

True North

Xavier Wulf

Damn, Quintin

I pull up creepin' 'round the corner, bitch, bundle up
They think I'm too cold, I told that bitch I don't wanna snuggle up

All you rappers goofy, bitch, don't ask me if we can partner up
I don't give no fuck about none of you niggas in the still stock

Catch me shootin' Darkwing Duck with my uncle Chuck
You ain't got no aim, lame nigga bitch, better luck
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I put on the plain jane, fucked a plane ride out to Spain
They think I'm Jody Highroller, I don't gamble with no lames
Twinkle, twinkle goes every single diamond in my chain
Dragon fang gang, ice glistenin' in the night rain
I think I'm John Wain, Smith & Wesson, point blank range
Fifty thousand on the dinner, tell that bitch to keep the change

I'm the same nigga from the wing, bitch, ain't shit change
I'm off Riverdale and Shelby drive, jumpin' through lanes

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