

# 7.62

## YFN Lucci

Pipe that shit up TnT  
Dmac on the fuckin' track  
I say, uh, oh, yeah, look  
In the back of the Benz, I just got it painted  
The grill gold-plated, my crib still gated  
But we ain't used to have not a dollar, who gon' take it  
Robberies in Grand Theft Auto, I can't fake it  
They told me don't be trippin' about it, I can't save it  
A whole lotta bring problems  
But if a nigga play, we gon' get him murdered tomorrow  
Wanna see me demonstrate?  
'87 tea top Cultey, put it on the interstate  
Solitaire [?], they can't even see my face  
These hoes they want me to chase  
I don't keep my sneakers laced  
I don't ride [?] my key can't go to no valet  
Flew my cars out to LA  
I saw so many posin' and bitch we gon' need to vacate  
We been off for some decades  
Look, smokin' grade A, but in school I got low grades  
Get that boy a box of perfume, he got [?]  
Look, throw that boy a 7.62, we don't throw shade  
I hope everyone don't hit you, not partly  
Look, I'ma die, in these Cuban links, I feel like [?]  
Walk through 'em, want me to call through, that's a role  
Look, what you gonna do when the money through, shorty  
Don't keep tellin' me what you gon' do for me  
Okay, yeah, only talk about shit that I go through, I ain't phony  
You gon' do, what The Who, I ain't homie  
Lab man, he got [?] by the  
Ain't no cappin', I spent you advance on little homie  
We gon' get it [?] we don't land til the morning, huh  
Matter fact, gon' hit 'em up while I'm performin', huh  
I just got another grill, call me George Foreman, huh  
I just got another mil' and I ain't even hungry, huh  
How you niggas do it, bitch you worser than a woman, huh  
Anybody get it nigga, show me my opponent, huh  
I be in the newest shit, I introduce you to this  
I put you on my shooter list, fuck it, let me do the bitch  
I been goin' through some shit, flip out, give the Juul a hit  
On the one like Chris child, we don't sip on no Christ style  
I remember ridin' 'round in that bucket

When we was in that Nissan, they didn't give me nothin'  
When I was fucked up my own bitch wouldn't even love me  
When I ain't have my swagger right the hoe wouldn't even fuck me  
I be on some feed the fam shit, I know my momma proud of me  
I know that [?] real good, I just can't put down the shit  
I do it real big, but they don't acknowledge it  
Look at where I live  
You know I cash that on it, a condo and a crib  
I pay more than 1.5 for it  
Every day I spend some shit, every thing I'm in be lit  
Everything I thing about it, I be tryna spend some shit  
Long live all of my niggas where we done came  
Hater, I gotta talk to you in the graveyard

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