

# From the D To the A (feat. Lil Yachty)

## Tee Grizzley

Off top, run a nigga out his socks  
Niggas talk more than bitches  
Niggas really be on cock though  
Just fucked a ho out in France  
Paint her face like Picasso  
I iced out my vatos, I'm really up  
Big ass Beamer, big Benz and my Bentley next  
Don't play around on my phone, ho, gimme sex  
Watch on my wrist out of date, but it's Rolex  
Grizzley up next, I'm up now  
Strap your bullet vest  
500 50's, 600 hundreds  
700 20's, let's get straight to it  
800 10's, what's that? 8 bands  
Hit the store and get some rubber bands  
Let's get straight to it  
Everybody come together, everybody got the plan  
He came with you, so if he steal it fall on you, he on your ass  
Have your mans call his mans, make sure they ain't movin' fast  
Soon as they touch Atlanta, get with Boat  
Secure the bag, nigga  
Oh, A bag secure, that's on my mama, bro  
Asian lil' ho, she ride that dick, Yokohama flow  
Made that shit double, got an Uzi, I don't scuffle  
Not a banger but that banger in my car like an airbag  
Niggas only aimin' in the sky, call those Air Mags  
All up in Neiman's, coppin' shit like fuck a price tag  
I'm ballin', ain't near a rap nigga in the game that I'm callin'  
If I need help, I'll dial it by my se-celf  
You swear your bitch faithful, she sent her location  
I hit her at the trap in Decatur, she basic (Crazy)  
Chop with the laser, get decapitated  
Can't smoke, I'm on papers, hold on... this my Jamaican (love one)  
Niggas want me dead, so I'm steady prayin'  
Ain't no disrespect without retaliation  
Fuck a hotel, I hit her in the basement  
Text her later like, "I'm done with you  
I got a situation, baby"  
Well shit, bro, let me get her then

I'ma dog her out then switcheroo into the lion's den  
Nigga talkin' down, my bro got more heat than a fryin' pan  
Gucci 'round my hair, wrapped tight like I'm Taliban  
Like I'm Taliban, how we drop shit, go  
Lot of dreadheads, lot of chopsticks  
Touch my nigga Yachty, get your top ripped  
Don't ask the price if you know you ain't tryna cop shit  
You the type to look around but never cop shit, ayy  
I'm the type to buy the store, make them restock it, ayy  
Beam on everythin' I own, I will not miss  
Grizzley by my side like a pilot ridin' cockpit  
Yachty, I might stop rappin' for this one reason (oh, for real?)  
If the Feds hear this shit I'm doin' a hundred seasons  
In the hood, shootin' craps in my Yeezys  
Put angels on you niggas who be playin' like y'all demons, you dig?  
Middle finger to them niggas hatin' and fakin'  
They plottin' on my death, I give their mothers deep penetration  
Diamond choker for some reason give me pure ventilation  
Every real nigga livin' will respect this collaboration  
We the bust down brothers, check the Rollies out  
Say you winnin' one more time, I'm pullin' trophies out  
Niggas know we out, no Shaqs, all Kobes out  
In other words, I'm with all shooters that'll blow you down  
From the D to the A, put respect on it  
If that's your ho, why my dick got her mouth on it?  
I'm from the south, I got diamonds in my teeth  
I got fur on my fleece, my new ring could pay your lease  
Lease, nigga  
Chain on my dresser next to my indictment  
When they said not guilty I was so excited  
From the A to the D, bitch you heard Yachty  
Wraith comin' this summer, I'ma have your bitch drivin'  
Bitch!

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

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