Lil Friend

Molly Brazy & Rocaine

(Rocaine)

Say hello to my lil friend x4
All it take a phone call bro bro take your head off
I ain't never been scared at all couple niggas body loss
Never back down from no cornball hell nah
Hop out with that ak47 hunnit shells ball
Everything I did in my life I can't tell y'all
Worse ro model I will go and get my lil dawg
That shit is to be made
I want a hunnit mil
I want a new ferrari
a bitch like Paris Hill
these niggas trynna stop me
I think that they be jealous
they think that I'm a swiper cuz all I know is numbers

(Molly Brazy)

Bitch gon head lurk and get your feelings hurt
Talking crazy we gone throw that nigga in the dirt
From Detroit where everyday niggas getting murked
He was bragging bout that action now he on a shirt
Don't do the dirt can't hold your weight nigga go to church
I ain't playing with a nigga do you see a smirk ?
While I load the clip you figure out who going first
It's time to get these snitch bitches off the earth

(Rocaine)

That lil nigga broke and he can't pay the bills
I'm fucking with my criminals because they keep it real
We kidnap your mama
We kidnapping her kid
These niggas be getting jam and they be making deals
You ain't no trapper pussy nigga I'm is
Rappers say they killing but they ain't killing shit
8 mile nigga fuck who y'all is

Happy Mothers Day cuz nigga you a bitch
Yeah I be with rats ion fuck with pigs
Shoutout to my shooters that's the fucking drill
Go to your grave pussy I make you fucking dead
Got baby bottles but ion got no kids

Lyrics Submitted by Shanda

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