

# Van Cleef Island

Trippie Redd

Shit, I went and did it again  
I went and got me a ten, I went and bought me a Benz  
She wanna get in Bottega, she wanna get in Bentayga  
She want the latest eye lens, I need the latest F.N. (Ayo, Oddw  
in)  
Smokin', chillin', in the devil's den, bad bitch said my dick a  
medicine  
She say, "Spread your wings 'cause you're heaven-sent,"  
When I speak, it's biblical, a prophet  
All these bitches and the profits  
Sex ed', baby, nutty professor  
Chanel bags and Van Cleef on the dresser

I promise you never gon' be on my level  
All that hate and that jealousy, that shit the devil  
Dig your own grave, I'll get the shovel  
I get that bag, fo' sho', I hop out a Jag', fo' sho'  
Keep me a mag', fo' sho', I'm havin' a blast, fo' sho'  
Might blast this ho if you talk down on gang, lil' bitch  
Get left in the past, lil' ho'  
If I pull up and hop out, lil' bitch, it's a fashion show  
Gloria Glam just like Adiva  
Don't get too close like I'm evil  
No, I don't none of these people, no  
Know I'm Big Redd, keep some lil' green like holiday season  
Know I'm the one to believe in, ask yo' bitch, she believe it (Woo-hoo)  
Trust in God, you know I'm the truth  
Blunt too high in the sky, on the roof  
Say I'm not livin', what you talkin' 'bout? Cool  
Say I'm not bangin', what you talkin' 'bout, foo?  
Semi' said I wasn't even talkin' 'bout you  
But you can be dead  
Put it on the song, boy, I wasn't talkin' 'bout you

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