

With Me

Yung Mal

I bought my new bitch a new bag, just to go brag
Got two hundred miles on the dash so I go fast
Hundred K stashed in this Fendi new black bag
You talkin' shit then we pull up with no mask
Eight K property, Gucci I don't sag
Geeked on the perc and the xan so I might crash
Twenty-eight K for the cookie gas bag
We get 'em in by the trashbag
Heard he want beef with me, he not no street to me, I got that heat with me
(let's do it)
Don't try to creep on me, two twenty three on me, no you not seeing me (let's do it)
I got your B with me, and she want sleep with me, she tryna eat with me (let's do it)
Been with that shit but I'm not with that shit you be doin', that shit don't agree with me

Racks in my denim, my dick all the way in 'em
Just so I can get 'em, I split 'em nigga
Make this shit last to December
Remember back when I was posted on Amber
And no I never ever been a pretending lil bitch, I got white like a dental
If you talk that shit I'ma get you
If you talk that shit I'ma hit you
Man down, nigga don't fold
You better stick to that G code
I got some niggas on beast mode
Hundred round clip, yeah we keep those
This is a stick lil bitch, with a scope on that shit, ho this not a draco
I swear to God, man I hate those
The tip just a waste of my ammo
I really need something to shoot with abundant so I do not have to be stuntin'
These pussy ass niggas ain't gettin' no money, these niggas just really be f rontin'
You know that I really be stackin' it
You know that I really be gettin' it
Fifty round, thirty round
Every strap 'round me extended, you know I been gettin' it
I just caught a vault in the loft
Just hit for some bags and I just got 'em off
They think it's a joke but I bought this shit out
Throw dirt on my name, I'ma draw this shit out
Just hit me a lick for a small amount
Finna throw this shit right in my bank account
Roll up the bourbon, light this shit up, now I'm swervin'
I really do this shit on purpose

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Thought this shit was over 'til I pushed up inside that Rover, rollin' up do ja
I smoke on that gas 'til it's over, these niggas be greener than clovers, I know you
I'm finna really expose you, and I'm finna fuck up my motor
And I got two bricks in the trunk and I'm ridin' with unc so I need to drive slower
P do not fuck 'round and get punt like a soda
P do not fuck 'round and run out of this soda
I'm finna whip up the yola
He don't know ho cook up no cola
I only talk digits, if I cannot flip it, I'm really not with it
Look how that clip hangin' out of that semi
Come with it, we with it, let's get it
I just sold it a brick, it was dummy
I just caught the stick, it was Tommy
Can't fuck with these niggas, ain't trustin' these niggas
So I hit a lick with my auntie
Just dropped off a pack to my mommy
I ain't hard to find if you want me
(You know that shit on me, no I am not lonely
Why the fuck wrong with you huh? the fuck wrong with you?)
I still got two bricks in the ceiling, can't find 'em
12 pull up on me, nigga I'm dippin'
Nigga push up for the run and got fired at
Nigga never should've came to them trenches
Green bean meet the tip of this shit
Fuck around and I'ma hit, I ain't missin'
Word to my pound, fuck the key to the city
I'm just tryna come home and count up me a billy

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