

## For What

Warhol.SS

B.B. Simon belt blingin'  
Keep the.9 tucked in this Givenchy  
Damn you talk too much, I want you to top me  
Baby don't be shy I want it sloppy  
Picture perfect nigga, I got drip on me now  
Hunnid round choppa shootin', buss him in his eye  
Keep the fire nigga, don't you test it 'cause it's tucked  
Wesson make him buckle, I could give a fuck  
Fuck his ho for what  
Keep this pole for what  
Hit the store for what  
Hoppin' out this truck  
Niggas want woods, finna roll up  
Choppa on the passenger, I might jus' cut the stove up

Choppa rob a nigga, we gon' stop him like a hold up  
I'm in traffic ridin' 'round with' Peso we be poured up  
Deuce or better in this Fanta, nigga don't you bother me  
Rollin' this gelato, you know we gon' need all the tree

Big chain on my neck bling (Bling bling bling)  
Rich gang getcha bitch weak  
I dropped 8 lines and lost faith (Lost faith)  
Real trap nigga my racks never shrink  
Check my insta I got drip on me now (Drip now)  
I'm in the pot, Saint Laurent, neck down  
Givenchy on that ho I bet I pipe her down (Bet I hit)  
I lift my wrist up on two cups right now  
I hit my DMs, yo bitch in it now  
It's 12 PM, on two of 'em now  
Fuck the Motorsport I have to toast up with' my niggas  
It's fear God but I know God gon' forgive a killer  
I busssdown Rollie's and count up for my potential  
It's detrimental, get some money, they don't feel you (They don't understand  
)  
I want my nigga Warhol play with' dem my kids (Play with' our kids)  
I pour more codeine so ion gotta feel it  
Shoot at 12, kill yo ass in a whistle  
It ain't no talkin' to zip the bag 'n I don't miss  
If that's my nigga then I pour that Actavis  
Upgrade my income, I dropped it in the trenches (In the trenches)

B.B. Simon belt blingin'  
Keep the.9 tucked in this Givenchy  
Damn you talk too much, I want you to top me  
Baby don't be shy I want it sloppy  
Picture perfect nigga, I got drip on me now  
Hunnid round choppa shootin', buss him in his eye  
Keep the fire nigga, don't you test it 'cause it's tucked  
Wesson make him buckle, I could give a fuck  
Fuck his ho for what  
Keep this pole for what  
Hit the store for what  
Hoppin' out this truck  
Niggas want woods, finna roll up  
Choppa on the passenger, I might jus' cut the stove up