

Medusa

Trouble

Hey
No strings attached, mmk
Chanel put on yo frames
And on yo back, mmk
Don't go to looking strange
When I go tat yo face
I don't look like that when
You be asking me bout racks, mmk

Hop on this dick, just like a scooter
Brand new whip, with old money
Like my cougar
Designer got that shit sittin
Fat is that Medusa
These niggas ain't real
And I ain't bool with that
I just might shoot ya

I fuck with King and Dill for real, so free BB
I was getting some Lip Service just like GiGi
I remember a bitch curved me, then I had a three piece
Talking bout the same time, my future Bright no TV
Get off my dick bitch, damn hoe I gotta pee pee
I had a shootout, who pick the youngins up?
That was Neek Neek, keep gettin this paper
I don't want ya talking bout free me
But a nigga tried damn, guess you just got to free me

If I'm hoppin outside of a Phantom
40, inside of my hand
Ballerinas on me keep on dancing
Trappin outside of Atlantic
Send my lil bitch to go grab it
Gettin to the money a habit
She be ocean wet she the atlantic
Got another hoe stuck on the campus
She be mixing her drink with the addy
She be like Trouble come back with my panties
I just want the paper baby swear I'm not a fan of that
Cause then you gone want shit free
And I gotta get my cheese
It's different if you was my bish
Imma bless you, yes indeed

Hey
No strings attached, mmk
Chanel put on yo frames
And on yo back, mmk
Don't go to looking strange
When I go tat yo face
I don't look like that when
You be asking me bout racks, mmk

Hop on this dick, just like a scooter
Brand new whip, with old money
Like my cougar
Designer got that shit sittin

Fat is that Medusa
These niggas ain't real
And I ain't bool with that
I just might shoot ya

Plain Jane on my wrist a Hell Cat okay
Gas Kenmore Stove
Pass me that Old Bay
Rolls Truck on C's old J
If you ain't get no paper you ain't got no say
On the sidelines nigga cause we not gon play
We stand up guys cause we not gon lay
A bunch of S Curl niggas how we not gon spray
Yeah we saw who did it but we not gon say
Hoppin up out of out of the Don
Boxes of Louis Vuitton
I put the ground on the map
That why they call me the Don
I put the light on the streets
That why they call me the goat
If it's a hustler parade
They gotta make me a float
Tell them I said it I meant it and I quote it
Put the city on the map and you know it
Seven days out of the week wear black
Seven days out of the week stay strapped
Top down ridin' down Old Nat
Brave game big clip fall back
First mill I made that on rap
Put the trap on the map no cap

Hey
No strings attached, mmk
Chanel put on yo frames
And on yo back, mmk
Don't go to looking strange
When I go tat yo face
I don't look like that when
You be asking me bout racks, mmk

Hop on this dick, just like a scooter
Brand new whip, with old money
Like my cougar
Designer got that shit sittin
Fat is that Medusa
These niggas ain't real
And I ain't bool with that
I just might shoot ya