

War

Yung Mal

Yeah
Huh, uh
Run that back, Turbo
Yeah

We got too many sticks, yeah, we ready for war
Sippin' that syrup out the pint, oh
I got blue cheese out the bank, oh
Yves Saint Laurent to my ankles
All the new cribs come with gates, oh
We not gon' let you escape, no
Racks on my plate, I eat pesos (Yeah, uh, racks)
VVS on me look like waterfalls
Your bitch on my dick, I can't get her off
The new condo bigger, got taller walls
I'm the real dripper, don't shop at the mall
Pint in two liters, it's hard to dissolve
For that money, not signing, I'm choppin' it off
Stackin' these millions, gettin' big as the law

Yeah, uh-uh, uh-uh
Ah, young Charlie Sheen, let the cash talk (Cash talk)
Drove the coupe so fast I broke the asphalt (Asphalt)
Took that bag and I'm blowin' your ass off (Bag)
I'ma hop in this spaceship and blast off (Blast off)
New four door big body Jaguar (Jaguar)
Told 'em Gunna stay fresher than Lysol (Lysol)
Told myself and the team this the last lost
Sippin' codeine got me sleepy (Sleepy)
I see you a hater through 3D (I see you)
It gotta say Maybach, Mercedes (Mercedes)
You want you a show, need to pay me (Pay me)
Wasn't old enough, wish I sold dope in the 80's
I know for sure I'd be whippin' the baby (Whippin' the baby)
Fuckin' the shit out your ho, make her crazy (Uh)
Play with them sticks like I'm born in Lil Haiti
Found me a bag, this shit fat like a maze
One of one jeans, these the only ones made (One of one)
All of this ice, it must be a ice age (Ice age)
My future too bright, gotta keep us some shade (Shade, ah)
She wan' rock the mic, put the dick in her face
I fuck with your type, we can fuck and get paid (Fuck and get paid)
Designer my life but I still rock the J's (Designer)
I ran it up, set a price for my name (Run it up)

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Hey, huh, your bitch on my dick, I can't get her off
If she fuck me, gotta fuck my dawgs
I pour up some lean mixed with Adderall
Too many racks in these jeans, stuff some more in my drawers
I got my drip from Japan, can't find this in the mall
He done ran up them bands, how you do that, Yung Mal?
Had to stay down through the summer, the winter, the spring, and the fall
I got too many bitches, can't answer they calls
Too many spots, we at condos and lofts (Switch it up)
Too many whips, spent two-fifty on cars
Too much of this drip, make 'em eat up the sauce (Eat it up)
Too many slimes, you forever get crossed
Too many crimes 'cause I'm never gon' talk
Ain't goin' broke, bitch, I got racks in the vault
Private jet, you know we flyin' the Hawk
Me and Gunna spent a dime in New York
Still play with that fork when they think it's a drought
Got some racks on me now, got some more at the house
Went and did a show, I left your ho at the house
I stay ready for war if you know it or not, uh
Sippin' that syrup out the pint, yeah
They want me to lose but I can't, nah

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