

Haarper, CINNAMON

Armored tank to the bank, no usher
Uppin my ranks
Reinforced for the clutter
Nonsense noise
All they do is go stutter
Make her drop blouse
Make her heart go flutter
More money, more problems
No problem for me
I do this for my kin
Do it for my family
Get the Benjamins in
You dont want no static
Go and be frank
This could end up tragic

Black strap, back pack
With a couple grenades
Throw that safety out the window
Sayonara to ya face
Succubus on my tip
Diligent with the pace
She chokin like it's cinnamon
Ima sin until I cant

Burn em like sage
Burn em like mage
Bringing my rage
Put em in a new age
Bringin new plague
Defiler gon aid
You boutta get played
While I fuck yo dame
She tradin yo chamomile
For some kool-aid
My ammo field got me rubys and Diamonds
Gon pop a bullet like hymen right through ya cranium

Ridin the beamer
I seen ya
I tore ya team up like Cena
They couldnt see me like Sia
Charge up my soul with that kiai
Im goin grizzly, im busy makin yo number thin lizzy
They cannot hit me im Lee
Boutta drop weights off my fate

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