

NLE Choppa, Ice Spice

I'm messed up, gang
I'm comin' back for everything I deserve, yeah
(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
Grr

I ain't gon' lie, you niggas in trouble (Niggas in trouble)
Can't sign that shit 'til is double ('Til is double)
Rich young nigga can't get in no scuffle
I'm quick with the blick, that's on my brother (Grr, grr, grr)
Take a risk every day with my life, I'ma roll that dice like it's ten of folks
Go to the bank, deposit money every week in that bitch 'til I break that ho (Break that ho)
Nigga say that I got enough money in my pocket, pussy-ass nigga need some more (More money)
I ain't been asleep in good damn week, I'm this and that, but you can't say I'm broke
Me and my brother had bunk beds, I was on the bottom of it, damn near to the floor
Now when you step in my crib, you can lay on my bed with twenty-somethin' hoes (Twenty bitches)
Clip so long, look like turkey legs
Thank God every day that I ain't dead (I ain't dead)
Dirty ass game, gotta know how to play it
Gotta keep my head with one in the head (One in the head)
Bro in the feds, he locked up, state (Locked up state)
Cheap cheese in a spread on his plate (On his plate)
Money on his books, so, you know he straight (Know he straight)
Chains so big look like he Jamaican (Jamaican)
See them comments, sayin' I'm fakin'
I make niggas fake dead, bitch, stop playin' (Grr)
First lil' deal, I took a lil' bit out of that, then twenty K on a nigga neck (Oh, yeah, oh, yeah)
Up a couple mil, still went on a drill, I'm CEO but I'm in the field with the vets
Throw my dog a bone and he went to go fetch
When he brought the bitch back, had a whole damn sack (Oh, yeah)
Bleed purple, see purple, weed purple, niggas know this shit be Crip (Shit be Crip)
Small circle, start to irk her, bitches fertile, still left it on her lip (On her lip)
Mane lurkin', brain hurtin', chains hurtin', same person thinkin' 'bout murder (Thinkin' 'bout murder)
Pain perkin', drugs workin', lanes swervin', in a vert', somethin' I'm workin' (Come on)

Roll, roll up one, trap doin' numbers, it jump, jump, jump
No, don't throw my gun, get out the car, run Forest, run, run
Oh, these niggas my sons, dead beat to 'em, ain't got nothin' for 'em
Bad bitch look like Ice Spice, she eatin' dick, she the real munch
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Bad ass bitch with a whole lot of ass, whole lot of cash, that's my type
All eyes on me, can't talk to the hoes, C-Grape go get her, he know what I like (Know what I likes)
I don't do trickin', might pay for the pussy though, let me know the price, it might be right (Might be)
See her print all through her tights, her camel toe, it be toein' right (Be toein' right)
Queso, Frito Lay, we count chips, we be straight
My bitch, she too gay, we fuck hoes all damn day
Shoebox turned to a safe
Trap house turned to estate
White bricks over new J's
Trap fashion runway
One up on me, you won't get that, couple niggas want they lick back (Want they lick back)
Shit on niggas like a shit bag, poppin' niggas with my rich ass (With my rich ass)
Run laps on 'em like a zig-zag, know they big mad 'cause where I'm at
I can't backtrack, made a comeback, I can't front that I been on that (Grr)
She say somethin', I say nothin' (Grr)
Keep on fussin', I ain't budgin' (I ain't budgin')
I'm 'bout it 'cause money I'm touchin', and plenty bitches I'm fuckin'
Switcheroo a ho real quick, on some real shit, I'm P
She say I'm duckin', no lovin', no trustin', bitch, I'm me

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Bad bitch look like Ice Spice fine ass
Know what I mean? She eatin' dick, she the real munch
Comin' back for this shit
Pay me in respect, not money, bitch