

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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