

## Nicki French

### "Hard Lemonade"

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Nicki:

I'm in a tricky little mood  
I trick these little dudes  
I tell em that I love em but  
I never really do  
See, I like pretty shoes and  
I like pretty minks  
And I like sight sein' the pyramids and the sphinx  
He cop Italian pieces so I do the first pump  
And I can only push it if the trunk is in the front  
If the trunk is in the back, then you gotta take it back  
You can hit me on the jet  
I chat on the mac  
See I am who I am nicky motherfucker if she say she  
not a fan  
She a lyin motherfcuker  
Over shoppin in Paris so I speak a little French  
Oui oui raggedy time for you to hit then bench  
Indecisive so I always gotta pick two  
I guess that's why I got the yorkie and the shitzu I told  
fab get that Michael knight kitt coupe  
Before I put this pussy on ya chipped tooth

Jiaer Lavon:

I pull up my 42's so I call you little dudes  
Your woman coming single, I take my chicks in twos  
And when it comes to sippin lemonade is what I choose  
And when it come to trippin that's all you really do  
I don't work at lowers but you know I keep them tools  
Come around my town I'll show ya what them hammers  
do  
And this is not a diss, this is just what I do  
And all y'all nigaas false, I'm only speakin in truths  
You get it? The program: get with it  
I'm killing these niggas, like cancer to liver  
Nigga package out the liver trigger finger on the  
trigger  
She treat me then trick ya I'm in it go figure  
The way I bringin money you would think  
I'm doing taxes  
Cause the money come in like income backwards

So I'ma go hard cause I ain't trying to go home that's  
Why I'm snappin on this beat like you just finished the  
poem  
And I spits that crack you can just call me  
Jerome and I go  
All out like that nigga from home alone  
Even though I never write, my nigga I'm never wrong  
So I'ma give it up and let sean go off

Big Sean  
First whip, garbo second whip largo  
Don't worry bout my niggas they're good, marshall  
Bank account got me feelin well, fargo  
Ballin till I get a Millicheck, Darko  
I just give em line after line after line after...  
After line after line, barcode  
They lookin for my work, narco  
Cause I just black out in the booth, charcoal  
Me, don see, tonin 54 bitches  
This weed finna' blow I bet they finna' blow nigga 2  
pounds of weed don't' act  
Like you don't know nigga  
I put that green up like mistletoe nigga

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