

Turnaround

Warhol.SS

Thank you fizzler
Walking down trap with the fourty quickest turn around
We gone don't do no trespassing
Nigga we gone gun him down
Draws in em titties, fifties and hundred rounds
Kick down the door, head down better not make a sound
Pressure in my wood that's eight feet
Real boss nigga I don't fake beef
Playing with that money that's a late fee
[?] take his spot he get the tape in

I don't fuck pale hoes they look pasty
Its a thot beat it down no cake in it
In the kitchen cook it up with a apron
I don't need swine so I fuck with turkey bacon
I don't roll the nut on, I don't do the vapor
Straight facts
Walking like I'm diddy now, take that take that
Niggas rappin' for this gold
Before they sign this eight track
Tints so dark I ain't seeing anything in this maybach
We ain't coming in, big boss we on jets bitch
Lay a nigga down, see its different how they take it
Ace poppin is a big bottle on my meek shit
And I know you a broke nigga on that cheap shit

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These VV's are shining real crazy
Bless your momma but she still got a late fee
You bring the pints to the city that's a state fee
I'm all about the dough like pastries
My fit is all army but my wrist is the navy
His girl got my hoodie on I know the nigga hate me
I got four baby bottles and I ain't got one baby
You worry about the roaches but the snakes really shady
They call me wise [?], sell dope like Jay Z
I don't play games so I know they can't face me
Raise in the sixties but was born in the eighties
Your nigga in a uber so he can't even raise me

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