

# Spitfire

## Tyga

Wire taps, y'all some grown liars  
I'm Julius with Cleo betting on my empire  
I'm busy in the jet, like a Spitfire  
Grandiose in the house, looking like Granada  
I'm pops to your daughter's daughter  
Want my head like Pompeii, the Roman rider  
I write you off like a speed infraction  
I'm through with all the talking  
Your misery got bad company  
Fuck all y'all been  
It's LK, symbolic  
All the shit I embody  
You might get shot, but Johnny's driving nice cars  
Tryna park it, don't you holla if it ain't my Gualla  
Growing up where I'm from, iPhone to get you towed on  
Located in bankroll, my niggas weight the dome  
The shit I've waited for ever since Brenda Song  
Told you that I'd make-make it home, motherfuckers  
This ain't no ball game, mad ruckus  
More like the Rucker, more like Christchurch, mother  
Teresa cash, credit and visas  
Not the car, but the passport feature  
Need the passport if you're riding with the asshole  
Tell her no bags, we shopping on tour, freak  
We make a nice cold week and if you ass caught creeping  
I'm balanced on the poppers, if I stop won't tell who dropping  
I'm topic of discussion when it's who young with the money  
I'm here, motherfuckers  
I hear my name from the bleachers  
But I'm too busy reaching  
Looking up to deceased kings  
Long live the last king, Martin had a dream And it's me  
Busy in the jet like a spitfire  
Julius built my empire  
Y'all some grown liars  
Busy in the jet like a spitfire  
Julius built my empire  
Y'all some grown liars  
Y'all some grown liars

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