Pre

Atrox

[Verse 1: SK Laflare]
Baby girl, what you want to do?
Hop in this 'Cedes girl
She like where we going to
A new life, new world
Pop that molly, we hard-body
Glocks hot as Kemosabe
He said that he wanted beef
So we fed him hollows and got it popping
Fear and ego is the enemy
You ain't got to pretend with me.
I need the wool, I'mma skin the sheep
And take the bull, skin it to the meat
You full of shit, we in too deep
I do this, she knew the deet
Like two [feet, Flare] two time
She wanna kick it like Bruce Lee
Brought you in, I'll take you out
Ball like Tim then I weighed it out
It's no work, we sling through droughts
The life of me, I'm just hanging out
Don't get comfortable and lay on the couch
I don't wanna see your ass laying down
Pop that pussy, twerk some
Cause most of these bitches work for nothing
Paid your dues, while you're Paid In Full
I can't wait to win, you wait to lose
Your mind of a failure, hate rules
When you settle for what you hate to do
I go the extra mile, I'm with the extras
Extended clips shoot through your necklace
Leave you breathless, that tec is restless
Cause All My Children need the best, bitch
I need that Rothschild money, the top is sunny
I seen the light, and you blocked it from me
But I found my way to the top, I'm coming
'Cos I smack that bass like a rockstar drummer[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]
I'm a problem to niggas
Pop artillery, the carbon is with him

Starving to hit 'em, spar with a nigga
Just watch, I'm a kill em all in a minute
It's the ticket-dodging aristocrat
New bitch, whip with the system slaps
Mister slide in and skimp the sack
Nigga hit the function with a pick and ax
My nigga miss me with the bullshit
Right here, right ear got a Pesto blunt
Why that shit got a young nigga Velcro stuck
Why your bitch go down when the cess go up
Hard as arm services, y'all might have heard of him
Escobarbarian, best call the lawyers up
Bruh, the broad Aryan, know the squad loiterers
Not with the grain and these bitch niggas' wishes
Dealt with addiction, fell for the bitch with the
Pale butter skin who just packed up and dipped
In the land of the rent-less, stand with my chips
In a stack and a grin, fuck 'em

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