

GOODFELLAS - Trippie Redd Feat. Nardo Wick Lyrics

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"Goodfellas"

Fuck 'em up, yeah, fuck 'em up

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Fuck 'em up, yeah, fuck 'em up

Go get 'em, fuck 'em up

Yeah (Loesoe goin' crazy)

Hoppin' out, GoodFellas (Skrrt), keep the Gucci umbrella (Skrrt)

Got money, Rockefeller (Yeah), I'm the bank, might fuck a teller (Woah)

I could murder any beat, or I could kill it, acapella (Acapella)

I think that it's two of me, a Gemini, Mason Mandela (Effect, Mandela)

Addicted to these blue nerds and icin' out my neck (My neck)

My brodie keep a quick drum, and I ain't talkin sketch (Sketch)

Mister Redd, I got white diamonds and my white gold Patek, yeah (Patek)

See through smoking mirrors and computers like a tech (Tech)

Bitch, I'm from the trenches, from the hood, I keep a TEC (TEC, keep a TEC)

Cartier my lens, Chanel pearls on my neck (On my neck)

I might spin the crib (Oh, spin the crib)

Screech the tires down on the set (Baow, baow, baow)

And I might spin again (Baow, baow, baow), and again, again, again (Baow,
baow, baow)

This 1942 lil' baby, this not no damn Henn' (Henn', Henn')

I'm the one, not the two, lil' baby, she said, "Say that again" (Uh)

.44 bulldog, hit a bitch nigga in his head (Fah)

Who said I'm cool with y'all? I ain't never wanna be friends (Nah)

I ain't got time for a bitch worth sayin' (Sayin')

I'm the dark knight, pull up like Batman (Man)

Reach new heights, I can never ever land (At all)

Kickin' shit, jujitsu

Nigga, press your issue

Too blessed, bitch, need a tissue

Big dog, never been a shih tzu

Can't have one, gotta get two (Haha)

He from the shit, I'm a big poo (Ah)

I'ma reach heights you can't get to (Hold up)

She got big ass and tits too

I pray to God but I sin too (Sin too)

I was off a bean, no sensu

I was eatin' ramen like Deku (Yeah)

I'm the chosen one like Goku (Yeah)

She was watching me like Roku (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm the one, I'ma show you (Yeah)
Don't talk to me if I don't know you
I don't fuck with you, I ain't gon' hold you (Hold)
If he step to me, I'ma ho you (Ho you)
You never let anybody "Lil' bro" you (Bro me)
I'm the king, bitch, and it's so true (So true)
And I'm tryna give a ho a sunbath
They want smoke and I love that (Love that)
She wan' rub down where my gun at (Gun at)
If it's here then it's where it's done at (Baow)

Fuck 'em up, yeah, fuck 'em up
Fuck 'em up, yeah, fuck 'em up (I'm wicked, I'm wicked)
Fuck 'em up, yeah, fuck 'em up (I'm wicked, I'm—)
Go get 'em, fuck 'em up

I'm not on what these niggas on
I'm on a different type of time
I love it when she give me brain (Loesoe goin' crazy)
She got a different type of mind
This strap sound like dynamite, this a different type of iron
I pull up swingin' two sticks like I'm a different type of blind

Don't got a beep, you hear me comin', supercharge loud as hell

I get a different type of money, you can look at me and tell

ARP and Glock .19, that's my favorite personnel

Put a shell to his back, do that boy like Raphael

She say I'm a bad boy, I'm really a good fella

He shouldn't have never did that, don't feel sorry for that fella

He play with us, he gonna die, I'm somethin' like a fortune teller

Catch him on the wrong side, step on him like a bike pedal

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