

# First Light

Xavier Wulf

4 AM, I'm out here smokin' on that noodie  
I see the sun rise now it's time to keep it movin'  
You niggas ain't a threat who you thought you was behoovin'  
I'm riding through the county on me bumpin' old music  
I pulled up on my momma just to see what they was doin'  
I'm headed out to eat, I jus ate but I'm hungry  
I ain't finna play wit none of you niggas or ya homies  
He said he wouldn't run, found out that was bologna  
Bitch

Yea nigga, hell yea, send him off a cliff  
She said I drove her crazy told that bitch to get a grip  
I got the F80 just to add it to the whips  
I pull up to the car me smokin' on a fifth  
If I let you slide then consider that a gift  
If I'm fuckin' with her let her book a lil trip  
Ion remember nothin' but I bet I wont forget  
If he run up on me let that old boat rip  
They thought I was sketchy; why his hand on his hip?  
Stage 2 tuned hit the pop when I dip  
Imma raise a cup for the hood and take a sip  
Imma have a fucking blast crash the event  
Imma tell it to the class he ain't really rich  
Piccadilly eating ass niggas talking shit  
They was in the club smokin' only one skimp

When I get a steak I need a side of grilled shrimp  
Or go get the crab legs, butter up the bitch  
I ain't even flex I will butter off the bitch  
She wanna pull up jus cuz' the accent  
Ion give a fuck don't give me ya two cents  
Imma give it to a junkie like he needed it  
She looked up at me and said "you so conceited-ed"  
He said he was comin' but I'm not believin' it  
You bitch