

Sickening

Trippie Redd

Huh, I don't feel too well (Too well)
Rolex on me sick, it don't feel too well (Too well)
If you gang, throw it up, we don't feel too well (Feel too well)
Said my neck is freezin' cold, I don't feel too well (Feel too well)
Mama hit my phone, say she worried 'bout my health, yeah
I don't feel too well, I don't feel too well
I don't feel too well, yeah
I don't feel too well, I don't feel too well

Pneumonia in my nails
I drip in Chanel
Underdog, gon' give 'em hell
Beat the pussy 'til it's pale
Fuck her, make her yell
Countin' all this green, my kale
You got old bread, bitch, you stale
How you ridin' and you tell?
Everyone for themselves, man, this world so cold
And my wrist so cold, man, I'm sick, I got a cold
Need a fuckin' mink coat, yeah, huh
Pour me up a four like I got a strep throat

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I don't feel too well, I don't feel too well (Lil' Tory)

I'm the shit, and no, it ain't no biggie, ayy
Best believe it, bitch, this ain't no Ripley
My shooters shootin', askin', "Is he dead?"
We left that boy the color Trippie dreads
All my dawgs rich as hell, yeah
Flip them bitches in the mail, yeah
Flip them bitches off the scale, yeah
Made a million, screaming, "Hell yeah"
Bad lil' bitch and she Brazilian
Took her out to eat Italian
Fucked your bitch and she should tell ya
Fucked your bitch and she said, "Hell yeah"
Fucked your bitch and she said, "Hell yeah"
Took the bitch into a newer lane
Shitted on your jeweler, new manure
How I do maneuver in the new Mulsanne
Popping on your bitch, I'm doing things
Popping on your bitch, I'm doing things
Got the red diamond shining, blue Range
I'ma pull up on him with his boo thang
Yeah, mine ringing, switching, switching colors on 'em, baby
But it's not a mood ring
I done kept this shit hotter than Blue Flame
And these sucker niggas make my mood change
Cop all them niggas, they under me
They down to shoot when it come to me

That's all I keep in my company
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