

Nardo Wick, G Nikes (Feat. Polo G)

Mhm-mhm, uh, uh

Wicked, I'm wicked, I'm wicked, I'm wicked, wicked, wicked

Wicked, I'm wicked, I'm wicked, I'm wicked, yeah, yeah

Wicked, I'm wicked, uh, uh-uh

(Ayy V, light 'em up)

Skinny jeans, white tee, G Nikes, Glock

Wanna meet Jesus? Be my opp

She don't speak English, she speak gawk

Said she wasn't hungry, still ate my cock

I ain't gay, but fell love in with Benjamins (Fell in love)

She say, "Nardo, daddy, you taste just like cinnamon" (You taste good, ayy)

I forget her name, I'ma call her, "Ceiling fan" (She blowin' me good)

Baby, he lied to you, that boy has never killed a man (Never killed nobody)

One step, two step, three steps, stomp (Stomp)

Diss me, swerve, swerve, pull up, dump

They said it was red alert, until I shot, now he support Trump (Hat red)

See that boy in traffic, blow at him, ain't talkin' 'bout a hump (Ain't 'bout no fuckin' hump)

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, ayy (Ayy)

F.N., Glock nines, ARs, K (Yeah)

Kick door, hands up, walk too safe

Why would I aim it at his body and that boy got a face?

Why would I aim it at his body and that boy got a head? (Head)

Ain't tryna shoot just to say I shot, I'm tryna leave 'em dead (Nardo)

I told you I know magic, turn his white shirt red (Nardo Wick, Nardo Wick)

I'm a natural savage, I don't need no meds

"Lil' Wick ain't on shit," who the fuck had said? (The fuck said that?)

Tell him, "Come this way," I bet I leave his ass dead (Come that way)

Tell him, "Come this way," I bet I rearrange his head (Nardo shoot his fucking face)

Tell her, "Come this way," I bet I— (Uh), spread (Girl)

Skinny jeans, white tee, G Nikes, Glock (Stop)

Wanna meet Jesus? Be my opp (Uh)

She don't speak English, she speak gawk (Gawk)

Said she wasn't hungry, still ate my cock
Skinny jeans, white tee, G Nikes, Glock (Uh)
Wanna meet Jesus? Be my opp (Uh)
She don't speak English, she speak gawk (Gawk)
Said she wasn't hungry, still ate my cock
We hit your party, guard your bitch (Ha)
In here turnt with Nardo Wick (Bitch)
Pop out, slide, spark your blick' (Boom)
High speed, left the narc' all sick (Skrrt)
Fuck my opps, they not on shit (Bitch)
Punt his head, this Glock gon' kick (Boom, boom)
Bumps all red and shot more bricks
He get hot, he not gon' miss (GDK, man)
Tryna put they whole block in a blunt
Bad intentions when cockin' this pump
Leave him red top like he honorin' Trump
Killers all in that car, here we come
He like to front on the net like he gangsta, I know the real you actually soft (You a bitch)
Four nickel knock off your head when we kill you, just 'cause you niggas be cappin' it off (Boom, boom)
He play with us, then we knock out his brains, I'm tryna see what he actually thought (Ha)
Bro call me when he score for the gang, he torch an opp, he was happy he caught (Gang, gang)
Trench got the blick', then your life is in danger, hole in one, like he practicing golf (Brrr, baow)
I know they hate I'm gettin' this paper, right to the bank, I be laughing it off, bitch (Ha)
Skinny jeans, white tee, G Nikes, Glock (Stop)
Wanna meet Jesus? Be my opp (Uh)
She don't speak English, she speak gawk (Gawk)
Said she wasn't hungry, still ate my cock
Skinny jeans, white tee, G Nikes, Glock (Stop)
Wanna meet Jesus? Be my opp (Uh)
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