

Who Else!

Trippie Redd

Loesoe goin' crazy
Haha, yeah, yeah, uh

Rollin' with the gang, who else? (Gang)
Put that on my mom, who else? (Baow, gang)
Mama raised a don, who else?
Murk you, throw you in a pond, who else?
Bitch, be gone, who else?
Who my next victim? (Bitch) You meet your demise
I got mob ties, send you to the sky (Bitch)
Mama got the news, it brought tears to her eyes
From them trenches where we kill, rob, steal, boy, I'm slidin'

At the top eatin' five star meals, I'm so high
I pop out in Celine and my draws Calvin Klein
Should I get the Cullinan or the Lamb'? Can't decide
All you niggas hellas sweet like coconut pie
Hit the corner store, they like, "Hurry up and buy"
Hit the Louis store, spent like a smooth twenty-five
You know everywhere I go, bitch, I do it big time
At the drop of a dime, niggas drop like flies

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Fifty mil' under my belt
They put a boy on a shelf
That smoke bad for your health
Ain't gettin' no money, better kill yourself (Yeah)
La Ferrari (What?)
Half a milli' on a coupe, I'm sorry (Skrtrt)
Trip up the new Bugatti
Bitch, give me that sloppy topsey
That bitch eat salad, broccoli
Rich nigga, yeah, I miss violence (Loesoe goin' crazy)
Ain't nobody bigger in the game, who else?
Ain't talkin' right, then you get left
Pulled up in the Rolls, I took her breath
Pussy-ass nigga, say it with your chest
Okay, I love Givenchy
She bad, get straight on the Fenty
Was broke, but now I got plenty (Yeah)
She done popped a lil' shroom with Trippie (Yeah, huh)

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