

Lost and Found (feat. YNW Melly)

Tee Grizzley

Stack, pray, stay out the way, you gon' make it out
Whole brick in the trap, we gon' break it down
Audemar, fuck the plain, we gon' spray it down
Run up on you, ain't no talkin', we gon' lay you down
Pussy boy, please don't make a nigga lay
you down

Big kahunas on the Glock, monkey nuts, fifty rounds
Fuck boy better shh, better not make a sound
Leave your ass on the ground, leave your ass lost and found
Oh oh, okay, okay, he want a flick, huh huh
Okay, I heard that nigga got that bag, uh uh
Huh, huh, we need it all, go get the TEC, uh uh
My niggas shootin' shit in public, we don't text, okay
Sat in prison all them years and I came out hurt
On the block of no return, shoot at unknown curbs
I got two sides to me, half grizzly, half shark
Jump in that water or them woods and get ripped apart
This assault rifle so big, this bitch can come apart
I remember stealin' bikes, now I got auto-start
Melly, slatt slatt slatt, that's that gang talk
And fuck a chain, I'll snatch a nigga brain off
Ass on, I want to ride on her
She a lot, uh uh, he surprised I'm hung, yeah
Beat that pussy bitch, with the .223
I been totin' sticks before puberty, huh
All these freaky bitches see the truth in me, huh
She's like Melly, baby, you abusing me, hmm
And we made it out of poverty, uh
Thirty thousand on the Cuban link, uh
This shit here what I'm distributing
Good dope in Detroit, yeah, distributing
Uh, ooh-E
He on that and I'm on E, nah
Ooh she say she popped a bean, uh
Nut on her face like, "Maybe it's Maybelline"
Fuck a nigga's bitch good, she ain't gon' go back to him
Gave an opp the whole thirty, felt like I owed that to him
And Doc ain't shootin' just to shoot, that boy know what he doin'
And fuck niggas, that ain't my business, I don't know what they doin'
And Block ain't pimpin' just to pimp, he got the hoes lit
Have my Bloods put some blood on your whole fit
That Instagram bitch you like, she sucked the whole dick
And I don't trust her, I'm fuckin', clutchin' my four-fifth
They been screamin' up the block, cops ain't even carin'

If them bitches get behind me they gon' get embarrassed
Melly, where the Florida hoes, nigga? Sharing is caring
If we do a drill together, they gon' think we terrorists

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>