

## ATL Freestyle 2

Veeze

I was gonna talk to y'all niggas man  
But I forgot I don't even talk to niggas (Yeah) who don't make fifteen hundred a day, fuck no bitches, or wear no designer (At all)  
Y'all niggas' phone slow as hell, man, don't think about me, man  
I'll get to buyin' niggas  
(You won't leave him a clue? Please, for my man Taz)  
Yeah (For real)

It's a cold game, I'm just warmin' up  
Shorts one of one, still one and done  
A young nigga slicin' shit like it's Pizza Hut  
I got her rushin' out the house, I just beat once  
Break the pill with me, spilt the bean with me, geek up  
Rich junkie boy, take a Xan', I'm asleep, bruh  
Said her biggest dream was givin' head on a tour bus  
All these bitches tryna get up on me, but I bro'd 'em  
Ask Trey, man, I spent a dub just on flared pants  
She ain't know the seats give you hugs in them big Benzes  
All my bitches gotta own a business, I don't fuck strippers, keep that  
Tellin'-ass nigga, I'm glad I ain't do no crime with you  
This a Cali' pack, bust the seal, smell the time difference  
Ain't no internet beefin' near me, boy, we drop niggas  
The last skit we did, I think dog dropped a dime on 'em  
Did a lot of shit to this day 'cause it's Fox footage

Yeah, got her runnin' to my house after you beat her up (Beat her up)  
I'm rich and still order hits like I'm Pizza Hut (Yeah)  
He bangin' Crip, but he throw B's in that Bentley truck (In that Bentley truck)  
You niggas braggin' bout them hoes we already fucked (Yeah)  
Brrt, brrt, brrt, make sure that bad man die (Bad man die)  
Girl, I'm on the move, just move your drawers to the side (Alright)  
You can tell I'm leanin', I pour fours in a pint (For real)  
I book her a flight, she think I'm changin' her life  
She ain't know the big body Benz was gon' hug her (Yeah)  
I can't speak to nothin', I be fuckin' in the public (Yeah)  
Unc' an oldhead, he wrap bricks like a mummy (For real)  
Wan' kill his whole gang, ten niggas cost a hundred (Yeah)

Yeah, niggas on the mic talkin' money, but ain't havin' nothin' (They ain't havin' nothin')  
If she see these bands in my pocket, boy, I know she fuckin' (Yeah)  
All you hear is, "Pew," that's a rocket, better get to duckin' (Pew, pew)  
Think I play for Tampa Bay, I be gettin' bucks in (Get them bucks in)  
Get your bitch, she keep blowin up my phonenumber  
I'm with Veeze and lil' Rob and them bros got like four knots  
Lil' nigga showin' ten, I can make that shit in no time  
She want me to buy a bag, man, you must've lost your whole mind  
Bitch, I got up on the grind, got them bands, and I put it up  
Dumb nigga spendin' bands on a ho, but ain't even fuck  
Man, niggas actin' bad on the 'Gram, but ain't even tough  
Kind of feelin' like I'm Baby, I got all four pockets stuffed (My shit stuffed)  
I got four pockets full, nigga feel like Baby  
Vulture Island shit, biggest Skii, nigga, Wavy Navy  
Nigga brought his bitch to my show, then I hit his lady  
Nigga say he wanna book a show, tell the nigga pay me (Nigga, pay me)

Yeah  
Gang, gang  
You know we really havin' over here, man  
Y'all niggas broke as shit