

# No Lackin (feat. Wale)

Lil Reese

Got all these bands this money im stackin'  
My Squad, Squad. Turn up  
Got all these bands this money im stackin  
300Got all these bands this money im stackin  
Bitch im out here in the field so this team no lackin  
Got all these bands this money im stackin  
Bitch im out here in the field so this team no lackin  
Got all these bands this money im stackin  
Bitch im out here in the field so this team no lackin  
Got all these bands this money im stackin  
Bitch im out here in the field so this team no lackin  
Niggas playing games don't even know whats crackin'  
And im out here in the field so this team no lackin'  
Im off the shits i won't stop im crackin'  
Got all these bands this money im stackin  
Ain't playing games you ain't find out whats crackin'  
We sliding doors back and young niggas clappin'  
Race to the money im speeding like a rabbit  
Got a lot of money try to take what im having  
You get clapped up and thats faster than a rabbit  
You get clapped up--  
On 64th bitch we whats happenin'  
Try to come through you get clapped with the mac  
300 shit bitch i been a savage  
He reached for it thats a dead body  
Elmer Fud double pound shotty  
My neck rocky and im off of molly  
My bitch bad with a buffet body  
Young nigga shoot that in a body  
All these bands got a nigga cocky  
Trapped in a club mothafucka  
Lil Reese get em  
Man down let the piece hit em  
Do it broadway and police with em'  
Yellow tape let the streets get em'  
Chalk him out  
White sheet denim  
Bow bow im bustin' at em  
Im ballin hard no NBA

My bitch a diamond  
Lisa Raye  
Spent 20k at least a day  
Do it weekends nigga i do it everyday  
She with me she go everyway  
Count this money till my fingers hurt  
When i hit the pussy i bet she squirt  
Selling dope we ain't got to work  
Real nigga no tight shirt  
My gun dont work i got a knife  
You disrespect im doing life  
Lotta paper bring a lot of haters  
Capiche  
And the more you make  
Will be the more you make  
It ain't sweet (no)  
Well i do me (f'sho)  
Will i lose sleep (i dunno)  
If i fall down before they start counting back  
On my feet  
Lets go  
Its that flyraq meet chiraq  
Theres no contest with their flow  
All of my hairs out  
With young dreadlocks  
Couple real niggas from the go  
Like i said in one song  
Life is lame with no goals  
Barely brag about dope  
Whenever i dont you niggas ignore  
Chop be cooking that crack  
And talking hard rock  
And talking that snow  
Chop will send me that track  
I send that shit back  
Back of that hurst  
Trapping something i know  
Something i did  
Just keeping it real  
As a matter of fact  
You never moved crack  
But knowing yall routes  
Prolly throw a brick bitch

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

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