'm gone

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