

Crystal (feat. Future)

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 cimetière avec mes trophées
Je fume un joint de beuh pour me doper
La guerre on va la faire, y'a R, je suis op
Je leur pisse dessus comme sur une aire de repos
Les couilles se voient même de dos
Balayette en traître, 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 carré comme Bobby Shmurda
AK chargé et tu smurferas, Crystal, cke-cra
J'mélange dans la cuisine, tes implants, ton legging
Sur le siège chauffant, ce n'est pas un leasing
Mon gang est sur le listing
Tu m'attaques il paraît
Rafale et ta chatte disparaît
J'augmente la dose dans le trafic
Et la criminalité sur le graphique
Même dans la saleté faut que je m'applique
J'fais des hat tricks, je viens d'Afrique
J'prends le pouvoir comme Napoléon
Roi Soleil clair par les rayons
T'es ébloui par mes actions
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 défouaille 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 pèpère, 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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