

Yeah, BRRR
You know what's up nigga
Machine bitch, Daringer
We back at it again boy
You know this shit easy to us
Griselda (Griselda)
We gettin' money nigga

Look, my neck on Slick Rick bitch yeah I'm the ruler
Watch is bluer rock the Muller watch that I just copped from jewelers
But I come from the bottom, I'm straight up out the sewer
Drug dealer, chop pursuer, pot consumer I been through a lot
I'm just a cognac drinking nigga, a Glock user
Top remover, and yes, that baby Tec it got the cooler (brr)
Them hollow tips, they get to popping thru ya
Take my shooters out to eat, the waitress bringing lobsters to us
Like I said, fuck your covers and your list
Long as that Rollie bust down, looking disgusting on my wrist
Plus I'm lugging the fifth out in public with the blick'
My shooter close, he can't wait to start bugging with the stick
Might catch me in LA, smoking Dutch's with my bitch
Came a long way from trap kitchens fluffing up a brick
Look at me now, I bet them other suckers sick to their stomach
They see me popping, they wanna cut they fucking wrist, damn
Pardon me, this moon rock's got me coughing
I'm with a bitch that I just knocked from Boston
She gon' top me off and then
An Uber drop her off and then I'm back to jotting raw shit
You pussy niggas cop us off
Aim this 30, pop ya at your top, then, I'ma knock it off with
Everything I drops the hardest
That's how I knew I was gon' pop regardless
Bars like the shit outta the chopper cartridge
Scope and beam on it, and I just spot my target, Machine

The cuban weigh a key, you see the rolex
The phillip mint duffle full of fold up tecs
Trap kitchen, paraphernalia nigga
Bodies on bodies, this Griselda nigga
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Ayo, rockin the ferragam' fifth drop, yo
Been backin all night in my bitch spot yo
Look at the crystals my fist got yo
I whipped that shit til that shit block yo
Ten millimeter in the Simon Miller
Rhymes is iller, your life's real but mines realer
In the attic up, hundred pounds in a vacuum sealer
Perignon spiller, Oscar de la Renta
Jewels heavy, it's the most incredible
Grease stains Timb boots up in federal
Black ski mask in your bushes
PO want shit, all he wanna do is cook us
Yola on the Foreman got me looking gorgeous

Just left the lot with my bitch, we copped twin Porsches
Just left the lot with my bitch, we copped twin Porsches

Yo, uh

I used to run my block with fiends with hundred shot machines
Could've got degrees but ended up, in Comstock in green
The kicks fake, but the top Supreme
We went on shopping sprees, and he ain't want shit, just a Glock to squeeze
Spraying tools off, while I'm shaving through raw
I cook my first half in a baby food jar
The fiends kept calling, it was taking too long
Now, I bag a whole block, off a plate that's too small
Yo, a couple zips don't make you a hustler
They go from 10 to 30 bands when they make it through customs
Catch me racing through in a laser blue Tesla
With Griselda on the plates, hundred K in the duffel
Scary shit, the boogeyman carry sticks
The plug said he's 'bout to touch down, like Larry Fitz
Rappers saying they gon' shoot that up and bury this
Tell his mama go identify him by a pair of kicks

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