

BRAIN DEAD (Prod. F12)

Larry League

[Verse 1: Larry]

I got this check up on me, but I ain't got time
Bought the whole Fendi store, cause I can't do no lines
I got them cheap pies, call me Little Caesars
I just bought her Tom Ford, and you forgot to feed her
Driving in that diesel, smoking on some diesel
I was flexed up, I was looking kind of evil
Juugin' off the meter, I bless them folks like Peter
My grandma, she don't like me cause she think that I'm a diva [Chorus: Larry]
I think they happy still being on that same shit
Yung Bois fuck around, and put you on the pavement
Money stacking up, I prolly need a basement
Kush bags they got me sleep like I was brain dead, brain dead, brain dead
Kush bags they got me sleep like I was brain dead

[Verse 2: Randy]

Skrt off in the Jag, paper on my tag
I got stripes, stripes, stripes, stripes, American Flag
American woman, that bitch getting took'n
Run it up like Vince Young, yeah fuck boys is some rookies
Choppa' sound like Chewbacca, no wookies, no wookies
I ain't one to fucking worry, it's ten thousand just to book me
At your front door, Randy Fed-Ex
Chickens wrapped up like burritos, like some fucking Tex-Mex [Chorus: Larry] [Verse 3: SenseiATL]
You a fucking phony, see right through you like a window
If we catch you lacking bullets make you dance like disco
Had to keep it low, I can't do that shit no mo'
They tried to stunt on me, and now they stunting for my folks
I can't fuck with stains, so I hold the stainless steel
Smoke up on that orange dope, then I fucking peel
I got that gas like a gas pump
Bitch we in the house just like Daft Punk

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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