

7.62

YFN Lucci

Pipe that shit up TnT
Dmac on the fuckin' track
I say, uh, oh, yeah, look

In the back of the Benz, I just got it painted
The grill gold-plated, my crib still gated
But we ain't used to have not a dollar, who gon' take it
Robberies in Grand Theft Auto, I can't fake it
They told me don't be trippin' about it, I can't save it
A whole lotta money bring problems
But if a nigga play, we gon' get him murdered tomorrow
Wanna see me demonstrate?
'87 T top Cultey, put it on the interstate
Solitaire Dior bucket, they can't even see my face
These hoes they want me to chase
I don't keep my sneakers laced
I don't ride straight A my key can't go to no valet
Flew my cars out to LA
I saw so many balls in this bitch we gon' need to vacate
We been off for some decades
Look, smokin' grade A, but its cool I got low grade
Get that boy a box of perfume, he got hoe way
Look, throw that boy a 7.62, we don't throw shade
I hope everyone don't hit you, not partly
Look, I'ma die, in these Cuban links, I feel like rod wave
Walk through 'em, want me to call through, that's a role
Look, what you gonna do when the money through, shorty
Don't keep tellin' me what you gon' do for me
Okay, yeah, only talk about shit that I go through, I ain't phony
You gon' do, what The Who, I ain't homie whore
Lab man, he got Trac cam by the homie
I ain't no cappin', I spent you advance on little homie
We gon' get it address we don't land til the morning, huh
Matter fact, gon' hit 'em up while I'm performin', huh
I just got another grill, call me George Foreman
I just got another mil' and I ain't even hungry, huh
All you niggas do it, bitch you worser than a woman, huh
Anybody get it nigga, show me my opponent, huh
I be in the newest shit, I introduce you to this
I put you on my shooter list, fuck it, let me do the bitch
I been goin' through some shit, flip out, give the Juul a hit
On the one like Chris child, we don't sip on no Christ style
I remember ridin' 'round in that bucket
When we was in that Nissan, they didn't give me nothin'
When I was fucked up my own bitch wouldn't even love me
When I ain't have my swagger right the hoe wouldn't even fuck me
I be on some feed the fam shit, I know my momma proud of me
I know that cut real good, I just can't put down the shit
I do it real big, but they don't acknowledge it
Look at where I live
You know I cash that on it, a condo and a crib
I pay more than 1.5 for it
Every day I spend some shit, every thing I'm in be lit
Everytime I think about it, I be tryna spend some shit
Long live all of my niggas where we done came
Hater, I gotta talk to you in the graveyard