Shhhh

Yeat

D-DKanee
Hol' up

Bullets make you spread, make you dead, cut yo' head (Hol' up)
Pull up, ice is fled, no need no coupe, watch you sled (Uh)
Diamonds on my body, watch 'em dance and watch 'em flip (Flip, skrrt)
In a Frog-eyed Bentley, pull off on the feds, hol' up (Skrrt)
I was just swervin' and divin' the feds (Hol' up)
Couple of pills and the blick in the whip, pull off on the feds, hol' up (DK anee)
Cut off your motherfuckin' ties, your head, your neck, your motherfuckin' ba ck (Shh)
Said I'm takin' a break, but I pull up, lil' bitch, it's time to attack (Woo)
We aim for your head, if you gon' die, you die
Chopper this big, yeah
Chop up your wig, gon' chop up ya (Shh, shh, shh)
I'm in the Cullinan, pullin' that bitch off the lot, I'm motherfuckin' telli n' ya
Couldn't decide with the Benz, and if we not friends, I never could tell ya (What? What? What? What? What?)
I was just swervin' the lanes in the motherfuckin' Benz, I never could tell ya (Shh, D-DKanee)
I ain't even fuck with nobody, I count up my money, I never could feel you (Yeah)
Yeah, I ran up my money to twenty Ms, bitch, I'm nowhere near you (Uh)
Yeah, I took this shit to outer-
space, bitch, yeah, I'm nowhere near you (Hold on, hold on)
Yeah, I'm poppin' the X again, really I'm off of the hoes til' I feel again (Yeah)
For a little of faucet money, we can fill your bag, yeah, we can bring you i n (Ah)
Twenty fifty-
fifty fuckin' seven, yeah, security like the president (Fuckin' seven)
Everything on us designer, the watch, the frames, everything is elegant (Yo)
I really hate everybody, lil' bitch, I'm evil, call me fuckin' resident (D-Dkanee, yeah)
I mix the syrup with soda, yeah, and I had to mix it, lil' bitch (Luh syrup)
This shit like Hocus Pocus, tryna get your money, bitch, you turn to a fan (Yeah)
Pull up on advance, pull off with the mans
I'm rocking a Birkin, bitch, it's no Hermès
Yeah, do what I said, it still don't make sense
I pop a hundred Perkies, bitch, when I land
Pull up to Japan, they copy my trend
I'm fuckin' my money, I flew it to France
Hol' up, hol' up, I told 'em, "Do that shit again" (Yeah)
Yeah

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D-DKanee

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