

## Shot Caller (Freestyle)

Tory Lanez

Shorty residential, I can be your sponsor  
I don't want your love baby just give me them tonsils  
Honey know I'm fly like a fuckin air marshall  
Dot niggas ball it don't matter what it cost you  
My niggas on they chains like a mothafuckin fence  
Someone tell them lames hit the mothafuckin bench  
80 for the frames on the eyes of a king  
Eyes out for the shirt, iPod for the ring  
That's the iPhone  
Bad bitches wanna bite me like a python  
I'm in your skin like hair with the lice on  
It like shit  
You can get your face split  
Like a zit that you pop when you think its hot shit  
I don't know how I did it  
I don't know how I did it  
I get so much pussy man that I don't know how I get it  
I be on that I hit it  
You be on that I get it  
You be on that grown shit  
I be on that I live it  
Ridin I'm dippin dirty  
Them bitches they gettin flirty  
I'm high and I'm sippin purple  
I lie no I'm in the dirty  
Them bitches they wanna fuck  
I pass to my nigga Kirky  
We fuck then we get up early  
You want it then get it early  
The haters they black ball  
Paper the back board  
I hit em in the front and leave they brain in the back yard  
It's paper to stack dawg  
So why you niggas stallin  
If you ain't stackin don't be actin like you ballin  
Actin like Spalding, all up on the court side  
Ridin for the north side  
Nigga come through I'm lookin smoother than a door slide  
Move a couple units in, we can get the porsche ride  
Livin by the shore side  
When I was just a youngin  
Imagine little 5-10 nigga with a onion  
With some wishes for the bunyon  
Money ain't a power ain't a fuckin nigga stuntin  
I keep it too real that's why these fuckin niggas frontin  
I put it on his head and let another nigga done him  
Never touch the work I let another nigga run em  
Pack the Louis luggage got the one way out to London  
We just passed through customs  
Me and Jae we out the country  
And I'm somethin like a teepee  
Niggas cant see me  
If you pullin hoes you gotta rope one for Stevie  
Bitches couldn't play me if they burnt me on a CD  
Model after model shit is lookin like a repeat  
I fuck a bitch and pull the swave out of her  
Shout my nigga Honey its gon be a loud summer

That's my little sister and I'm very proud of her  
Now back to the business bout to blow this cloud bubble  
And I, I do this shit  
I'm too legit  
Refuse your bitch, like a Skype call  
I'm killin germ ass niggas like some lysol  
I'm eatin throught the game, its like a rice wall  
But yea, can I say it any clearer  
That a nigga got your boo but ain't tryna get your scare, get it  
I slide through a chick like debit  
Then she eat the dick like credit  
Got a new trend and I just might set it  
Should of let your mom know  
I can get your mind blown  
I can kill that bird on your shirt you can die slow  
This that SLS now get the fuck up outta my throne  
Motherfuckerrrrr oh yea.