

Lightbeam (feat. NoCap)

Lil Skies

I just told Richie we rich Yeah, smoking out the pound of P
I got a plan like Master P
Told her everything ain't what it seems
Okay, you gotta light on you a beam
I'm the king of all her dreams
Superfresh like Listerine
Okay, shawty, I got lots of tings
Mardi Gras, a party teen
Open up, don't tell a thing
Okay, keep a secret right with me
Drop the top and catch a vibe
Pockets own a lot of ring
Yeah, balling and swinging the bag
If I give you everything
Would you go pop these tags?
If I was down bad
Would you give all you had?
I just wanna make you laugh
I don't wanna make you mad
I don't wanna make you sad
I just wanna make you play
Yeah, swervin' off up in the car
Babygirl go too fast
Babygirl don't gotta brag
Babygirl way too different
Shawty, she don't ever listen
I'm Jordan she Scottie Pippen
Ayy, go to the move for a vacay
That is my lil' bae, bae
She be drivin' me cray, cray
Might load up my AK
I'm gon' walk down with it on the street
I'ma tell that boy come with me
I'ma tell him to take a seek
I'ma shoot him and yes, we get it
Oh, yeah
Drivin' the car, it's a Bourbon
Lil' baby go sit on my lap
She ridin' my dick while I'm swervin'
I'm bustin' my nuts on the tits
She seeing my kids in person
And she keep a Glock on that girdle

Pull 'em out when she makin' 'em hurdle
 Oh, yeah, she makin' 'em nervous
 Oh, I found we keep it to service
 And I got the drips like I'm merching
 Call, call and he sent a surgeon
 He callin' these check on my purchase
 I got it, my nigga, I earned it
 I flipped in this out and them burning
 I whip to the Lamb with the Persians
 Yeah, smoking out the pound of P
 I got a plan like Master P
 Told her everything ain't what it seems
 Okay, you gotta light on you a beam
 I'm the king of all her dreams
 Superfresh like Listerine
 Okay, shawty, I got lots of teams
 Mardi Gras, a party teen
 Open up, don't tell a thing
 Okay, keep a secret right with me
 Drop the top and catch a vibe
 Pockets own a lot of ring Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, it be like
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
 Oh, oh, oh, oh If I'm gon' send to the grave, it's gon' be hard to replace me
 Cartier shades just to hide intoxication
 I go crazy for that money, insane for that paper
 I got shooters on the man, we ain't payin' for no cable
 Vampire count that money in the dark
 I tote that stingray but I know that I'm a shark
 I steal that lil bitch wig then I tell her play a part
 I steal and shoot this bitch, I know I'm hangin' 'round stars
 You in my hand, somethin' like sanitizer
 And I won't argue 'bout who'll get higher
 I ain't stuntin' that nigga 'cause high key way flyer
 And every beat that I'm on gives strength like appetizer
 Ayy, Lil Skies, you good, what do you want? Yeah, smoking out the pound of P
 I got a plan like Master P
 Told her everything ain't what it seems
 Okay, you gotta light on you a beam
 I'm the king of all her dreams
 Superfresh like Listerine
 Okay, shawty, I got lots of teams
 Mardi Gras, a party teen
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