

Palace

Murlo

[Hook]God damn, how real is this?

I know the whole world gonna be feeling this

East coast nigga, but how trill is this?

Still don't give a shit, my ignorance is still a bliss

[Screwed]God damn, how real is this?

I know the whole world gonna be feeling this

East coast nigga, but how trill is this?

Still don't give a shit, my ignorance is still a bliss

[Verse 1]Stone cold love

Rose gold slugs

I could afford it

I imported stone cold drugs

Stone cold, rolling stone, I'm a stoned nigga

Write it on my tombstone, I was stoned nigga

Don't remember me as a wannabe New Orleans nigga

Slash lean sipping, Tennessee nigga, Nah

Influenced by Houston, hear it in my music

A trill nigga to the truest

Show you how to do this

My all gold grills give her cold chills

Said she's got a coke feel cause I'm so trill

Two dope boy scales, but I sold pills

No L, put her on her feet, toe nails

Them vampires, them blood suckers, them thirsty killers

We bout it bout it, we rowdy rowdy, that Percy Miller

For really real, we chilly chill, don't sport Chinchilla

No bounty hunters, I'm bout to killa, I'm bout my skrilla

Give me the title, then give me the cash

Fold it then bag it then move to the trash

Follow my stash

Stealing my swag

Niggas is wickity wickity wack

Like Kriss Kross

Her lip gloss, slip-ons get slipped off

My bitch, boss, Cristal

We smoking then thinking then burning that hash

Puff it and pass

Making it last

Walk in my shoes
And cross in my path
Game was for grabs
Making them crash
Took in a section
And giving they back
[Screwed] Fuck the money, fuck the fame, this is real life
The insights of my trill life
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>