

T-Lanez

"Murcielago"

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I think I'm going manifest but no game no coming rig
Ship that to Callie Louie duffle full of sticks
I know what to look so white mama now I am thinking
Till to stop sucking girl you give him with a hick-up, a
hick-up
Game's on the record I... own the b.b.
Get your stumped out like we're drumming with the
feet in
I'm a deal with nigger, swipe it, coming with the heat,
Lamborghini burning behind me when it's steam
Know I'm n the building like my desktop in the office
To know my money longer doing make up on an ostrich
I'm so deaf and gone that I've tested alcoholic
And yeah, I'm rapping like I'm rapping from my Callie

Messing with the kid, yo, yeah, I know a big o
Ride around town in my new Murcielago
CANADA, oh o, CANADA, oh o
I get the more the [?] sitting in the condo
Bet [?] the girls all flying to Toronto
CANADA, oh o, CANADA, oh o

Boy I'm back up in it like I'm flacking with your main
High pay longer than the highway lane do
We be talking money Shawty, don't you like my
language, yo?
I ain't coughing nothing I just play them like a banjo
Any girl know I am sitting around, round
Getting tongue tone till I [?] dum dum
Hot do it, I'm the new Sean Con
Money like a low I got it in a love some
Staying in my Lambo, hotter than some [?]
[?] on that cash, reach as far as the land go
Your girl Mona, Alanso,
Tori Lanez's about to take her far as it can though

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