

72 Hours

YN Jay

(Supreme on the beat)

Got flicked, ah... shit
Shit, man
Fuck
Alright

Got flicked with an AR pistol and a Five-seveN
Three-point-five in a Backwood got my eyes heavy
Watch a nigga die, bleed out in the streets, you might let me
Nigga bag don't weigh shit, it was not heavy
I don't want a foreign car, I want a box Chevy
Livin' life on the edge, I'm finna watch Belly
I'll make Jacquelyn beat your ass, I had to stop Kelly
Yeah, them buds kinda purple, but it's not cherry
Flawless grill, I left coins in my tooth, but I'm not fairy
Put a nigga on a billboard, somebody Times Square me
I'll pay the ticket if it's yeah, bro I'm not petty
Died in the middle of the hood, he was not ready
First time I seen a dead body, it was not scary
Money on the floor, I clean up like the house messy
Bitch, I grew up playin' chess, you cannot check me
Boy, you got on taco outfit, that was not your shit
Stuffed ten bands in ten pockets, this a cargo 'fit
Hit her underwater through my Polo drawers, on my Marco shit
Oh, you talkin' 'bout like Marco Polo?
Seen an opp ridin' through the hood, I'm finna park your shit
Bitch comment on all my pics, I'm finna heart your shit
Hit him up close, big flame, I'm finna spark your shit
Boy, you got that broke-down car, can't even start that shit
You ain't know I was an Airbender, bitch, I make wind
I'll punch a nigga in the store, make him break wind
Best friend died poppin' Percs, why you take ten?
How the hell I'm always takin' L's? Why I can't win?