Palace

Need for Mirrors

[Hook]God damn, how real is this?
I know the whole world gonna be feeling this
East coast nigga, but how trill is this?
Still don't give a shit, my ignorance is still a bliss
[Screwed]God damn, how real is this?
I know the whole world gonna be feeling this
East coast nigga, but how trill is this?
Still don't give a shit, my ignorance is still a bliss
[Verse 1]Stone cold love
Rose gold slugs
I could afford it
I imported stone cold drugs
Stone cold, rolling stone, I'm a stoned nigga
Write it on my tombstone, I was stoned nigga
Don't remember me as a wannabe New Orleans nigga
Slash lean sipping, Tennessee nigga, Nah
Influenced by Houston, hear it in my music
A trill nigga to the truest
Show you how to do this
My all gold grills give her cold chills
Said she's got a coke feel cause I'm so trill
Two dope boy scales, but I sold pills
No L, put her on her feet, toe nails

Them vampires, them blood suckers, them thirsty killers
We bout it bout it, we rowdy rowdy, that Percy Miller
For really real, we chilly chill, don't sport Chinchilla
No bounty hunters, I'm bout to killa, I'm bout my skrilla
Give me the title, then give me the cash
Fold it then bag it then move to the trash
Follow my stash
Stealing my swag
Niggas is wickity wickity wack
Like Kriss Kross
Her lip gloss, slip-ons get slipped off
My bitch, boss, Cristal
We smoking then thinking then burning that hash
Puff it and pass
Making it last

Walk in my shoes
And cross in my path
Game was for grabs
Making them crash
Took in a section
And giving they back
[Screwed]Fuck the money, fuck the fame, this is real life
The insights of my trill life
[Hook]

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