

+bless+ - Idc

{Chorus: +bless+}

**Run that boy out like a Karen, yeah (Huh)
They finna copy like parrots, yeah (Huh)
Don't give a fuck, I'm not carin', yeah (Huh)
Walk in the room, and they starin', yeah (Huh)
Whole lotta diamonds and karats, yeah
I'm with my crackers in Paris, yeah
All of my diamonds be flarin', yeah
Balenci', that's what I'm wearin', yeah
Ride on my dick like a Ferris, yeah
Told me he got racks, boy, where? Yeah**

{Verse 1: +bless+}

Yeah

**She gon' gimme that head, yuh
This bitch 'bout to pull up
Watch out for twelve, heads up
Plug got lean, hell yeah
Bitch, I'm 'bout to go up
Bitch, I'm 'bout to go food up
I'm 'bout to go boot up, I ain't never shoot up
My heavy clip {?} thĐµ ruler, you know it's gon' blow ya
And I cannot fuck with these, just likĐµ I'm {?} the ruler
You know I'ma cool up, puttin' the diamonds on top of medullas
Can't fuck with that ho, 'cause she got a lil' {?}
You know I be gettin' my drugs, and they came in from Cuba**

{Chorus: +bless+ & Barzflow23}

**Run that boy out like a Karen, yeah (Huh)
They finna copy like parrots, yeah (Huh)
Don't give a fuck, I'm not carin', yeah (Huh)
Walk in the room, and they starin', yeah (Huh)**

Whole lotta diamonds and karats, yeah (Yeah)
I'm with my crackers in Paris, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
All of my diamonds be flarin', yeah
Balenci', that's what I'm wearin', yeah
Ride on my dick like a Ferris, yeah
Told me he got racks, boy, where? Yeah (Woah)

{Verse 2: Barzflow23}

Okay, let's get it, let's go
We gettin' no time for no bunch of hoes
You say you get bands, but flexin' on dough
Lil' boy, where that?
And you sound like a fiend, you snortin' that crack
We blowin' your bitch, we blowin' her back
These bullets be doin' laps on you like track
And we endin' yo' life, yeah, that is a wrap
White ho, just come and suck me
{?} of bars, we gettin' the racks
We countin' up stacks, countin' it up every day, we never get tired
And they switch up boy, how done ditched, quit music, yeah, he retired
I'm turnin' so fast, man, I'm sippin' this lean
Man, I'm feelin' like Lightning McQueen
She fiendin' for my fucking God, man
I think shawty hot, I think she a fiend
They hit up my phone, like where did they go?
Man, I think he left my bitches on seen
Uh, yeah, that lil' bean

{Chorus: +bless+}

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Walk in the room, and they starin', yeah (Huh)
Whole lotta diamonds and karats, yeah

**I'm with my crackers in Paris, yeah
All of my diamonds be flarin', yeah
Balenci', that's what I'm wearin', yeah
Ride on my dick like a Ferris, yeah
Told me he got racks, boy, where? Yeah**

{Verse 3: +bless+}

**Whenever we slide through, know we got a mop (Mop; Ay, Geo got them bands, huh?
Ayy, whenever I ride through, know that I got that big chop (Chop)
No, I can't fuck with the feds, I cannot talk to the cops (Cops)
All of my diamonds so wet (Woah), you might need to bring the mop (Mop)**