

New Notification

Xavier Wulf

I'm gon smoke my blunts by myself and for myself, you understand what I'm saying?

I don't care about none of these niggas, understand that
Cause all they do is hate on me for no fucking reason

I pull up to see what's up

I don't want to say what's up

All you rappers need a co-sign to help your ass up

I see whatever I want, I see whatever you don't

I predict that damn future, Imma cut your ass short

I ain't do features then and nowadays I still don't

I give no fuck bout who you is, can you make it on your own?

Smoking blunts with these girls and they seem to get along

One asked the other one, "Where you get them type of drawers? "
, ay

See me with Mulan smoking on my Hong Kong King Kong blunt

She bragging cause she rolled it on her own, ay

Touché, I ain't wanna roll nan way

I be on my damn way I'm ridin' to my payday

Niggas be like damn Xay you seem a little crazy

I say what you mean I be chilling why they chase me

Catch me off my ass speeding off screaming six speed

All these hoes want clout they out and about across the city

These hoes let any rapper sign they damn titties

Catch me in no fear less friendly more picky

Pull up talking shit I send your ass where you should be

That's under my damn feet you, niggas can't contempt me

When she say these niggas ain't shit she exempt me

Now he mad as fuck, she look at you like your dingy

He finna buy new shoes, well bitch me too but for my M3

Hollowsquad the coffin fleet gon' bring his ass some misery

You bitch