

Wocky Sinner

Veeze

Damn Tye, you made this bitch too? What the fuck go into you?
Basskids, answer yo motherfuckin phone nigga

Sucka nigga, I don't know 'em
I'm ain't fuckin' wit 'em
I look at that shit
I brushed it off my shoulder, like I'm Jigga
I'm getting high and flexing
Bitch know I'm a gang member
You bringing up my namin'
But we get paid different
Just got a bag of black rubber bands
I'm tryna fill em
Man fuck the pop, I'm sippin'
This shit raw, I'm tryna feel it
That lightweight ass chain
Man, I take that bitch and bend it
That \$3000 ain't shit, that's just shoppin' for my bitches
Fly her to an island, fuck her in a villa
I showed that bitch was pimpin was
Turnt her to the realest
Got As on, the Bathing Ape
I'm a fresh gorilla
My young boul with that Drac Drac
In the bushes where you livin
This shit ain't no playplace
Better go find some children
My Air Force 1s 8 some
But I'm really chillin'
I ain't buying that bullshit
But niggas keep tryna sell it
Hit the road, no school trip
Trafficking paraphernalia
"I like when you wear that fly shit
Bae that's so appealing"
Man I done stacked some wild shit
It's bout to break the ceiling
She wanna wake up, see my face
She just gon' keep wishin'
Naw I don't sip wine bae
But its purple in my kizzup
Talked to bro from prison
He wish it was different
He never getting out
But he just happy that I'm livin
I be dreaming while I be havin' the strap under my pillow
My bitch caught me with that hoe
I told her "that's my God sister"

I hit but I'm not kissin'
I'm rich off [?]
Ima bump and grind with her
Went and made enough to make a Wraith
Off Enterprise rentals
When the bricks come they beige
Look like Fear of God, Essentials
I'm killing off all my hoes

Man I need some [?] sisters
I hate clean ass Sprites man
I wanna put some lines in em
I'm balling hard, I'm gettin' fat
I'm feel like Zion Williams
I left the store with so much shit
They think I'm shoplifiting
I'm like a island
By the wave I'm surrounded
Won't see me vouching
Cause I know them niggas lyin'
They throwin' shade
But it won't stop my [?]
The streets ain't for you
Better go work at Chrysler
Nigga don't wanna cop
You just wanna ask about the prices
Boy we on yo ass
Better have some tactics for survival
Showed em a hard ass circle
Thought it was a cabinet full of china
If this rap shit don't work
I'm right back to trapping, Fetty Wappin
I wanna pour some red
This bitch want red lobster
I ain't even feelin' sick
I just need a head doctor
The switch'll make that bitch spit
Like it's eating sunflowers
I know you can't send no blitz
Nigga you ain't got the manpower
Sicko, Ian Connor
Don't talk about it, been bout it
[?], she gon piss it out
Killin' rap niggas
Man I need a teardrop