

Close Friends

Veeze

(Come On P)

Huh?

I'm dressin' like I'm scammin', I'm livin' like the dope man
How the fuck is you mad at me for somethin' your ho did?
She dippin' in that one bag, sniffin' 'til her nose red
The green all in my circle, this shit ain't no close friends (Get it?)

I'm gettin' money and you not, nigga, I'm gon' rub it in like lotion (You)
My pit sittin' on you now, so that's your ass, Mr. Postman
Nigga ain't got no dog shit, nigga, you ain't got no motion
Soon as I feel that Perc' itch, that's when I'm get to goin' (I'm goin' in)
Ice sayin' my name (Huh?), you don't got no name
More money, more pain, sippin' more drank
What the fuck you smokin'? (What's that?), this that propane
I just spent a whole thang on expensive clothing (What the fuck, boy?)
Young nigga spending white hundreds like I'm '08
Drank head, gettin' pints of lean from an old lady
Catch a rack sittin' on my ass, man, I'm so lazy
Bro got a cape on his chain, but no ho saving (Yeah, yeah)
I been gettin' 'bout like ten for a show lately
Fall out with my old lady, she mad 'cause she can't locate me (She mad 'cause she can't locate me)
Give the chops to my young niggas, they ride around just soul taking
Look inside my double cup, it's all purple like Soul Plane (Ugh)
Drank make my back hurt, I'ma limp around like an old man (I'ma limp around like an old man)
Pour the red in a creme soda, it bubble up like champagne
Like pee stain, my weed stink, make J's dance like Soul Train (Yeah)
Ballin' hard like MJ, man, I need me a loop earring
I ain't bangin' your mixtape, you don't say shit that the rich say (Naw)
Lil' Veezy big bank, I don't give a fuck what no bitch say (I don't give a fuck)
We choppin' blocks like sensei, you don't even know what the brick weigh
Lord knows I'm a trap god, got more mud than where pigs stay
Mix the dog 'til it listen to me like I pit train
This the lawyer money, we ain't sweatin' 'bout no murder case
I don't need no intro, all these people already heard of me (You know that)
Mix some bloody lean with yellow 'Tuss, man, it's a murder scene (Got red and yellow)
That's against the rules, you break the law, we call it perjury (Yeah)
I don't like the way a nigga look, we get to purgin' him (Bah, bah, bah)
Take his pride from him, rob his ass, he ain't retaliate (Hah)
Take his bitch from him, her location sayin' Turks and Caic' (Ooh)
Just look at my clothes, I'm too fly, bitch, I'm vertebrae (Alright)
I be ballin' more than I be rappin', I'm an athlete (How?)
Diamonds on me movin', look like Usher when he roller skate (Yeah)
Still ain't seen my kids, me and her throat fightin' custody (Yeah)
I'm dressin' like a scammer, livin' like the dope man (Stop)
I'm a million-
dollar nigga, switched up my whole program (I switched it up on 'em)
I drip so hard, I'm slippin', I fucked around, got my toe jammed (What the hell?)
Won't throw rights at your whip if I found out you ho, man (Yeah)

I'm dressin' like a scammer, I'm livin' like the dope man (You know that)
How the fuck is you mad at me for somethin' that your ho did? (How the fuck

you mad at me, nigga?)

She dippin' in that one bag 'til her nose red (Come On P)

It's green all in my circle (You dig?)

They know what that mean, nigga, we rich as hell