

ARMAGEDDON - Trippie Redd Lyrics

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"ARMAGEDDON"

Ha (let me in)

Look (yeah)

Yeah (uh)

Yeah, hundred round drum on me (I'm shy, oh my God)

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Yeah, hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me, yeah

Hundred round drum on me, brand new blick on me, brand new switch on
me

Soon as I up, I blow, soon as I blow, he bleed, yeah

Hangin' with killers, hangin' with all of the real ones and duckin' the fake

Tell him to mind his business, I done seen niggas who talkin' get shot in the
face, yeah

That's why I'm keepin' my K, yeah, that's why I'm havin' my way, yeah

I'm 'bout to send that text, yeah, make a nigga pull up, spray, yeah

No, I ain't playin' at all, shit, nigga can't run no game, huh

Oh, he want smoke with us, yeah? Make a nigga face card famous

They know I keep my racks on me, they know I keep my MAC on me

Niggas done made me mad, brother, I'm tryin' not to go crash on 'em

They know we'll tweak out, do shit worser than that last nigga

In a Demon, ridin' with some steppers, I'ma spend that bag on 'em

Yeah, hundred round drum on me (I'm shy, oh my God)

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Yeah, hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me (hey)

Hundred round drum on me (yeah), yeah

I keep that blick on me (blick)
I keep that trip on me
Bentley got heated seats
Play with the gang, he deceased
Murder an opp like I murder a goddamn beat
Fuckin' that bitch and I'm keepin' it P and I'm keepin' it G in the streets
I'm not no puttin' not no dot on no motherfuckin' barrel
Lil' bitch, I'm a motherfuckin' beast
Shorty come over the crib, she swallowin' dick, she fuckin' up all of the
sheets
Alright, I'm fuckin' up all of that money, I'm fuckin' and gettin' her geeked
(ew)
I ain't never pressed 'bout none of these bitches, I fucked that ho last week
That little bitch was an animal, ate like a cannibal
Crushed that lil' bitch like a Danimal
Walked in this bitch and I'm fresh like a cantaloupe
Dope in the closet and racks in the envelope
Don't get to talkin', this shit can get physical
Pull up big body, that bitch lookin' mystical
We sent some shots through your grandmammy living room
Now he not talkin', he turned to a vegetable
We with the business, we send 'em a message

Man, who the fuck is these fuck niggas testin'?

Yeah, hundred round drum on me (I'm shy, oh my God)

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Yeah, hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me

Hundred round drum on me, yeah

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