

## Blake Griffin

Yung Mal

I got pyrex on my beat so you know it cost a whole lot  
Don't play with opps they drop the dot  
We pull straight off we stopping cops  
The spot got pounds they thought I crop  
Watch him that boy talk to cops  
My wrist it got a lot of rocks  
My foreign it do tricks  
Watch the top drop ask me what the top cost  
Don't do no dates no top golf  
I spent racks on one cross  
I could have bought a trap house  
My brother he send packs out  
New condo my shit laid out  
I been balling on them  
I get money like I'm Blake now

I got bands in my bank account  
Got young niggas ready to take you out  
Wack you since you chasing clout  
Racks stacks  
Shit just pilin'  
I don't got no stylist drip forreal like thousand island  
And my diamonds they might blind you  
Shooters infront got some behind me  
Damn I took off perfect timing  
Catch a flight I'm flying private  
Catch him lacking llama  
He went missing they can't find him  
I'm in back of the back reclining  
My prices they just keep getting higher  
All these checks keep getting wired  
Bich I got this shit on fire

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I get money like I'm blake now  
You rocking designer from last year that shit played out  
Pussy niggas put they racks up I bring the gang out  
When we was young we had bang outs  
Now we bring them k's out  
All these rap niggas riding whips they don't own shit  
50 round hanging out the clip when I'm in zone 6  
It's Cleveland to East Atlanta we on that 1, 5

Pussy let his gun fire but it don't count ain't nothing die

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