

FREE RIO - Trippie Redd Lyrics

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"Free Rio"

Gettin' to the paper, that's my passion

1400/800 Inc., we gettin' cash, bitch

Only like fuckin' on bitches fat asses

Call me the reaper, only smokin' on ashes

Fuckin' top tens, yeah, you know that I'ma bag it

Yeah, I'm fuckin' twin sisters, bitch, you know that they the baddest

Want it all to yourself but you know that I done had it

Wanna beat that pussy raw, dead, yeah, it's in a casket

I just bought Balenci' now I'm walkin' in the mansion

Boy, don't play with me, that switchy get to spittin' automatic

I don't give a fuck 'bout what you said, lil' ho

If you talk down on the gang, you gonna beg, lil' ho

I heard shawty tryna ride, get on the pegs, lil' ho

Born in crime, homicide, leave you dead, lil' ho

The world through my eyes is infrared, lil' ho

The killers in the streets goin' fed, lil' ho

Livin' in a world where everybody hella street
Everybody got a heat, everybody want beef
Everybody pussy, nigga, everybody sweet
Swear to God, you don't want no smoke with me
Yeah, it's the big bird, bitch, I got issues
It's the middle of the summer and my neck got a igloo
Barrel of the drum stare at you and it'll end you
I ain't sneeze but I'm blessed, wipe me down, I need a tissue
I'm Trippie, bitch, I'm slimed out
Iced out bitch with your girl on my dick
Iced out bitch with your girl on my tip
The opps want me but my Glock wanna kiss
Slow down, ridin' 'round
Four deep, every chopper got a hundred rounds
If I catch a opposition, I'ma have to take 'em down
Like the special opps, bitch, catch a opp and tango down
I love money counters, bitch, I love the paper sound
Comin' from the trenches, when I'm in 'em, safe and sound
Used to love the beef, I love gettin' paper now
Don't use GPS, bitch, I'm on the paper route
Comin' from that place where it's hard to make it out
If it's smoke, want war, nigga, we could face it out
Got your bitch suckin' dick and I ain't into makin' out

If you scared, go to church, nigga, bring the devil out
Gettin' tired of you niggas, Michelin
Seein' all you niggas droppin' and nobody mention it
I just sold out twenty thousand people out in Michigan
I just made it out the hood, nigga, I ain't missin' it
Keep it player with these hoes, nigga, I don't miss a bitch
And you know I'm Big Redd, nigga, just like some licorice
I just bought a Rolls-Royce, don't that mean really rich?
Walk around with 1400 hoes on my damn dick
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody (Achoo)
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody (Achoo)
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody
Everybody sick, nigga, everybody (Bosley)

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