

# Takeoff, Last Memory

woke up this morning  
can't remember nothing  
2 bitches just flew in from London  
las thing I remember they callin' me Daddy  
the mattress was covered in money  
went to sleep with my jewelry and chains on  
had to wake up  
and recount the money  
I got a bitch, she gon' kill for real  
talk about Clyde and Bonnie

coupe with the kit, cope it  
pull up with a stick, stop it  
rich nigga shit, silent  
old hunnids, pockets rotted  
I got to space with the stars  
might smoke a blunt with my pilot  
Saturn, Moon, Earth and mars  
NASA takeoff with the rocket

half a million on a necklace  
young rich niggas we successful  
said she wanna feel special  
that coco maker her special  
I count a hunnid or better  
I might go put all my chains on  
I just might change up the weather  
she pop a perc, her pussy wetter  
I met the bitch at Coachella  
is she Nutella?  
she probably do better  
But I get a E for effort?  
I prayed to God to wash my sins

nothing formed against me  
not a weapon  
ask Him where di I begin  
devil tryna take my blessings  
they don't know the meaning of the while  
you don't really live this life  
noggas in the hood shooting twice  
see my niggas in the hood shoot precise  
real wise, we ain't taking no advice  
I trealized that these hoes ain't right  
don't even ask  
cause they know what's the ptrice  
ain't gotta snow  
the already know it's white

I talk to God cause I been baptized  
I got mobties nto the nawf side  
pull up wth ethe sticks on the niggas  
straight slime  
they gon' make the nawf side high crime  
better not hit a ick with these niggas dropping ten  
hit a ick with these niggas dropping dimes  
fucking on her friend  
I'ma break back her in  
looking at the watch  
I can't waste time

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