

# Wish Me Well 3 Coming

YFN Lucci

(KimJ with the heat)

(LC)

Uh, look

Nowadays my money longer than Pinnochio nose  
I remember when we used to four, four  
I got a hunnid ways to get the dough  
Trick a nigga out his jewelry, boy, you been a ho  
R.I.P my nigga Pat from the N.O., huh  
I just gotta stay strapped, that's my M.O  
I ain't never learned how to adapt around no weirdo  
We gon' turn your big homie's bitch into a widow  
You ain't gon' let me get my rocks off, what you here for?  
Cross a nigga like hot sauce for a kilo  
Last chain that a nigga bought was a kilo  
Fell in love with the strip club cost a Kilo, huh, nasty dancer  
They said they want smoke, why you askin' for cancer?  
Pull up in the Ghost, I nickname this bitch Casper  
You ain't never sold soap, but you claim you a trapper  
Every opp ho, I done had her  
Someone stickin' dick in her bladder  
See a Crown Vic, we skedaddle  
See a opp bitch, we get active  
Hit a top pick, we gon' draft him  
Nah, I ain't gotta get up outta character  
Dope money, show money, slow money better than no money  
Now I gotta closet full of old money  
Used to be my dawg, now you dissin' niggas, so funny  
I was gon' let that shit live, but you know what  
They said we hit up they crib, nigga, so what?  
I pull up in all types of whips and you know it  
It ain't nothin' to get a nigga zipped and you know it  
That stick got some tits on that bitch and it's goin'  
Name a strain off your homeboy  
All this pain, I got no heart  
We put K's in our Goyard  
Cartier frames, I look so smart  
First day she came, I got brain, that bitch so smart  
Drive the Hurricane in the rain like a go-kart  
Fuck her 'til she came on the gang, I'm a pornstar  
Look, never used the OnStar, I know that I'm goin' far  
Never used the long shot, I'm wettin' her like a loan shark on land  
Tell me why these niggas quick to show they hand  
Once you crossed the line, then that's where you stand  
I got murder on my mind, I'm just sayin'  
But I'm tryna get rich as I can, yeah  
I can't be trippin' off bitches I had  
When that money came in, it got good, it got bad  
If it ain't about a dollar, my daughter, my son  
My mom, my pops, then miss me with that  
Look, I just got that Cullinan, got my seats back  
I wanna see my brother win, best believe that  
Uh, where the cheese at? Fettuccine  
I said get a nigga whacked, they ain't even see that coming  
Tried to tell these niggas Wish Me Well 3 coming  
I tried to tell these niggas Wish Me Well 3 coming, yeah  
Bitch