

Accidents Happen

Tory Lanez & Lil Tjay

Baby need shoes, mama need a house
Goin' through racks again
Baby momma bitchin' 'bout another bitch And I got 'em racks again
Caught me down when I was slippin'
But I promise I'll never lack again
My shooter trigger finger itchy, nigga
Might just hit you on accident Reload the strap again
We comin' back again
You double crossed on a nigga
We hit him and it ain't by accident
Throwin' new racks again
Blowin' through stacks again
Hella new plaques again
Spittin' these facts again
Sippin' the dirtiest, baby
The shipment come, we get the earliest, baby
I'ma spend it, I'm courteous, baby
The first to the fuckin' 30th baby
It ain't a place a nigga can't go
One Umbrella, that's the fuckin' gang though
Had to imprint it on a chain though
Switchin' different whips like I'm lil' Django I done came up from the sidewalk
Now I rap, nigga, used to slang dope
From the fistfights to the shootouts
In the parking lot and now it's bankroll
Was a broke nigga, now I came up
I don't do this shit to entertain ya
Can't believe I even got this famous
Yesterday I was grippin' on a stainless
I was sellin' dope from out the Popeyes
I was whippin' corner, counter-clockwise
Tryna get the Porsche with the frog eyes
Sellin' dope, a niggas should be top five
Got extended clip inside a Glock-9
It was never times I forgot mine
If a nigga trippin', turn to Columbine
Shootin' anybody, that his shots find Niggas said that they deserve my position
But them pussy niggas, they did not grind
If we talkin' 'bout shit that separates me and you, nigga, it's a long line
I done came through, Bentayga Bentley
Never thought that I'd be seein' this
When I was young and I was playin' Sega Genesis

Pancake seats made at Denny's, that's real nigga shit
 We don't pay a bitch nigga debt
 Bet your life on the line
 'Cause we don't make lil' nigga bets, nah Look at all this dope, it ain't by accident
 Bitch nigga, I'm froze, it ain't on accident
 She gon' give me that throat, it ain't on accident
 Fuck nigga, just know
 Throwin' more racks again
 Blowin' through stacks again
 Bitch, I might back the Benz, it ain't on accident
 Backin' that back again (Oh)
 You fucked up my stacks up again (Oh)
 Nigga get clapped again (Grrr), it ain't on accident Shitted on 'em, so I know they mad
 Copped my freezer from AZ in Rollie bag
 Grippied up, we don't care where the police at
 And we scorin', fuckboy, where yo' homies at?
 Niggas know us, we 'bout it, we love to drill
 So my youngins be on that, they love the field
 We pull up, we blastin' this shit for real
 Momma said, "It's for nothin', you need to chill" I'm goin' off, still on that gang shit
 But I told you, ain't lane switchin'
 I catch a lick, it ain't really 'bout shit
 We gon' spin off the strip and just change whips
 Ain't no security with me, we totin' like fifty
 That's life with the gang slip
 But fuck it, we live how I live
 And I know what I did, plus it's too late to change shit Ain't not fightin', the Glock rearrange shit
 If you tryna meet death, I'll arrange it
 In the foreign, I pick up your main bitch
 She was suckin' my dick, and I came quick
 I ain't even gon' talk on the opp side
 Y'all could say what y'all want, but do not slide
 Caught him slippin', he ran in to Popeyes
 Everybody all tough 'til them shots fly, gang (Grrr) Look at all this dope, it ain't by accident
 Bitch nigga, I'm froze, it ain't on accident
 She gon' give me that throat, it ain't on accident
 Fuck nigga, just know
 Throwin' more racks again
 Blowin' through stacks again
 Bitch, I might back the Benz, it ain't on accident
 Backin' that back again
 You fucked up my stacks up again
 Nigga get clapped again (Grrr), it ain't on accident

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