

Crystal

Kaaris

I won't trust these bitches
These bitches gon' tell
We don't trust no snitch around none of these bitches, these bitches gon' tell
I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter I serve the whole bail
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at twelve Je me devais de les kalashnikov
Je me balade au cimetiÃre avec mes trophÃes
Je fume un joint de beuh pour me dooper
La guerre on va la faire, y'a R, je suis opÃ
Je leur pisse dessus comme sur une aire de repos
Les couilles se voient mÃme de dos
Balayette en traÃtre, j'suis pas ton te-po
Ici tous les coups sont vrais, t'es pas au re-spo
Ce qui te touche ne m'effleure pas
J'rentre dans le carrÃ comme Bobby Shmurda
AK chargÃ et tu smurferas, Crystal, cke-cra
J'mÃlange dans la cuisine, tes implants, ton legging
Sur le siÃge chauffant, ce n'est pas un leasing
Mon gang est sur le listing
Tu m'attaques il paraÃt
Rafale et ta chatte disparaÃt
J'augmente la dose dans le trafic
Et la criminalitÃ sur le graphique
MÃme dans la saletÃ faut que je m'applique
J'fais des hat tricks, je viens d'Afrique
J'prends le pouvoir comme NapolÃon
Roi Soleil ÃclairÃ par les rayons
T'es Ãbloui par mes xÃnon
La gifle te donne les oreillons I won't trust these bitches
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I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter I serve the whole bail
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at twelve
Motherfuck these police, nigga, my niggas they shooting at twelve
We don't carry no snitch around none of these bitches, these bitches gon' tell
I'm a hood nigga straight out the motherfucking gutter I serve the whole bail
Got the molly, got white
Got the lean, got the kush
Got the purp and the pills J'suis dans le bunker comme Osama
Psychogun, rayon Gamma

Tout droit, direct dans vos tarmas
En même temps que la Jordan 11 Blue Gamma
Depuis "Vendeur de nah nah"
Organisés comme le Fatah
Je défouraille tous ces bêtards
Je les mange en steak tartare
Tu veux rapper comme moi, t'es cloné
J'fais du liquide, de la monnaie
Je passe devant toi, t'es sonné
Tout se passe sous ton gros nez
J'suis père, BTTF, Zanotti
Armes de guerre, je possède de toute la panoplie I won't trust these bitches
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Got the molly, got white
Got the lean, got the kush
Got the purp and the pills Selling bricks on deck like Jackie Chan
Got them hoes on deck like shoestrings
With a brand new Lambo shoestring
I'm a gutter-ass nigga I don't do 'caine
Got a whole lot of Autotune on it, no T-Pain
36 O's in the whip, no keychain
Young-ass white bitch, Amy Grant, nigga
Young rich nigga hanging with penitentiary niggas
Motherfuck the feds, fuck Illuminati
Nigga we ain't scared, this a kamikaze
Order more bitches, order more bottles
We doing this shit, we might not see tomorrow
Two hundred bitches from Paris on my timeline
They might have went all the way this time
Treat a nigga like a one of a kind
Diamonds hanging, I'm in Sierra Leone
Fuck with a rich nigga if that's what you want
Come fuck a rich nigga, that's what you want
Ace of Spades and kush, oh that's what we on
You niggas trying to buy me, know they some clones
Drink your molly, mix it all on up
These Persian bitches know they all want us I won't trust these bitches
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