

Shut Up

Yung Mal

(Zone 6 nigga, Pyrex Whippa, Pyrex)

So many motherfuckin' diamonds on top of my wrist (Yeah, yeah)
Everywhere I go, they wan' take a pic (Take a pic)
They eat up the drip, so I custom my 'fit (Eat the drip)
Still in the field, I'm equipped with them sticks (Hah)
Pussy ass niggas ain't rockin' like this (Pussy)
Couple racks get him hit, really ain't have to pay shit
Had to stay down, I ain't have patience (Stay down)
She try to trap me, I use latex (Bitch)
Still ride through my hood, I be ducked behind tints (Yeah)
Iceburg got the shit hot like some grits (Ice)
Bitch already know how I'm rockin', she hit (Yeah)
So many racks, that shit stacked like a book (Racks, yeah)
Straight in her mouth, she suck dick like a nook (Bitch)
I'm runnin' this shit right now like I'm Trump (Yeah)
Four by four when I pull up in truck (Pull up)
Lil' nigga ain't gettin' to the money, just shut up (Shh)

When I walk in the bank, make them ring the alarm (Yeah)
I got a Rolex on both of my arms (Yeah)
Zone 6 nigga, the cream of the corn (Zone)
.223, make it blow like a horn
So many cars, need a twelve-car garage
These niggas pussy, they fake and façade (Hah)
Beat the trap down, bitch, I need an award
Put racks on top of your head, a reward (Racks)
Bitch, I run shit 'round here like the warden (Uh-huh)
Ball like Jordan (I ball)
Fuck her, she tryna record it (Nasty)
Killin' the game like abortion (Killed it)
Ferrari, it came with the horses
I get a check like Nike endorsement
My wrist like Rikers, it's water (Rikers Island)

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Yeah, if the ho that you fuckin' ain't gettin' to no money, please tell that
ho shut up (Shut up, bitch)
No, I don't fuck with none of the young hoes, these bitches be set-ups (Ugh)
Shit, I just got a paint job, nigga, just watch where you step (Shh)
Yeah, these bitches I got, they gold-

diggers, they just wanna fuck (Let's go)
In the Hellcat and it's low-key, but fuck that shit, I'm switching out lane
And pull up with this buck-buckshot, shit, curb full of brains
Yeah, boy, I'm in LA, yeah, I'm smokin' the best, I'm smokin' on dank (Wow, LA)
Shots at his brain, we knock off his head, give a fuck what you think

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And bet up (Yeah)
Me and your nigga, yeah, we not the same (Nah)
I'm bustin' down bezels (Rollies)
Big body Range, it switch out them lanes (Skrtrt)
I'm holdin' it together ('Gether)
Niggas ain't real as they motherfuckin' claim (Why?)
I just tell them shut up (Yeah)
I got two Glocks and them bitches gon' bang (Frtrt)
I bust 'em together
They hot as a devil
Boy, you a flexer
These niggas be actin' like bitches, they broke (Huh?)
They waitin' on a settle
Higher than a plane, I don't need propellers
Rocks in my chain, my diamonds, they yellow
Yeah, we was broke, but you watched it get better
Checks in the mail and it came in a letter (Hood Baby)

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