

Bullet 4 U

Honey Cocaine

What the fuck you thinking my ninja
Fucking with my team, what is you drinking my ninja?
Reppin' Toronto, 'cause we be winning my ninja
Coca is the shit, hey DJ spin it my ninja,
If you ain't really bout it, save a G time,
Pussy ass hoes, get the piece sign,
Where the fuck your money homie? keep lying,
'Cause I'll be from the roads where they keep dying,
Honey is the last of the breed
Put up my glass to the streets until the last of the queens,
Nowadays it ain't a choice, homie you trap or you drink,
So I stay with the murky in the back of my jeans.

[Hook:]

Uh, I heard the haters whiling out and trying to fake me
Somebody tell em Coca crazy.
I heard the haters whiling and trying to fake me
Somebody tell em Coca crazy.
Uh, I got a bullet 4 u hoes, I got a bullet 4 u hoes, bitch,
I got a bullet 4 u hoes, I got a bullet 4 u hoes, uh.
Who tryna leave a fucking hoe, you tryna leave the fucking hoes, bitch,
I got a bullet 4 u hoes, I got a bullet 4 u hoes
Rat tat tat tat tat.

Do it for music bitch I salute to the game,
Always bout rapping but I ain't used to the fame,
Rather layin long, get to moving to green,
Buy me a studio with a hundred gold chains,
Motherfuck them hoes, they ain't build for the shit
You got a couple fans now you milking that shit,
Spending all your money bitch chill for a bit,
You realize a thousand hoes'll kill for my shit,
So I'm fucking go to work like I should my dog,
A hell of a performer bitch you would applaud,
Talking shit bitch you might get the hood involved,
Cruising with my Asians that ain't good for ya'll,

[Hook]