

See Me Sweat

Starlito

Trap

(Let the Band Play)

Trap

She won't see me sweat, rubber bands them racks

Nine out of ten, I'ma get it back (Facts)

Yeen even gotta ask, I'ma do the dash

Nigga sit back (Trap)

Throw the bows in the back, when I bust a left I'ma get it back

I'm always grinding up a sack, I pay my lawyer Ten just to handle wax, nigga

Bust it down, I'ma tax niggas

Yeen real, yeen that nigga

I was in the field, had to sack niggas

Rapid fire got the mac slippin

I've been burning tires, got the pack with me

(Skrtttt)

Getting money hoes act different, even got my main bitch back tripping

(Bitch)

But my lil freak, keep it too real said her friend want me

Said I'm getting money for real but I won't spend on her

Got so many people that depend on me, I'm the big homie

Fell in this bitch with bout Ten on me

Woke up throwed, yeah I've been on it

Bury me with a flip phone, just make sure you put some minutes on it (Grind Hard)

Told them call me when they finish, met my play at popeyes with the spinach

Margiela tennis, got 'em out of Lenx

Bought my bitch a bag, keep my pistol in it

Valid gun license, name on the rental

I'ma leave the game same way I entered (Lito)

Don't give a fuck about no fame, I just paid my lawyer 20

I'm in the trenches with it, pouring Remy

Shooting hunnid, hunnid

Got my 40 with me, I was getting off raw shorting niggas (Grind Hard)

You the type to go report a nigga

Interrogation, probably pointing at pictures

Take the stand, go to court on niggas

I'ma fuck ya bitch, and record it nigga (There go your evidence)

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(Bitch)

I got five on it, nine piece I'ma slide on it

Niggas pointing fingers, wearing wires on us

Got the glizzy here, I got eyes on ya
Thirty Thirty call it bulldozer
Bought the fridgidaire just to cool overs
Hoes lost, I told her move over
Had to hide sacks under dude's sofa
Eyes shut, and I'm loaded (Nah)
Yeen never seen a rollie
Yeen have to vacuum seal it 'cause it's potent
Flying south with yo shawty
She just want to let me hit because I'm about it (Bout it)
I ain't ever owned a wallet
Fast money, fast cash no flodgin' (flodgin')
On the first I get it poppin, got my side bitch flying down Collins
Catch up, bet I won't fuck up my my check cause
Me, I couldn't care who next up
OG smelling like pressure
Cutting high young nigga from the neck, up
From the bottom you see how I crawl
I sold me a brick, I hid cash in the wall
Can't cross none of mine, cause I'm ridin' for the cause

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