

## Louis V

### "Hello"

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(Intro)

Aye Louis aye

(Verse)

Who you know hotter than me? Apostrophe  
Walk around the town with money bags like the lottery  
Niggas stealing my swag and I ain't talkin robbery  
It don't take a college boy to understand philosophies  
About the game, a bunch of lames  
Broke niggas tryna make a name  
Think he poppin with that money in a chain  
Do not compare us, we are not the same  
Fuck you thought? I gave up on this rap shit  
I took a break to let other niggas practice  
I see you run, I'm bout to overlap it  
They can't touch your boy, I'm so cactus  
Be circling the globe, no Atlas  
Please do not confuse the lies with the facts bitch  
Touch that hundred racks, waitin for this rap shit  
All these boys talkin money on that little trap shit?  
Stop, I'm a boss, never needed intellect  
I came in the game boy, and I've been a threat  
So while you lames talkin I ain't even finished yet  
We just started cookin, I ain't eaten dinner yet

(Verse)

My chicks, you aint seen these  
My crew naked, that's green hay  
501 no need crease, stick Denim, dressed to kill  
Mixed niggas no blender  
Pulled a bitch and I send er  
I could really care less, I tell a ho go far like pinder  
Nigga call me Young GI  
Double Z, LE,  
McFly I'm the shit, at least that's what the bitches be  
telling me  
They love me cause a nigga so wavy  
Came in and the hoes go crazy  
I don't see these bitches, I get ghost love like Swayze  
Bad bitch named moly, I just popped 2, my turnup real  
Niggas don't want no problems, LBR we keep steel

Got language like fierce ville  
Flight cold like PT  
All black like what it be  
Eat or starve like young me  
Louis got me on the mix  
Reporting live from the rich  
So it's only right that I do my thing  
Everything is a gang I bang, I'm just gon act a fool  
again  
Good fly nigga you heard about  
(That's me) Yea, brother, the word is out  
I'm just a mellow fellow  
I know my bitches is yellow, and they love it when they  
hear that hello

(Verse)

Step out with Louis V, all gold my jewelry  
Broke your bitch's back with my dick, now she suing me  
Fly nigga who's cool as me  
All black, I'm cool as you  
Came out that A6, pull up in that spaceship  
My old school, that's Slick Rick, my bitch bomb like tic  
tic  
Need there flu, my shoes sick  
I get top like cool whip  
Been broke like 2 bricks  
Who's that? To the chill  
Flow cold like ice chill, I never change, I've been real  
Pull up in that Cadillac, beast knockin like battle cat  
Running lights like the ambulance,  
Might fuck your bitch, you can have her back  
Her ass shake like a avalanche, flip money like  
acrobats  
I kill shit, where the casket at?  
I still ball with them every set  
Instant yellow but I'm from the take  
Spit fire, who needs a match  
Any flave you want in the Llac  
I stay fly, where the camera at?  
It's domino and you smoking crack  
Can't fuck with me and you knowin that  
Runnin shit like a runnin back  
Flow hot, bring the summer back

(Verse)

Every day I wake up I'm thankful  
Then I roll over, count a bank roll  
Then I make that bitch grab her ankles  
Getting to the money, do you know the lingo?  
Got killers move when I say so  
I'm in the fast lane, I don't move slow

Professional globe trotter  
Talk money? If not don't holler  
I'm in trus, Pradas  
Getting to the moola, never been a problem  
Your mojo don't speak  
I rhyme foreign, sittin on butter seats  
It's a buffet, got all type of beef  
Smoking on the maple leaf, clorazine, we talkin loud  
Bullshit, we cut it down  
Choppa hold a hundred rounds  
Balls to the C Town, meese

(Verse)

Hell (wuzzup) goodbye  
I wish a nigga would try to run up on this so called good  
guy  
I'm good under pressure so I shine like a diamond  
You didn't get it, you should touch up on your science  
I be passing right by em, if I wanted then I'd buy em  
Prior to these rappin you was a joke, Richard Pryor  
Be niggas be rollin, that's where all my tiers tired  
You be sippin on that coffee, I mean all you snitches  
wired  
Yall a bunch of zeros, tell me what you here for  
You should get this yap brain, hop up out them Sears  
clothes  
I mean fierce is just so fearful  
You ballin and tell me why your pears broke  
If you don't know by now this is ya boy  
I should call you Mr. Marcus, little fuck boy  
Grow up, don't you have enough toys?  
We so death, we make too much noise  
Hello, hello, hello, hello  
Will I ever fail? Hell no  
So you can tell them haters hello

(Hook)

I heard you got a deal, I tell em hello  
Got these niggas in my grill, I tell em hello  
I heard you got a mill, I tell em hello  
Hello, hello  
Yea, I tell em hello  
They askin bout my fit, I tell em hello  
Where'd you get them kicks, I tell em hello  
I heard they smashed my bitch, we tell em hello  
Hello, hello  
Yea, we tell em hello

