

## 6am In Vegas

Starlito

Lil mama downstairs fixing salmon croquettes  
More money, more stress, it come with having a check  
You one of them rappers they press, it come from lack of respect  
If I'm on stage I'm on deck, they ain't pat me down yet  
Yeah I copped one in the desert, said I'm too tall for a Vette  
Saw one at the auction I could've bought, I'm so messy  
I'm already stamped, so I thought I'd address it  
I'm appalled, you let my balling upset you? Well this pressure  
Rappers road rage, in my rearview a pedestrian  
Throw this bitch in reverse, might throw your bitch in a verse  
Lance say he got some Ac, I ain't totally quit the syrup  
I'm joking, I woke up, rolled up, did yoga, and went to work  
Not worried bout what I make, just know I'ma get my worth  
Picking up Grind Hard OG with the grower November 1st  
They say it ain't so fun when the rabbit got the gun  
And I feel like the bunny with the drum  
How I keep going, and going, and going  
Yeah I'm knowing they feelings hurt  
Just know it was God's plan, even though I ain't been to church  
I could've been in that hearse, so I'm knowing that prayer works  
Got this hoe I hate, she the worst, left my throwaway in her purse

I ain't fucking with that bitch, she on that lil girl shit  
You just a fake broke nigga, you just look real rich  
Down bad, fucked up, but I took my lick  
Had to run it back up, so I took me a risk

Glad I chose this over hooping at Fisk  
Every Tuesday around 6 pull up the coupe to Ruth's Chris  
Got a cougar to cook for me but I choose to forget  
Come through in the clutch, Jermaine shoot but don't miss  
And I promise I ain't slanging, yeah I'm truly legit  
My momma's neighbors probably think I'm moving them bricks  
I been stock trading, getting 2 for a pit  
Getting 10 for a show, still got nothing for a bitch

Look, reaching for my chain'll get you paralyzed  
You a trapper and a rapper, that's a pair of lies  
I can look you in your eyes and tell you petrified  
Left third, now I'm headed home and I ain't scared to slide  
Baby say she love me, I told her love don't pay the bills  
Even though that pussy wetter than the Navy SEALs  
She said I'll never be hungry 'cause she can make a meal  
I told her I'm money-hungry to make a mil  
Burning in them coffins so we turned to the office  
I ain't learn nothing in school, I learned everything from losses  
Balling on these hoes, and I never went golfing  
Ain't giving niggas nothing, that's a Boston  
Shit I gave niggas everything, they still snitching on me  
My lawyer lying for me, shit, and he don't even know me  
Do it by myself, that's what come with being lonely  
If I left it up to them, I would end up being homeless  
If I didn't have the mic and pimping I wouldn't have a ride man  
Always on that bullshit, but I ain't from the Chi man  
It's cool coach, put me in the game and we won't lose coach  
I'm asking for the ball when the game getting too close  
(Swish.) I'm a westside block nigga

Bring it to you direct, but connected like a Cox nigga  
I can't fuck with her if she ain't investing in my stock nigga  
Lito you my brother, it's gone be that till we drop nigga  
Gone