

From the D to the A (feat. Lil Yachty)

Tee Grizzley

Off top, run a nigga out his socks
Niggas talk more than bitches
Niggas really be on cock though
Just fucked a ho out in France
Paint her face like Picasso
I iced out my vatos, I'm really up
Big ass Beamer, big Benz and my Bentley next
Don't play around on my phone, ho, gimme sex
Watch on my wrist out of date, but it's Rolex
Grizzley up next, I'm up now
Strap your bullet vest
500 50's, 600 hundreds
700 20's, let's get straight to it
800 10's, what's that? 8 bands
Hit the store and get some rubber bands
Let's get straight to it
Everybody come together, everybody got the plan
He came with you, so if he steal it fall on you, he on your ass
Have your mans call his mans, make sure they ain't movin' fast
Soon as they touch Atlanta, get with Boat
Secure the bag, nigga
Oh, A bag secure, that's on my mama, bro
Asian lil' ho, she ride that dick, Yokohama flow
Made that shit double, got an Uzi, I don't scuffle
Not a banger but that banger in my car like an airbag
Niggas only aimin' in the sky, call those Air Mags
All up in Neiman's, coppin' shit like fuck a price tag
I'm ballin', ain't near a rap nigga in the game that I'm callin'
If I need help, I'll dial it by my se-celf
You swear your bitch faithful, she sent her location
I hit her at the trap in Decatur, she basic (Crazy)
Chop with the laser, get decapitated
Can't smoke, I'm on papers, hold on... this my Jamaican (love one)
Niggas want me dead, so I'm steady prayin'
Ain't no disrespect without retaliation
Fuck a hotel, I hit her in the basement
Text her later like, "I'm done with you
I got a situation, baby"
Well shit, bro, let me get her then
I'ma dog her out then switcheroo into the lion's den
Nigga talkin' down, my bro got more heat than a fryin' pan
Gucci 'round my hair, wrapped tight like I'm Taliban

Like I'm Taliban, how we drop shit, go
Lot of dreadheads, lot of chopsticks
Touch my nigga Yachty, get your top ripped
Don't ask the price if you know you ain't tryna cop shit You the type to look around but never
cop shit, ayy
I'm the type to buy the store, make them restock it, ayy
Beam on everythin' I own, I will not miss
Grizzley by my side like a pilot ridin' cockpit
Yachty, I might stop rappin' for this one reason (oh, for real?)
If the Feds hear this shit I'm doin' a hundred seasons
In the hood, shootin' craps in my Yeezys
Put angels on you niggas who be playin' like y'all demons, you dig? Middle finger to them
niggas hatin' and fakin'
They plottin' on my death, I give their mothers deep penetration
Diamond choker for some reason give me pure ventilation
Every real nigga livin' will respect this collaboration We the bust down brothers, check the
Rollies out
Say you winnin' one more time, I'm pullin' trophies out
Niggas know we out, no Shaqs, all Kobes out
In other words, I'm with all shooters that'll blow you down From the D to the A, put respect on it
If that's your ho, why my dick got her mouth on it?
I'm from the south, I got diamonds in my teeth
I got fur on my fleece, my new ring could pay your lease Lease, nigga
Chain on my dresser next to my indictment
When they said not guilty I was so excited
From the A to the D, bitch you heard Yachty
Wraith comin' this summer, I'ma have your bitch drivin'
Bitch!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>