

Stay Flee Get Lizzy, Meant To Be (feat. Fredo & C)

Stay Flee Get Lizzy
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You're so lazy

I live in her head for free and she still gives head to me
Yeah, I drop a bag on his head
It's Fred, then he went to bed for cheap
This money was meant for me (For me)
I guess it was meant to be
I'm sorry mummy, for all of the drugs and money
That you wasn't meant to see
It's meant to be what it's meant to be
On two fours like Xmas eve
Don't wanna talk so I kept it brief
Don't wanna walk so I jumped in the Porsche
I left out the door with like 10 badeens
Fred got more on the way from kway
So I'm traveling West from N15
Tell them how it is, I don't sell no dreams

Bad bitch from the West Indies
My left on freeze, yes indeed (Indeed)
Yeah, me and my brothers are bad (Bad)
Don't run, get one in your back (Back)
That's a rocket, we come with the wap
I get my pocket and stuff it with racks
I roll up the weed then stuff in the pack
She rolls up her jeans then stuffs in the back
They don't trust me, I ain't trusting them back (Nope)
Bust it at us and busting it back (Blam)
All of my niggas are bussing the pack
R.I.P. Billy and Muscle, and that
Used to go OT, hustle the pack
If I see feds then I'm shuffling back
He lost his girl, don't know what to do
'Round me, you man should watch your boo
Man can't tell me they lost my food
Like everything cool, that's not the mood (Not the mood)
These bricks get chopped in two (Two)
These shotty's get chopped and used
Tell me, what's to prove
I done a lot, still lots to do
She asked me why I take risks with a lot to lose
That's how a mobster moves

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I don't sell drugs no more, my bro
But I still say yo to the well known fiend (Yo)

I'm high profile but my girl lowkey
She swing both ways, LGBT
LMAO, I'm D-E-A-D (I'm dead)
You can come against me, my g, feel free
But that wouldn't be good for your self-esteem
Put man in their place, now he don't wanna chat no more
Nah, he don't wanna rap no more
Talk is cheap, that's all he can afford
These sweets are raw, expensive corn
Bando settings, reception's poor
In the crackhead's kitchen, extension cord
All I need is a charger, less is more
Got a nank cah prevention is better than cure
Been all over the country, I've never done tours
I fuck with hoes but I never love whores
Diamonds not from Sierra Leone
These two fits cost me a pair of Diors
He was up there but he ain't there any more (Whoo)
Snakes around, I'm aware of them all
I'm a man of my own, I don't care who you call (Haha, gang)

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