

+bless+ - STYLISH

{chorus: +bless+}

Rockin' rick owen, i'm stylish

I'm higher than a pilot

I don't check no prices

Yeah, i just fuckin' buy it

I don't need no stylist

So much drip, i be flyin'

I want me the cayenne

Might just go paint the {?}

{verse 1: +bless+}

Woah, shout out luhsaiyan

Fuck yo' whole gang, we don't care 'bout what you sayin'

If i roll up with this draco, i'ma get to sprayin'

If you talkin' shit, then i leave you where you layin'

I done levelled up, bitch, i'm goin super saiyan

Woah, bitch, i buy whatever i desire

I feel like i'm ken carson, a liar and a flyer

Hop inside this yota, burn the rubber off the tires

This choppa i'ma load up, you could get hit with this fire

Woah, all these perkys got mĐµ slow

Woah, i might pull up in a ghost

Woah, time to get up in my mode

Woah, pushin' nail up on my toĐµs

Yeah, yeah, chanelly

Yeah, yeah, nut on her belly

Yeah, yeah, me and my dogs 4l-y

Yeah (hoo)

{chorus: +bless+}

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{verse 2: luhsaiyan}

Woah, she gon' fuck me, scream my name
We just takin' these drugs, we feelin' the same, woah
Pop that perc, yeah, i go insane
Fuck that sex, i want that brain
Woah, fuck it, we gon' run that train
Fuck it, we gon' shoot that boy today
Leave no evidence, we don't get caught today
Hop in the coupe, we fleein' the scene
Got that choppa, i'm lettin' it sing
Get to the money, i get to that k
Don't be talkin' out all of that shit, just sit on my face
I'm takin' that drug, i'm feelin' that race
I'm sayin' fuck that pain
All of my bows, they came from hell, they shootin' that flame
He not in my reign, that's why he choosin' that flame
I'm shootin' at {?}, i'm shootin' that fade away
She come up my way, i'm fuckin' her face
I told her to shut up, okay (yeah)

{chorus: +bless+}

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{outro: +bless+}

(ay, geo got the bands, huh?) woo-hoo