

News or Somthn

Future

Bright light shining all bright on the Bentley
Whip the Cadillac, panoramic, no panties
Old school Chevy '55 granddaddy
Gotta throw some salt on it, 'cause you know I'm getting at it
Throw the fork on it, then put it in traffic
Throw the sauce on it, got it flying out of Dallas
Hope you didn't do it to yourself, that's tragic
Hope you didn't throw away what we established
Hope you wouldn't turn your back on your family
The way a nigga look 'round here, they a back-stab you
Word from your motherfucking brother, young nigga
I just wanna see you happy, I just wanna see you happy
Coming through the cut like an known grim reaper
'Bout to get straight finessed, tryna get a little cheaper
Hold on to that clip like a doped up needle
Girl hang on that strip with a four desert nigga Nothing but a bad little bitch in some red bottoms
And where ya mans at? Heard that the feds got 'em
I see you cruise the Land Rover through the West side (Go-Go)
Lexs, it'll take your peripheral
It's a full moon in the middle of the day
Got them wolves out, rock a little Cartier
Got the trap jammed packed like The Masquerade
Know a few real ones ain't gon' see they next birthday
Tell them young niggas grind
'Fore you gon' knock someone down
And they gon' shoot, then shoot something
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something
Man down over yonder
Young came through holding on the K like a drummer
They done took a boss out nigga, no wonder
Niggas getting crossed out nigga, no wonder
Hoes getting X'd out and we on ganja
The police wanna talk, but we won't say nothing
True to these clips, niggas won't say nothing
Niggas true to these clips, niggas won't say nothing Had the parkay jumping out the Pyrex
High definition glass on my pinky finger
Niggas swimming in the water, no paddle
Niggas trying to walk with my shadow

Bought a bird on the bezel, I'm a well known rebel
Told a young nigga Freeband, Roc-A-Fella
Told a young nigga Freeband, Roc-A-Fella
You can turn this off and I can kick it acapella
We work the front street where mama said "Don't go"
We went there
Trap house at bomb with that crack, then we went there
Shawty don't fuck with these fo' seeds
Niggas be telling these days, be telling these days Nothing but a bad little bitch in some red bottoms
And where ya mans at? Heard that the feds got 'em
I see you cruise the Land Rover through the West side (Go-Go)
Lexs, it'll take your peripheral
It's a full moon in the middle of the day
Got them wolves out, rock a little Cartier
Got the trap jammed packed like The Masquerade
Know a few real ones ain't gon' see they next birthday
Tell them young niggas grind
'Fore you gon' knock someone down
And they gon' shoot, then shoot something
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something
We better hear 'bout this shit on the news or something
Man down over yonder
Young came through holding on the K like a drummer
They done took a boss out nigga, no wonder
Niggas getting crossed out nigga, no wonder
Hoes getting X'd out and we on ganja
The police wanna talk, but we won't say nothing
True to these clips, niggas won't say nothing
Niggas true to these clips, niggas won't say nothing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>