

My People

Starlito

Aye, yeah
Aye, Trap
Aye answer the phone little nigga, I ain't gonna get mad at ya
Yeah

My lil cause skipped town
They calling my about the pounds
Tell the Feds to make my bed
If they ever come to town
I got fentanyl in the wall
And isotol all in my speakers
Aye lil bitch I got the hook up, on the TV's and the beepers
Break bread with my people
If you really my people
I'll break legs with my people
My phone ring off the meter
They put Heroin in they needles
I make hits like the Beatles
I be posted like a free throw
And I'm clutch dealing that yola

Two deep in a four door
Two choppas two clips, they hold a 100 This a momo
OG got blocked in, catching a cell, with a fo fo
I could have got booked the other day taking a photo
I never lose my mojo
Sit tight
She just want to tug all on my double G's
By midnight, she gon transporting all this dope for me
Told my baby go for 3, watch your step bitch the water deep
Bricks and bales, like Zach and Screech
On the run, got the narcs with me

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Lito
Two plugs on the west coast
Used to drive to Detroit and to Texas, like the shit close
I'm sure the trying to decode our messages from the flip phones
Now I ship the shitt, and get it gone, before I get home
Tell 'em it's on
Fuck it, I might front the whole load to my cousin
I got growers talking lower than a dozen

Told them flood me
Whole sale For a dub, and I ain't budging, fuck ya
25 to my country boys, and they love it, yeah I'm thuggin
Got a couple old sales who's credit platinum, never lacking
If a nigga run off I'ma let him have it, not the package (bow, bow)
We just trying to eat, like we've been fasting
Fingers crossed, I'm in the lyft, yeah
She just walked straight out of baggage
I'm in traffic

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