

Los

"No Lie"

Visit "[No Lie](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Intro:

Niggas know what I be doin'.
Wh - When I jump on the shit.
Los, it's the king.

Verse 1:

Yo, last year I ain't even have a deal (go),
Last month I made half a mil' (flex),
Last week I made ya girl grab her heels (work),
Fuck a bitch and pop half a pill (go),
Do you hoe I'm doin' mine (go),
Starin' so hard she goin' blind,
She keep her tongue out, and her legs spread,
I bet her zodiac is a Jordan sign (work),
Hol' up, slow down (slow down),
Niggas actin' like they really want me go ballistic I'ma
Load up, hoe 'round (hoe 'round),
Turn a nigga into jelly when I hit him in the biscuit like,
Roll up (roll up), get it roll up biscuit,
Jelly, roll up, fuck 'em, roll up,
Somethin', potent, OG, Losa, mother, fuckin' OG hoes
be
All on my dick (my dick), all in my section (my section),
Only love I have for them " is called an erection, oh
yes we
Leave a bitch nigga where they see fish swim,
Chrome on this lip like a deep dish rim,
See the nigga like a Maserati, hop out in Cavalli tell her
Pop another molly, make her hop on my Denali proolly
Cop it in Nevada, then we chop it out in Cali get it
Poppin' at the Ramada with models from the valley we
In here, so deep (deep), y'all niggas look like ass for
real,
Pussy niggas get cleaned up,
Like we load them MACs with Massengill,
Load that MAC lay back and chill,
Roll that sack then pass the kill like,

Pre-chorus:

I'm uncomfy 'round you niggas
'Cause I'm, fuckin' all of yo' bitches,
Once she see me ballin' them sixes,

So fly, so fly, so fly-e-y-e-ah, [2x]

Chorus:

And ye ain't slung no birds (uh), ye ain't never slung no birds (uh),

Ye ain't never slung no birds, and ye ain't hug no curb,

Ye ain't never hug no curb, ye ain't never hug no curb,

And ye ain't shaved no eighth! Ye ain't never shaved no eighth,

Ye ain't never shaved no eighth, I break shit down,

Say I gotta bath salt flow, run nigga save yo face, what uup,

Verse 2:

You wit' ya crew and they talkin' shit, and you

Talkin' shit but you stayin' behind 'em,

I'm becoming king and that became a problem,

You lame, I'm violent, you tamed and silent,

Ya dame got brain like insane asylums (work),

Crazy as shit, so maybe that shit,

Is almost as good as that trade for Bynum,

You trade, I'm buyin' 'em, they afraid I'm climbin' light,

Two rollies at one time (work), two hoes wit' me dumb fine (go),

Ooh don't tempt me my girlfriend had two door

Bentleys, unsigned,

Front line, front line, all my soldiers dumb biased (dumb by us) [?],

And all yo hoes just come by us (cum by us) [?],

Ya girl and her girlfriend said you can cum biased (cum biased),

So ya girl still behind the catcher like umpires,

Hol' up (hol' up), roll up (roll up),

'You a nasty nigga!', bitch so what? (so what),

Get ya dough up, broke ass niggas make me throw up,

Black Lamborghini doors go up, fuck around and

Come around I run the town I spun around ya block twice,

Just to scoop ya motherfuckin' hoe up, know what?

No bucks, no cut, low cheese, coca (?),

Low fella (?) no bread or no lettuce? No luck,

No look, Magic, no look, tragic,

Nola, YOLO, yola, social (??),

No hook, this time, niggas is so shit (?),

'Cause you need a notebook I do this with no " book

Visit [Los](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.