

Alexander Wulf

Xavier Wulf

Me and my niggas pulling up sittin lower
I told ya now it's time to show ya
Pull up smoking heavy shit
Hit my blunt now she say hold her
I said no sir stand back I'm finna pick her up and throw her
Hollow Squad the coffin fleet will never see a closure
Boy I get so high I end up lower
You should hit my line
She be like Wulf will you come over here
I said maybe if you call a Uber or a chauffeur
I'm feeling rather excellent
I do whatever the fuck I want
I give no fuck about nuthin' now (I'm sorry)
I walk up to decisions now
Don't know which car I'm driving now
It's cliché but it's truer now (I'm sorry)
I raise up on anyone
These rappers don't amount to nuthin'
He look like he strugglin' (I'm sorry)
I pulled up with my friends and em
Just to come and get rid of 'em
I'm sick and tired of looking at 'em (I'm sorry)
I pulled off I'm ready to start shit
Aye I crank my engine up
Now they thought I was God speed
I pulled off they think I'm God Feet
Aye okay I'm on my way
I'm in my coffin like it's Hellsing
I'm Alexander from the movie
But I don't preach bitch
I skewer his ass up and keep it moving
Boy I create my own conclusions
And amusement and leave confusion with you losers
You bitch