

Off The Yak

Young M.A

Niggas told me get on that drill shit
I said, "Aight respectfully"

I'm off the Yak, got a lot on my mind
Time is money and if you don't get it, you wastin' my time
After I fuck, she tryna cuff, bitch you out of line (Get out of here)
Blowin' my phone up, callin' me cryin', get off my line (Get outta here)
'Cause I am a demon, long as I'm breathin'
Don't want your heart, you can keep it (Keep that)
Bitches will tell you they love you, they skeemin', cappin', don't even mean
it
But I don't believe it, all of them treesh, that's why I just fuck it and le
ave 'em
I just stay loyal to money and music and all the guys that I be with
But back to the real, just bought me a 'vette and still ain't signed to a de
al
Niggas be signed and broke, damn, can't even get out of your deal (Stupid)
I'm paranoid, one hand on my gun, the other hand on the wheel (I got it)
Don't like how he movin', tell him to chill, my hitta ready to kill
So stop all that tough shit, black, you only act off a pill
When I hit the bros up, niggas is sober, ready to drill
No, I don't have to, but if I have to, fuck it I will
And all of them niggas you see me with then, you see me with still

The Kween of my City
I am a big deal (Brooklyn)
It's Redlyfe for lyfe
But I fuck with the rips still
Glock on my hips still
But when it come to this rap shit
I let my pen spill
They know I've been ill

Hop in the Vs, pockets on Gs, I'm still good in the Ps (I'm still good)
Run up a dice game, who got the bank? I'mbettin' twenty the least
Told her to slide, her hand on my thigh, she feel the brick in my jeans (Ooo
uuu)
Tell her uh ah, Mama don't try it, I got the stick in my jeans
Somebody BM hittin' my DM, I had to leave her on seen
And she not a regular bitch, but that don't mean nothin' to me
But if you talkin' 'bout money then fuck it, 'cause that mean somethin' to m
e
You gotta get to the bag fuckin' with me, fuck do you mean?
Hop on the plane, out with the gang, we in Atlanta, slide
I hit up one of my hoes when I land, tell her to meet me at Hide
Foreign cars, big black trucks, we got them hammers inside
And all of my niggas on timin', pussy, just know that we got it
Them niggas was tryin' to rob me, my shooter he cocked it and popped it
Niggas don't know my body, who you thought you was linin'?
My guys leave you unconscious, dummy, that's not a threat, that's a promise
You see M.A in that foreign, just know it's some niggas behind it
And it's some hittas beside it and it's some hittas in front
And they poled up, clip on doughnut, big drum, ready to dump
I swear this not what you want, ten rounds, man down, fuck it, it's up
I ain't even see what happened, I'm just sippin my cup
Y'all be beggin' these hoes whenever I see 'em they ready to fuck
You can ask Marc if I'm cappin, I told that nigga it's magic

Bringin' them racks in, I'm about action, ain't no chill and relaxin'
I've been restless, other investments but I'm still killin' this rap shit
Three things I hate, a liar, bills, and payin' my taxes
No time to play, can't cuff no chick, they all distractions
Never goin' broke or backwards, If I did it, I did what I had to
I just got back in my bag too, just put a half a mil in my stash too

(Let's get it) Fuck you talkin' 'bout?
Gettin' money respectfully
Niggas try to say, "Yo bro, we need that old M.A. back, man?
I said "Okay, like, what you mean?"
This shit is nothin' man
I walk and I talk
Man, don't ever play with me like this, man
Niggas told me to do a drill beat
Man, I said fuck it I'ma do a drill beat then
You know what I mean
It's Brooklyn
It's Redlyfe