

Lola Monroe

"Goldie Freestyle"

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Said It's must be cause a bitch up on the Source
Mutha fuckin right we got the District on the source
Hold up ,
Smile every time my face is up in the source
I hippied on a biggie,
Pan Amera'd on the Porsche
Bangs with the gang get ya blocked popped off
I split bitches swallow till they get locked jaw
I mirrored them figures
That pull statistics like triggers
I move samplistical on niggas
I'm just the sickest of bitches
Okay now hold up, hold up
Fuck they mean
I'm colder, polar
best believe my flow'a show her,
Hold a stroller
Haulin' ass up out my lane
better ask about my slang
I got head shot's for bitches
who trana copy my frame
She know, he know, we know
I fck around and go Debo
When I get smokey up in your ego
Better get on my shot's ain't no free throw
And Givenchy with a mojito
Easy for me though
How bitches all want my swag I could easily go repo
And snatch my shit back , in a black on black vest
Smack attack on that track
Run and combat your whack raps
Niggas hotter than when I leave my perm in for too
long
And I never gave a fuck about a nigger who on
I'm like one of them
I'm my own bitch
type bitches on my rich
White dishes my wrist
Quite viscous I dislike snitches
they fuck they nigga over cause they pussy at heart
Though you work to bring that quarter back Bret Favre
I've been tryna get these niggas of me

Can't even stack your c-notes so your fingers off key
O-G at heart keep my shit low key
I just cop me a new royce the perpetual rolley
O-D these bitches fake out more smokin mirrors
and my clique read thru gags so don't get the chokin
near us
Really though , who the fuck illa
I'll wait, Taylor Gang unleashed a killa

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