

Beat It

Young Dolph

Uh, uh
This shit no pen, no pad
(Denaro, where the love at?)

Uh, let's go
I get the pack and I beat it, I beat it, beat it, beat it, uh
Too much drink and I make yo bitch eat it
I slide with the baby K, I'm undefeated (Brrt, yeah)
I'm undefeated
Play with my gang, make yo ass need a deacon
I'll make your ass need a deacon
Put loads in them drums, and your block, yeah, we beat it
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Beat it, beat it, beat it
.556 Michael Jackson, yeah, I make you beat it
I got big racks in them Glock's when you see me
High-speed, the narc's can't stop in the Hemi
Uh, nah I can't stop in the Hemi
Late-night creepin', I slide with them gremlins
Barrels and bodies, you know we got plenty
Bitch, this a drac', I ain't tuckin' no semi
They stealin' my style, so I had to switch it up
I got the juice like a sippy cup
Uh, I hit this bitch from the back and I told the ho get it up
Run up on me, ambulance gon' pick ya up
Huh, uh, yeah, they gon' pick ya up
Uh, bad ass nigga makin' plays out a steamer truck
I had no choice but to get it up (Trap)

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Go, go, go, go, let's go
Lay in the bushes, aim in through the scope
Wait on this fuck nigga to walk out the door
Made millions off rap, what I look sellin' dope?
Most valuable player, boy, go ask your ho

Two to the chest and one to the head and that's when we fled when he hit the floor

Do I get along with rappers? No

But ask the trappers 'bout me, bitch, I'm the G.O.A.T

Whole lotta motherfuckin' ice 'round my throat

Business meeting with the plug on the boat

Bad Puetro Rican bitch need some blow

She too fine, but I don't trust a ho

She drinkin' wine and I poured me a four

She called her friend, now I'm fuckin' 'em both

(Ah, ah, ah, ah)

Clutchin' my Glock while they both give me sloppy

Seven figures at the stash house in Raleigh

Nothin' but choppas at the house in Bartlett (Yeah-yeah)

We ride in Hellcats, not no motherfuckin' Harleys

Trust nobody 'cause I'm cold-hearted

My young nigga Big Unccc, bitch, he the hardest

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