

Resurrecting Drill

Unknown T

Mhm, grrt, baow, listen

Everyone's in jail now, who's resurrectin' drill?
When I need more burst, so my young niggas go there and make somethin'
' spill
VV's on my neck, all real
This IG chick drew out my pockets, I'm still gon' handle the bill
Yo, I can't get dropped like my man, tell Island, "Go and pattern my
deal"
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Bring me ice 'cah the pain won't heal
I need bust downs, fuck how the haters feel
Who said drill's dead when we still make bread?
Heard them man over there got peeled
Yo, Nike ski mask, let me stay concealed (Tsk)
This X10 gon' beat, let's bap
My kidnap squad want Richard Mille's
If it's not an M, we attempt to kill (Tsk)
Pull up, bring out the pocket rocket, listen
I recognise that voice, that's Hennedy screamin' out, "Stop it" (Tsk)
We make the opp girls gossip
Hop out the ding on volts, what's poppin'?
We only want old school opps, now where's all the big fish? Let me go
shoppin'
Boppin', park up, passa the Albos
Tell all the young bulls, "Bring all the crop in" (Tsk)
Step out at half past nine, by eleven o'clock, put an opp in a coffin
He got a chest shot, started coughin'
2024, let's switch up the topic
Rock with a hundred bags on my neck, now my young ting keeps on wafflin'
'Bout cop her Van Cleef & Arpel'? Don't think I'm a bank 'cah you see
man flossin'
First day that we linked, there's badeen's on toppin' and choppin', n
on stoppin'
New year, new Goyard bags, some machines and the big, big rocks that
we're coppin'
'Member the day when Pidge made it pop at the Zebra crossin'
Run out of breath tryna get dookie, but we lost him, fuck

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