

Dirt - Key Glock Lyrics

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"Dirt"

I'm that nigga

(Ceeo, turn that beat up)

Oh, Glizock

Paper Route 5L, nigga

Yeah, cutthroat La Familia, nigga

It's a family, not a gang

It's not a gang, nigga

Uh, sick of niggas tryna throw dirt on my name (bitch)

Drank in my cup, no Kirk Cobain

Yeah, Glock be the name, and you know I'm gon' bang (fah)

I made me some millions, they think I'm unchanged

Ayy, fuck this fame and fuck these chains

Made packs disappear like David Blaine

These bitches be all on my dang-a-lang

I just bought a new blue pinky ring, my heart cold, it's icebox

Number one rule, get that money, man, I got this shit from Dolph (Dolph)

It ain't no shame up in my gang, I'm tryna get it off (off)

This street shit is just not the same, most of these niggas soft (soft)

I just stay out the way (the way), and collect my bread (my bread)

If you get in my way (my way), you get in one in the head (the)

Goyard full of blues (blues), sippin' on, sippin' on red (red)

Like Worm, I'm 'bout my money (my money), I smoke your ass like Craig
(yeah)

I'm a player, I can show you how to play it (yeah)

Yeah, steppin' on niggas, no pledge (uh)

Go to sleep with a chop' by the bed (bah)

All this ice on me, I need a sled (yeah)

(All this ice on me, I need a sled, uh)

Think my Bart chain need a coat (coat)

Get that money and stack it, you dig? (You dig?)

Nobody like bein' broke (nope)

This street shit ain't no joke (no joke), everybody wanna be rich (rich)

You gotta get off your ass (your ass), and get up on your shit (your shit)

My Moncler in a jet (jet), my Maybach is a ship (ship)

My pockets keep gettin' fat (and fatter), it come from all these chips (chips)

Bitch (bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch)

Run through it like him (yeah)

Himmy Boys, Himmy Neutron

Him Duncan, hahaha (South Memphis, France)

Himothy (yeah)

Uh

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Yeah, yeah, yeah

(Yeah)

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