

# Nigga Please

Yung Mal

Everything don't be what it seems  
You think you be loved but they say you a dream  
So I grab that fire when I leave  
Steady rollin' up cookie, I'm pouring up lean  
You can get her back, she wasn't nothin' but a squeeze  
I'ma drop the top, wanna catch me a breeze  
Say I'm going broke, nigga please  
I count the backend and I leave (count up)  
You say I'm going broke, nigga please  
You say that's your ho, nigga please  
I had that ho on her knees, she let me hit it for free  
She gave Lil Quill the keys  
You don't want no smoke, nigga please  
Air that shit out and we leave, carbons and two twenty-threes  
They cannot help 'em to breathe, we left 'em dead on the scene

We left it wet on the scene, gone, flooded  
Got your ho whip, I just picked up her buddy  
Stack up two cups and I pour up some muddy  
Stack up some racks then I stack up the luggage  
You do the numbers, thumb, fast way  
We love it, stacks in my jeans got my shit lookin' chubby  
They didn't fuck with me back when shit was ugly  
Got niggas pull up with machines and the skully  
Call me a few, roll up 'bout two  
Catch me a feature, I make 'em buy two  
Catch me a flight, I'ma leave about two  
On the way to the money, I don't know about you  
Get in the coupe, I'ma drop out the roof  
And my young nigga ride with me, know they gon' shoot  
And I still got that fire when I'm inside the booth  
I ain't telling no lie, all the shit right here true

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He was already dead when they came on the scene  
Fah-fah-fah-fah, hundred round come out that two twenty-three  
Air that shit out, made them folks call the cops  
Yeah I grab that fire when I leave  
I stay clutching that shit, I be ready for opps  
The bitch she ain't none' but a squeeze  
Get some head from the bitch, give her back to the block  
Pour me a four, had to double the cup

I'm smoking on cookie, it came by the jar  
Nigga where you was at, I was trappin' the cut  
I was gettin' that shit off, I wasn't asking for nothin'  
I get paid for this shit, I don't do it for fun  
If it ain't 'bout them racks, you know I'm not stuntin'  
You don't ride for your brother, you ain't one hundred  
You think you be loved but they hate on they conscious

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