

Gunplay

"Bitches Ain't Shit Freestyle"

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Bank filled to the brim, spilt on my rims
Wind-shield to the wing, couple gin to the chin
Jewels on my limbs, do not attempt
Reach and I teach you, stay and I'm swift

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Street's so great, sky stone gray
Where the bitchesA Let's see what the iPhone say
Money won't stop and time won't stay
Broke motherfuckers say crime don't pay
I hide no face, still find no trace
A rap says I put that fire on that lace
Hostile, since coke in the nostril
Skinny as pasta with a big ol' mouse berg
Maybach machine, all you hear is cha-ching
Never flew where I flown, all you see is the wing
All black up from the shoes to the ring
Including the mink, I am as rude as you think
Back on the turf like I never left the nerf
Feel sorry for my mother, shouldn't never have to birth
I never had a gift, damn sure I had a curse
Now who next to climb out the back of that hurse
Yea, you already know Gunplay
Don Adolf, Logan
Hail Logan ha-ha-ha-ha

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