

Tory Lanez

"Beamer Benz Or Bentley Freestyle"

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Calvin go get my notebooks, put em in the hearse for me

Yo bout to murder dis shit nigga look

Beamer benz or bentley, my jeans aint ever empty

and nigga I aint gucci but no skier ever get me

the 7 series Beamer aint the reason they respect me

I aint never been a pussy cuz my team will never let me the modern day hanibal, flock fresh animal I'm sick I'm sick and I aint got a antidote, skeetin in yo gurls mouth and her throat, I'll grill ya'll peel like cantilope

Oh and its so sinsurr, two european broads and they both in hurr, me and ryhmes took turns we was both in thurr and my girl is like a fox but she don't wear fur.

Ho's used to say no now they like oh yeah sure, they don't even call me lanez they like oh yes sir, I'mma go getter, never go get her, from her crib what I look like dat ho chaffuer. gettin hella dome, put lady gaga on my telephone, hella gone ay yo girl beat no metronome, my new bitch she a yellow bone, I buy her yellow stones cuz I like it when she got that yellow onnn.

now tell me where the flag beat at, if i had one wish I'd bring mack's beat back, bought to buy a lamb tell me where da back seat at. please free gucci, boozy and weezy we black.

so you could say that tory lanez is a born star but you couldn't find my roof with an on-star. never slip nigga I be on guard, sicker than a swine no time for your corn bars. eight long bags, stay calm fag, I'm a more beast then the J arm tag, colder than another shuttle tell me where the quilt at, Tory is a mothafucker tell me where the milf at. I can get you killed back, like the way I kill tracks, we gon leave you with yo scout and it's all peeled back. only nigga dat be hangin like a pendant, rip the beat so hard niggas had to mend it. fuck it lets cement it. cuz I killed it I'm feeling some resentment... fuck I just killed that shit... so I'mma come back and avenge it. reincarnation of the track on some revenge shit. step inside da club all da guns and da frenzy. I be writin till my pen break cuz I'm hungry, I'm to da point that my ribs ache. I just wanna see yo hips shake. My

latin shawty call me poppa while she fix me up a big
steak. see I'm hungry for a big plate and I'm never full
even though I just ate. call me the four model fucka,
get they twist on like a soda bottle cover, tired of
breakin it to niggas dat I got they lover, hold her and I
fold her like some sort of oragami sculpture. read
between the lines, see between her eyes. Killin dat
pussy R.I.P between yo thighs. I seem to be dispised by
some very evil guys. fake niggas do fake shit so don't
belive the lies.

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