

Dj Ill Will "Hnhh Cypher"

Visit "[Hnhh Cypher](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Kid Ink)

I said its kid ink baby
turn to the max like tj
body tagged up like the bottom of the free way
game don't like it niggas need to get a key made
run this shit it aint nothing but a relay
it ain't nothing you can tell us
bout to roll up kush sticky like elmer's
this ain't no how i act like summa
going head up with me bring a motherfuckin helmet
you niggas just special ed
all i see is green but my eyes so red
and all i do is win got a room full of clouds
bout to take another shot but I'm used to the fouls
i ball it
you could take 2 to the mouth its illumni
throw it up 2 to the south
tell them deuces
just put 2 in the air
so sick said it must be the flu in the air
if you do it big then i prolly did it od
thought it was a dream but i aint never get no sleep
up all night gettin higher then the nose bleed
swear i was raised by beats like moblique
came from the bottom
rats in the roaches
now niggas blunts aint as fat as my roaches
bout to go HAM, ya n-ggas just kosher
I'ma shark in the water, see the fin then its over

(Meek Mill)

They were sleeping on me
Time for me to wake them up
Counting all these fucking babies
till I get a paper cut
kill the competition
now ? then I make them up
Only time we Black and Yellow
when the caution tape is up
ha, that record dead

memory of
spitting that crack
this really is drugs
theres hate in the air
I ain't feeling the love
you like an irritating fly
I'm killing your buzzzzz
I'm eating the beat
this is pacman
I'm on the grind
like a motherfucking lap dance
shorty gonn' do whatever
says shes a rap fan
Every nigga round me
Robin, Batman
All black coupes
All black wheels
step out the line
ima show you how that mac feel

I'm like she ? in the corner of that backfield
? or get your motherfucking cap pilled?
rolling and then swerving and ? through ur
neighborhood
let my money do the talking
I aint gotta say Im good
Who is that
I ain't gotta say I would
riding like an engine bitch
I ain't gotta say I'm hood
I tell a hoe to follow me
and swallow me
I be spending money
like I fucking hit the lottery
If I ever hit your girl
then this is my apology
These suckas they be tripping
bout these bitches trynna body me

(Los)

I'm about to go over round my arm
lean a way that I could feel it now
tali round my head
Taliban knock the building down
High cock blocker
I'm a fly top shotter
In my all red rims
like a high top Prada
on my mommas mouth to the drama
and lies would be gripping from my lips

as I'm spitting that shit that Osama be gripping
hungry as a poverty stricken
robbery victim
where the rascals of waffles and chickens
win the lottery ticket
And your girl let me pop it in real life
I beat it like they locked me in a room
with the doctor that killed Mike
I feel like, put me in a field let the field lights
shine on the field now watch me kill all the field mice
I'm anthrax you tampax
I'm about to go Amtrax
Jack Black black Jack
got the track saran wrap
stand back I'm slamming an antagonist
slapping you faggots putting the can in a bandwagon
swag of the century, mack and the bench of three
I hear it was nothing trying to crack it eventually
rappers they mention me
boy I put this on my mother
you'll end up interscope
Im jus trynna warner brother
still getting cheesecake on these dummies
deal or no deal i got a briefcase full of money
Jahlil on the beat, Will hosting this shit
and its T-Lanez, Ink, Meek, and Los in this bitch

(Tory Lanez)

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.