

Blessing-Lil Tecca Lyrics

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"Blessing"

[Intro]

(Squad)

Yeah, real shit (Yeah)

Yeah, that's real shit (My shit)

Yeah, real shit (That's my shit)

Ayy, it's real shit (That's my shit)

Yeah, real shit, let's get it (My shit)

Yeah, it's real shit

[Chorus]

Yeah, I'm the blessing, so who 'bout to bless me now?

She wan' cuff and arrest me now

I'm that nigga, no, you cannot test me out

All that extra shit really gon' stress me out

Put some Chrome on my chestpiece, wow (Yeah, yeah)

Leveled up, I just got me some XP, how? (Oh)

You AP with a dead piece, how? (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah)

Niggas hoes when they look deep down (Ayy, that's probably Tago)

[Post-Chorus]

So I'm tired of keepin' it real with 'em

If it's fire, then we in the field with 'em

Money turn niggas to guilt-trippers

Had to learn that some people can't sit with us

Never lied when I said that you let me down

Never lied when you let me down
Gossipin'? Then you can't be 'round
My niggas top ten, pull up ten deep, wow

[Verse]

I really turnt to a problem, gotta chill out with the marijuana, ayy (Gotta)
Shawty want Balenciaga, Prada, she fuck wit' Dolce Gabbana
Coolin' 'cause she see I do what I wanna (Uh)
Chillin' 'cause I know they still haven't caught up (Uh)
I got some sauce, now I'm sauced up (Yeah)
Turnt to a boss, now I'm bossed up
Yeah, who the fuck gave a handout?
Motion flowin', I don't know what's a drought
I ain't never asked no nigga for help
If I'm focused, I can do it myself
You not me, so what the fuck you gon' tell me?
Probably somethin' that I just told myself (Bop, bop, bop)
You can't help you, how the fuck you gon' help me?
Probably somethin' that they couldn't tell theyself, yeah (Yeah)
Every time I come in clutch, first why all my niggas, they clutchin', ayy (For
real)
Who the fuck you trick? You bluffin'
Real shit, who the fuck you think you stuntin'?
Gotta watch who the fuck you put your trust in (Yeah)
Actors frontin', but they gettin' dubbed (Yeah, yeah)
Niggas'll lose their pride for the buzz
Yeah, I just guess that's really how it was (Yeah)
Yeah, I just guess that's really how it was

[Chorus]

I'm the blessing, so who 'bout to bless me now?
She wan' cuff and arrest me now
I'm that nigga, no, you cannot test me out
All that extra shit really gon' stress me out
Put some Chrome on my chestpiece, wow (Yeah, yeah)

Leveled up, I just got me some XP, how? (Oh)
You AP with a dead piece, how? (Yeah)
Niggas hoes when they look deep down (Oh)

[Post-Chorus]

So I'm tired of keepin' it real with 'em
If it's fire, then we in the field with 'em
Money turn niggas to guilt-trippers
Had to learn that some people can't sit with us
Never lied when I said that you let me down
Never lied when you let me down
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[Outro]

You—You—You say you a blessing, I can't trust that, all day
I came up here with my guys, so I trust my whole gang
You—You—You say you a blessing, I can't trust that ho—can't trust
that—trust
Came up here with my guys, so I trust my whole gang

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