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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