

Cold Turkey 2

Yung Mal

(Guddah Tay on every beat, nigga)

These niggas ain't real as you think, they wanna go big, but they can't
Yeah, smell like a pound when I walk in the bank
Free all my niggas locked up with a shank
Big dog, nigga, hell yeah, I got rank
Want a drink, lil' nigga, hell yeah, we got a pints
Truck sound like a plane when that motherfucker crank
The bitch gon' fuck, so I made the ho wink

I got a ring on every finger, nigga, I feel like The Lord of the Rings
My bitch so bad, she look like the ones you see in the magazine
'Fore I made it with this rap shit, I was posted up, nigga, servin' fiends
Turned the studio into a booty club, I rap while she shake ass for me

I ain't had no sleeve, I been grindin' for weeks
Come shop with us, nigga, we got it for cheap
Rap niggas still tryna run with the swag, you know this drip, they got it fr
om me
Swervin' this Benz, it's waggin' the G, I'm talkin' 'bout Barbie, the front
got a B
Can't walk in the show 'til they pay me the fee
Bet I walked on this bitch if I got on the beat
And the beat, boy, came from Gutta
Fresh as fuck, but I came out the gutter
One thing I can't do is switch on my brother
Fuck these niggas, I been chasin' money
My daddy always told me keep it a hundred
Pay the plug right back if his ass got fronted
Feds all of my dick, I'm the hood most wanted
And I'm not with that sucker shit, I don't condone it
Her pussy so good, I fuck in the morning
Way the bitch talk, she be makin' me horny
Glock on my hip while a nigga performin'
If it ain't 'bout the money, it's lame and borin'
Bought a new house, but this shit four-stories
Mama said, "Nigga, no nuts, no glory"
Baby said she wanna suck and record it
I'm a 1.5 nigga, but I come from New Orleans
Niggas be hatin', boy, that shit be like poison
Promoters can't book me, they cannot afford me
Niggas don't like me, they keep that shit cordial
Pay cash for this house, I ain't got no mortgage
I got three phones, I can't run out of storage
Got bands on me, make her pussy get moist
I'm a player for real, so I don't gotta force it
Racks stuffed in my jeans, shit look like Norbit
Pull up in Bentley, Ferrari, and Porsches
Went got a check like a Nike endorsement
And I been killin' the game like abortion
Had to get rich, they ain't leavin' no choices
I'm in my bag, I ain't talkin' 'bout groceries
When I jump out that bitch, nigga, everybody notice it
Chopper on me, get to singin' like Jodeci
Never gon' fold, I ain't never had ho in me

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