

Desire

DeJ Loaf

I don't ask no questions
I just handle business
I don't ask for favors
I don't ask for niggas
Who the fuck asked you niggas?
Look, I don't run from no one
Pass me my drink, I'm on one
Real killers moving in silence, Ask Oba
Act sober
All of these niggas be goofy rats
Telling on everything moving
I was in Austin and I was feeling real groovy
Shoutout my boy Trae he put on for Houston
I say, "who want it with me?"
Pull up with Benz, got them drummers with me
Ready for war like, who coming with me?
Got goons who feel like what's the point in living
Niggas hoes, so what's the point in trippin'
Crack a nigga head like a fortune cookie
Like a choice pussy, wet you all with like
Like moist pussy
My young niggas look up to me
Get a hand going for a buck fifty
No thanksgiving, I ate dinner
I ain't missing out on no meals
I'm so patient, I'll wait for it
Cut a nigga face like seals
I'm so trill, I'm so 'bout it
My music give me chills, ahh
Like damn I'm so little, but I'm feeling like Shaquille (O'neal)
If I go today, just know today you were in my will (my fam)
My best friend and my godson, he just like my kid (Tristin)
I ain't going back to my old life, I'm in this shit forreal (I'm in it, I'm winnin')
So if you try to take that from me nigga, it's kill or be killed, ahh (wassup?)
It's kill or be killed

I can't hold back I gotta live life
Go and get everything that I desire
Why you playin' with stones
If you don't like fire?
What's the point of playin' roles
If you ain't gon' own the title?

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Niggas intentions be bad
Look what they did to Damiere
Look what they did to my dad
Niggas be feelin' themselves
I rather feel on myself
Than to let you feel on my ass
I got the chrome and the stash
I'm not no thug, I just know niggas who masked
Woah, haha
You pussies don't move how I move
I ain't into flashing my jewels
I ain't never gon' lose
Can't be like Tim with that two
We got burners and fuel (fuel)
We will do you, we'll do you, we'll do you
Woah, haha
We'll do you, aye, we'll do you

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