True

Lil Durk

We smoke straight dope, ain't no seeds in it
Clean Sprite, put some lean in it
Rockstars, got some G's in it
Real killas, they don't leave witness
Tax season, boy, your car rented
Bitch you boostin', you got no business
Call my shooters, they got no limits
I'm just rockin' in my True ReligionsGot a Glock with a beam
Bada boom, bada bing
Ops not on a thing
(Let's get it!)
We need some real big rings
Netflix and chill let's watch some Narcos
And my cup the color Harpo
Got fifty in these cargos
Used to sit and watch my car doors
Valet ask me how to park those
I'm scannin' niggas like a barcode
Fake designer, that's a no-no
We rockin' Rollies fuck a Jo-JoWe smoke straight dope, ain't no seeds in it
Clean Sprite, put some lean in it
Rockstars, got some G's in it
Real killas, they don't leave witness
Tax season, boy, your car rented
Bitch you boostin', you got no business
Call my shooters, they got no limits
I'm just rockin' in my True ReligionsMoney got me Bowflexin'
Balmain, no Paris
Pussy 'bout to get the message
Before I have my youngins stressin'
I told 'em I'mMa turn up on 'em
Killed his ass, we run up on 'em
We hawk 'em down, we run up on 'em
His tweets said he keep 'em on him
I'm just coolin' as a rapper
My niggas know that I be trappin'
To the streets I'm so adapted
Fuck the state, they took my Rapid

Songwriters
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