

No Heart (feat. Lil Keed)

Kap G

Supah Mario on the beat, nigga
Slatt
Keed talk to 'em Yeah, I keep that Jimmy, got the Glock off in these skinnies (Woo)
Blue hundreds and rubber bands, I ain't talking' Rollin' 60's (Uh-uh)
Pull up with a hundred shots, I came you'll catch it
I just rocked a show, pop a backend then I stash it
Extra hundred in my Goyard, ooh
I got chips like poker, yeah
I just fucked that bitch, I tell these bitches I got no heart, yeah
Paint her face like Mozart, ooh, run this shit need more yards, yeah
Got a lil' mild bitch, don't start (Don't start)
What you gon' do for this Goyard? (Mm)
I like to pop me a perc and my bitch, she like fuckin' me early (She like fuckin' me early)
I put that ice on my neck and I swear that it cost me a birdie (Cost me a birdie)
'Cause we do this shit, no rehearsal, yeah
I don't give a fuck like a virgin, yeah
I met her shoppin' at Urban, yeah, I went and fucked her in person, yeah
Keed talk to 'em
We talk money, we talk fluent
They all tens, so I flew 'em
If you ain't fuckin', what you doin'? I'ma beat like Metro Boomin'
She got whitey 'round her nose, I go shoppin' when I'm low
Fuck it, hop up in the Ghost, I told Keed, Vamanos, yeah
You make the wrong move, they gon' wipe your nose (Wipe your nose)
I got them VV's, them rose gold (VV's)
That bitch gon' ride me like rodeo (Yeah)
My bitch from Toronto like OVO, you actin' slow like you poured a four
Crib be so big, don't know where to go, new Balmain, they from Tokyo (Balmain), yeah
Yeah, I keep that Jimmy, got the Glock off in these skinnies (Woo)
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What you gon' do for this Goyard? (Mm) I been putting' up, yes, I been trendin' lately, ah
(Trendin')
I be with the slime ball, hundred shots out the blickey
I be with Lil' Kelly, he'll up the blickey (Blickey, blickey)
G-Star with Off-White jeans (Off-White), y'all niggas need level up

(Let's go, let's go)

We was in the hotbox, told 'em leave some chips for us
Your diamonds, they all cool, told the ho fruity pebbles, for us
I could stand up on it, it's a YSL lifestyle only (YSL, YSL)
Yeah, racks all on me (Racks), tossin' it back like Tony
Bitch tryna act like she know me, I don't know if these niggas police
So much Sprite, yeah, pour me, one white ho keep blowing' me
I just jumped down, ain't no shirt on, came from the bottom but a nigga went up (Keed talk to
'em)
Hit Clearport, jet goin' right up, gotta keep that .5 right near me, uhYeah, I keep that Jimmy,
got the Glock off in these skinnies (Woo)
Blue hundreds and rubber bands, I ain't talking' roller 60's (Uh-uh)
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What you gon' do for this Goyard? (Mm)

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