

Balenci Intro

Yung Mal

1'5 (what it do nigga?)
They say them young niggas draped up in Balenci, huh
Shout out to my shotta (yeah)
You know how we roll 'em (real 1'5 shit)
Shoutout to my roster

Draped in Balenci, shouts out to my partner
Shoutout to my shotta, shoutout to my roster
Whip up that dope like you cookin' up pasta
On eighty keep poppin', these gold, it's not copper
Pluggin' the ship whole, no I'm not a shopper
Givin' out xannies like I am a doctor
Ain't with all that shit, I'm just grabbin' the popper
You play with bread, I might aim at your father

Pull up to the hood and I'm strapped with that chopper
I'm draped in designer, I got snakes on my collar
This for lil woadie, he drunk out the shower
Finna cook up the dope, I'll be done in an hour
My trap it got traffic, it's bumper to bumper
I be swingin' that dope, they say I got the hook up
How you more muscle, no push up or pull up
Nobody move because this is a stick up

I been told you niggas I'm draped in Balenci
I thirtied my semi 'cause I'm havin' plenty
I'm pourin the shit up that fuck up my kidneys
I'm stuffin' these backwoods with nothin' but that cookie
Ain't with all that shit, I'ma aim at your auntie
Don't play 'bout my money 'cause that shit ain't funny
Free that boy Meek, they tryna give him a twenty
Don't run up on me, I'ma hit you with twenty

Speaking of twenty, boy I got that shit in my bridges
Got the racks in my skinnies, I walk like a penguin
All the cases got beat, we done talked to the mister
If we ever had smoke, we didn't talk, we just blistered
All these bitches get passed, we don't cuff, we just switch 'em
I sit back and keep pimpin', I just watch and I listen
Really plugged in the street, not no man in the middle
One call to the country, they comin' to get 'em

One call to the country, they came and they got him
He play with that money, my young nigga shot him
These niggas some bitches, don't know none' about 'em
They fold and they switchin', I keep 'em from 'round me

I play dirty, hit his ass with the revolver
Shoot one in his head, I leave blood on the carpet
I came up off 'caine, I didn't go to Harvard
Trap beat up the chain, it beat like Tha Carter

Draped in Balenci, we don't wear no tennis
I fucked the lil bitch and I took her to Benis
Remember back when I was scrapin' up nickels and pennies
Just so I could get me some winnings
Now I push up in the foreign, smokin' on cookie

You know I got racks in my skinnies
Chasin' that bag, give a fuck 'bout no image
Wet this shit up, give a fuck 'bout no witness

Pull up to the spot, gotta call 'fore you enter
If you ain't with the shit, you get put in a blender
Hundred deep in the Sprinter, the sticks in the rental
Get on the road, count the backend and we split up

Eat this shit up like this shit was some dinner
He brought the pack back to Candler so I hit him
Ain't goin' back and forth with them niggas, ain't with 'em
I call up my hitters, they comin' to get you