

XV**"Willy Wonkavator"**

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[XV]

Look at the beats that I done buried
Tell me I can't bless this like five Hail Mary's
Dead is so grateful that I'mma have to tell Jerry
Clearly, I'm still going unaware of the unwary
Yeah, haters stay imaginary as five fairies in the library
Eating on snozzberries, say, I rarely got the city on my
back
You Lisa Simpson n*ggas need to get off my saxs
I rep that deuce one. Blackjack
Riding and I'm lifting up my hood like a hatchback
Whipping in my hot wheel, ain't riding on no snap track
I'm after Slum Dog Millions, you after Kat Stacks
Better wear a condom and a hazmat
B*tches waste my time I wouldn't give 'em in a
flashback
Rappers fill they flash drives with whack tracks
Couldn't break a record with a glass plaque
Motherf*cker, that's that, I bag hunnies like MCM n*gga
Championship ballin like Wimbledon n*gga
The dudes that talk big, I never envy them n*ggas
They been lying since forever like MGM n*gga
It's hard to quit the bull, they be on some Jordan shit
'Cause when you really do it, you don't choose it, you
were born in it
So I do it for my FAM and you, Florida shit
And I'mma kill a n*gga on some Dexter Morgan shit
I promise mama that college just wasn't for the kid
'Cause I'm after the trophies you don't box up in
storages
Nobody ever sing my praises
Amazing now I'm hopping up on stages where they all
singing my choruses
Said f*ck a job, now all I do is f*cking work
Like a naughty secretary or a slutty nurse
Got the last laugh on people who acted funny first
Hungry like the homeless but I never spit a bummy
verse
Signed with Warner, now I got that Bugs Bunny smirk
What up Doc? Seven's Spock and I'm a younger Kirk
Stay with hard lines like a Modern Warfare perk

And always throwing up my city until my tummy hurt
Dynamite life, let's have a blast all over these bars, put
it on my tab

Gunning for the roses and I'm strumming like Slash
I don't toot my own horn, I brought the whole brass
Put my bars on the graph, everything's proportion
'Cause I never spit no trash, these are worth a fortune
'Cause n*ggas throw me ass cap, they need Aflac
Conceited about my good tracks, I always get a bad
rap

I plot my winds just like it to wear a gas mask
And my gear is high end like giraffe ass
I'm after that dollar, almost four quarters
And Warner's about to put me in the last half

Now watch they stock just go up
Your album dropping soon, tell em hold up
Vizy lifting drinks, tell em pour up
My Willy Wonkavator bout to go up

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