

No Hook

YNW Melly

Uh, uh, uh, uh
Ow, ow, ow
Hola, yeah, yeah, yo
Fuck them niggas talkin' bout

3 in the morning, a nigga layin' in your bushes
'Boutta take your cookies, meant all that flaggin' and that woofin'
Got my gloves on, mask on, my strap tight
Been booted up, and I been rolling all night
No try to buck my joint, 'cause shit gon' really light, get crucial
And don't get stupid, just lay it down, act like you cool
Boy I need it all
Strip a nigga to his socks, keep a thirty, I'm only shooting headshots
I swing the Glock, I really light a nigga block
Boy you need to stop, we know for real you ain't hot
I'ma act a donkey, I'ma get ratchet with the banger
Niggas coolin' and Febreze 'til a nigga come stank 'em, stank him
I'll stank a nigga quick, glizzy got a poolstick
Huh, Melly say "Boy let's hit", uh, yeah
Be 'boutta take a nigga shit, jump in the bucket
Mind made, I'm screaming "Fuck it"
I'ma get to dumpin', out the window, I got it humpin'
We gon' keep it coming
Hunnid shots, you know they jumping
It ain't no face, so you know it ain't no case
Lil' nigga outta line, we gotta put him in his place
And don't play, these streets they ain't no fucking game
Ain't no Lil' Wayne, they know I keep a fire flame
Yeah, ay, they know I keep that fire flame

Bitch you know I keep that fire flame
B-L-Double O-D, that's my gang
A fuck nigga could never snatch my chain
Riding in the [?] with the seven switching lanes, ha
You don't want no beef nigga
You on the sidewalk bitch, I'm a street nigga
Miami, yeah I got that heat nigga
I'm shooting at your face, not your fucking beef
They sent me to the gram, I was busting in school
I'm still the same nigga who made the news
So please do not fuck with me, if you a fool
Boy, you know that I'ma use it too
And I got a new Glock, it's so beautiful
We gon' up the Glock, ooh, wait, no
We do not beef with up computers, dude
We just pull up in all black just like real shooters do

Pullin' up in all black like real shooters do
Pussy niggas talk shit, they can't abuse me dude
Got the glizzy on my waist, yeah, keep up my pants
Don't need no Gucci on my waist, yeah I'm counting them bands
This money all up in my denims and I'm rollin'
Yo baby momma wanna fuck me 'cause I'm 'portant
I'm smoking on that gas, opp tain is potent
These niggas talking but these niggas, they don't know it
I'm rolling on the fucking jigga, yeah I'm rolling
The molly got a nigga eyes wide open

Bad bitch suck dick, yeah she throat it
Young nigga get bricks, yeah rolling
Money came up from nothing, now a nigga be stunting
I came from rags to riches, and now I got all these hunnids
I fell in love with this gun, I fell in love with this money
Now I'm getting this check
Now I'm stacking the money, yeah