

No Hook

yvngxchris

Uh, what
Yo, what?

Me-me and yvngxchris, we out here in LA though
We just tryna stack the bread like LEGO's
Get to the money, I'm stackin' the pesos
My shoota creep down on your block, lay low
He a angel, we done gave that boy halos
I-I call up Chris, he gon' slide with the Draco

I pour the Wocky up inside my Faygo
And I just got a plug and he trap in Barbados
Goddamn, yvngxchris can't fuck with these fake hoes
I can't concentrate with these hoes in my face, bro
I search for the money like, "Look what I found now"
.762 and this bitch go, "Pow-pow"
I ball like Mike, nigga, no Bow Wow
I got a bitch playin' Chris on surround sound

Kick down his door, we gon' run in his house now
S-Snitch on his bro so we call him a mouse now
Me and yvngxchris, we some gods, better bow down
Chris passed the work, now we runnin' the routes now
I'm 'bout my business, you know that it's accurate
Hollow tips, .762, get to clappin' it
Better duo than me and Chris? Imagine it
Runnin' around with my Glock like I'm travelin'

Runnin' around with my Glock like I'm Usain
She not my bitch, why she callin' me boo thing?
That nigga lackin' like, "Where is your crew man?"
They say, "yvngxchris switched up, he got too fame"
Brand new Ferrari, I'm swervin' in two lanes
You got the clouty but don't got a stack though
I know that's your bitch but she don't no ass though
Plug named Travis, I'm not talkin' Astro

(Shh) Tiptoe, we at his back door
Me and Lil Chris finna kick in this trap though
In that lil' SRT goin' fast though
Put that five on that boy like he run track though
He missin' his shots when he squeezin' the glizzy
I-I'm in the booth countin' hundreds and fifties
They call me Morty 'cause Chris is like Ricky
(Bro, I think his name Rick) Oh well, well it doesn't matter

I'ma hit then I'm done and I'm not talkin' batter
Yeah, that ho was bad, but my bitch ass is fatter
Shawty climbin' my dick, got her using a ladder
Yeah, Santana my slime, yeah, that boy is my slatter
Bitch, I got the moves, I'm not talkin' Mick Jagger
Said she wanted the meat but that ho was a gagger
Yvngxchris got the fame but that shit made me sadder
And that ho want a ring, baby I'm not Saturn

Hehe (Haha), ay bro, chill, chill, Chris, chill
Ayo, he didn't have to do it like that

My fault bro, that's my bad, my bad
Look, look, look, look, look (What's up, what's up)
Ayy this, bro, I don't know but
I don't know what it is with me and fast beats
But I think I like, you know, when my beats is a little faster, so speed it
up for me

Got a MAC in my lap and the Glock in my hand
She watch me like her favorite show on demand
I walk in the party, they know I'm the man
I walk in the bank, I'ma juug for the bands
Now enough of that stuff, let's get to the real
Pull up on his block, pop that boy like a pill
Shoot him in his leg, we don't care how he feel
I'ma dunk on that boy like my name is Shaquille

Goddamn, that boy yvngxchris too ill
I'm not talkin' Superman, I ride with the steel
I'ma beat her doonies down, she eat like a meal
I'ma call up Lil Tana, that boy got a deal
Yvngxchris finna fuck on this hoe for the rappin'
That boy talkin' crazy on Tana, I'm snappin'
My nigga, what's crackin', I just got a backend
I pull out my dick and that bitch started laughin'

(Haha) The fuck is you laughin' for, like