

Can't Dress Me - Lil Jai Feat. Lil Keed Lyrics

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"Can't Dress Me"

Bitch ain't gon' check me, can't finesse me, can't dress me, just sext me
Don't be runnin' up when we be out in public, I ain't with all that, just text
me

All the young niggas lay you down for nothing, catch a murder route to
impress me

I don't take that much, gotta push a button, I'll have 'em slidin' on you for
the next week

Remember momma said not go outside, it's a homicide on the next street
Don't nobody care when I'm thugged out, they'll rather see a nigga six feet
Dropped the number low and showin' love now, "Why you do that, Jai?"
'Cause the bricks cheap

I can peep game, see the bitch shit

I can peep game, niggas ain't street

I ain't switch shit, I'm the same me

I wanna make the money and it make me

I just hit a lick for some big shit

Made another go and cop a AP

I just hit her with the same gang I hit her friend with, and both gon' ate me

Rocking everything named brand, I just spent a band on a Louis plain T

Came in the game, I wasn't playing, I was robbing, serving niggas on the
same street

I been having racks since back then, helped me understand how a nigga
made me

Built a empire with my hands, helped me understand what a nigga gave me

Really road runnin' for them bands, penitentiary chance, I ain't let it phase
me

Probably shoot a stylist in the head, lately, I been trippin' on `em, goin' crazy

Before anything, I'm a man, I'ma catch a murder 'fore a nigga play with me

I was wildin' 'fore I hit the can, granny sheddin' tears 'cause she couldn't
save me

I went back, now she can't tame me

Good pussy, it ain't gon' change me

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Dropped the number low and showin' love now, "Why you do that, Jairmy?"
'Cause the bricks cheap

I can peep game, see the bitch shit (Yeah)

I can peep game, niggas ain't street (Yeah, yeah, ooh)

Tell the nigga, "Blick some' hit some'", bet a nigga don't play with Keed
(Blick some', hit some')

Yeah, you know we took a nigga right down (Right down), yeah, we drop
him for the packs of lean (That's on big slime)

Rick Owens, Gucci socks, ripped jeans (Rick Owens), yeah, I mix it with the
Celine (Pour)

Yeah, you know the trap spot bing, yeah nigga dreaming 'bout a hunnid
million (Do-do)

Niggas be acting like hoes

Nigga ain't playin' with us, we give 'em a show (Get 'em)

Yeah, I call Lil Jairmy, I need drank, lean, and some O's (My bro)

We take 'em down, we want it goin' up, so we don't care how it goes (Woo)

Nah, the bitch can't dress me (Yeah)

A bitch named Candy undressed me (Little boy)

Your main bitch trynna caress me (Caress)

Shit, I give her a sight to see

Yeah, that ho, she know I'm a dog (Yeah), yeah, she trynna fetch me (I'm
with the-)

Yeah, know I want Cartier (Cart), I went and bussed down a buffet (Yeah)

I'm rocking Palm Angels, I'm feeling Godly (God)

I only cheat with my side piece (Ayy)

Yeah

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I can peep game, see the bitch shit

I can peep game, niggas ain't street (Street)

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