

# Tory Lanez, Shot Clock Violations

Uh  
Where did all my exes go?  
Textin' X and O's, guess the car drive as far our connection goes  
We're top floor, spittin' blessed flows  
Extra on the cash, need mine far as extra goes  
Off charts, I'm runnin' my way up  
Niggas ain't fuckin' my play up  
Shot Clock Violations and I'm still chuckin' my J up  
They playin' hard, I'm star player, so playin' with y'all feel like I'm runnin' a layup  
I'm on top of the globe  
And everything I touch fire, hand top of the stove  
I go through emotions, but some I'm just not finna show  
Haven't I proved to you, I'm always hot when it's cold?  
Haven't I proved, nigga, that I always got what it takes?  
Ain't no stoppin' or brakes  
They tried blockin' my chase  
I'm still juggin' in place  
Wonder why I'm the golden child, it's not a mistake  
We press niggas and speak in code like, "Lock in and sake"  
Tryna go up on me, it's like hoppin' in place  
I know I'm in-cent  
But she just gotta a sort of anger against me-  
They wanna kill me, drive by and throw shots at my grave, it's crazy  
But all great because I'm gettin' cash money now  
Way before, "LoVE me NOw", the show's over a hunnid thou'  
It's why I see you niggas now, don't wanna pow-wow  
The mic' made me like Mike and I ain't Lil' Bow Wow  
Life is all a gamble and you gotta put some thous' down  
Win a couple games now and you the man around town  
Now you fuckin' pretty brown rounds from the litty town  
They hopin' that'll last forever, they don't ever forget you now

Oh, I  
I ain't really been to the city so long (So long)  
So long, I don't even know what's goin' on (Goin' on)  
Hoes gone and the good girls moved on (Moved on)  
Old friends jealous and the feeling so strong (Strong)  
Oh, I'm (I'm)  
Comin' up short but the money so long (So long)  
Old friends didn't get to last too long (Too long)  
Old hoes gone but I gotta move on

And the talk on road is (The talk on road is)  
That I've been touchin' money, don't get down with all you funny niggas  
The talk on road is (The talk on road is)  
I ain't got no love for nobody that don't love me, no  
The talk on road  
It's always gon' be something 'bout me whenever it's talk on road (Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh)  
Oh, it's talk on road, oh-oh

Shots comin' from the otherside  
Shoot us like a bitch from that meme, double homicide  
And I remember nights in that kitchen, mixin' that Jambalaya  
Hunnid thousand, money counter, watchin' all the numbers fly  
Why would a nigga lie?  
Honda Civic flow, I had to turn it to my just to drive  
I remember days microwavin' stoves, was fuckin' different hoes in my sister ride  
Hatin' me is hatin' God, plannin' all of His design  
Book busy and big plottin'  
All my niggas been in the field like pickin' cotton  
Pop my shit, made all this money, imagine me switchin' options  
Knowin' that I'm as cold as Dippin' Dots and, my flows just hittin' pockets  
Voice just sound angelic  
Pull up on bitches like Michael Jack' and push out her pelvic

She gon' dive in it face first without no helmet  
And damn, she don't wanna look no type of way but can't help it  
I'm truly the man, look what I do with a plan  
Diamonds sittin' whiter than the brightest of Klu in the Klan  
I told her, "Sit in the sun, you look brand new with a tan"  
Your old nigga was broke, you look brand new with some bands  
It's 2022 now, and judgin' on the deal I struck in 2021, I probably won't need a new advance  
They try to hold me back, but I've been out here skippin' steps like a ruined dance  
Watchin' all the flaws of you niggas, flyin' the crew to France

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