

DARK BROTHERHOOD - Trippie Redd Feat. Lil Baby Lyrics

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"Dark Brotherhood"

(Je t'aime, Trippie Redd)

(I'm shy, oh my God)

(This is a certified hood classic)

No face, no case, so my homie wear a mask

Keep a chopper on his waist, he'll draw that bitch fast

Get the fuck up out my face if you ain't talkin' 'bout cash

Big deal, I'm a titan and these niggas wanna clash

We'll run up to your door and dash

Boy, we keep the choppers, we get busy

Most turnt nigga in the bity

Know we keep it litty like a titty

This bitch high as hell, hit the whippet can until she get dizzy

I need three hundred K in every damn city

Twenty thousand people every night and yes, bitch, I brought the gang with
me

Pussy shot the bus up, but he missed me

They was mad they homeboy ran down and got a smooth buck fifty

If I buck, then the gang buck with me

VVS the gang, baby, yeah, fuck with me

Send a couple shots and see what's up with me

Damn, I see the opps, I'ma shoot, bae, duck with me

And it's in her purse, she slidin' too, she clutch with me

If the cops pull me over, then she put it in her kitty

Walkin' through my hood with a drum, it hold like fifty

5.56 for them niggas bein' dumb, no kizzy

Off a Percocet, got my mind dancin' like Shiggy

The big boss, no Rick Ross, bitch, more like Biggie

I been puffin' on this gas, got me feelin' like Diddy

Catch an opp, walk 'em down, then hit the damn Griddy

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You might also like

Got the 'Rari doin' donuts, called her, said she with her boyfriend, I'm like,
"So what?"

Took a PJ to the money, now I'm stuck in traffic, tell the pilot, "Hold up"

We done came from the bottom, I ain't had no other choice but to go up

Now I'm jumpin' on stage, need one-point— shh, just to show up

I'm the littest in the city, Cubans on, it be hard to chill

Ten carats, it be hard to hear, my hood treat me like a God, for real

They know I been hustlin' all my life and I ain't never had a job, for real

Count it up and then take flight

Hit it, then forget it, same night

I remember bein' stuck off in the trap, found a plug and then I got right

These niggas with me always keep a mask, I can't trust a soul, these niggas
shiesty

I done took a gamble with my life

4 gang, everybody piped

Count a hundred million, that's my vibe

Gotta hit shit, man, when you slide

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