

Los

"Postcards"

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We shit now the game by the time they hit us
We'll be proly seeking on the plane
But the suck, see fuck about my lane
As the perfect time that ex the nigga fuck about the
game like
Wings on, kingship, bro shit, better when thy got rings
on them like

Go hide, we ain't, got nothing for bitches niggas but
postcards
We ain't, got nothing for bitch niggas but postcards

We can see through speechless, so let get through
street less
Someone trapped the lost key, but keep his lust fresh
That skies of papers, stack an axer, I'm not the savior,
I'm better to save all
I should take two haters, on that which is gonna be, get
on me
Tynna follow me if you're able to be, seventy, shout
them off the lay upon the heaven be
Suddenly, I just got my men, go now nigga have a
black one,
Never to my black one, niggas are the black ones
Niggas are lights out, how is out, and this thing is
ready for them mother fucker wipe up
Nigga ain't surely, ain't build like this, this is my real
life, butch I ain't pay like this
I just feel like I make muse, like she meals, why do you
feel like shit?
Shit you one ain't to see that somebody see us, that
somebody see us?
Might somebody see us?
If they ain't to see us, then somebody shit us on the DJ
frog,
I ain't fuck make it out without a DJ bro

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I'm somewhere, under pom trees, whit that blond
tease, under one risk
Young nigga are blowing than string leaves, I ain't no
problem for the right side
To say money, money, money, queens, queens, cash,
school them
Trap lane, got thing, going in fast nigga
I'm somewhere the moon, looking down in the cools,
somewhere in the room, nigga run
Who could get run me, who the fuck soon can to be
Me, you LLS, IT, IG, I can see a lot of them coming from
the click right now
So I'm rightful caused for this bitch right now, ah
Next time you see me I probably be different, I told you
niggas
You get run take that whole things, fake a thing you
saw me as looking like a hell old nigga, cane

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(Postcards, postcards, postcards, postcards)
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