

Whisper Man

YN Jay

(J, this shit to crazy)
Oh, we gon do it like that?
Okay
Damn
I think his, alright

Nigga slid down but he ain't shoot, I think his pistol jammed
I been the shit since I was young, I need some tissue man
Niggas talkin' crazy to my bro, like what's the issue man?
Like if I leave you dead right here right now, is they gon miss you man?
You do not got no bag, you the middle man
Hit you 'cross your head with this bottle, I'll split your head
.223's hit your body, you in the [?] man
Real Beecher nigga throwin' 5, I'm the Nickel Man
I'll get to whisperin' to your bitch, I'm the Whisper Man
I be ducked off in the woods with no signal man
I'll get to touchin' on your body, I'm the Tickle Man
When I step out I shine bright, like a crystal man
13 M's in 4 months, I'm official man
[?], they gon diss you man
Damn
Damn

I ain't even wanna talk on this part, this bitch so hard

Started gettin' money, I don't know who the fuck to trust
I remember sleepin' on the couch, we was fucked up
I remember when we lost Gabe, I cried 100 days
The streets really fucked up, put 100 rounds on every K
I'm finna have a son, so hell yeah I wrote a song about it
Chatty ass nigga broke as hell, he can't afford exotics
Rap check as \$25,000, I bought more exotics
I remember wearin' the same shoes, now I rock designer
We'll wet your whole block up, like thundershowers
This nigga Jay got so many bitches, he Austin Powers
Walk a nigga down with this K, I'm Michael Myers
I just bought so many bowls, I'm tryna find some buyers
You need to throw your whole bag, it's not gettin' me higher
Me and YN Jay just set the whole booth on fire
I don't like to listen to rappers, these niggas lyin'
I just rolled 100 woods, I think a nigga flyin'
A nigga touch this chain on my neck, then a nigga dyin'
I'm tryna make a whole lotta money, like that nigga Ron
You can really make 100 mill, nigga you ain't tryin'
I don't even wanna hit your pussy, bitch you ain't fine