

Dangerous

Trippie Redd

We need some people that'll kill for us
We need some people that'll die for us
We need some bitches that's gone ride for us
Because this shit is so dangerous
This life I'm living, so dangerous
The people around me, so dangerous
The drugs around me, so dangerous
This money on me, so dangerous

This life I chose this shit get dangerous
I'm doing so much drugs I know this shit get dangerous
I'm hanging with the dope boys, you can't hang with us
When I'm going through some things baby fill up my cup
Please just leave me alone, I want to be in my zone
In the studio late night, I don't even pick up my phone
Pulling up to the crib, paranoid one in the dome
Spinnin' the block two times, make sure you don't follow me home
Politicking on a ticket me and my niggas trying to get it
He said he want a chicken, I told him don't think about it, my nigga just get it
Whatever you with, I'm with it, you already know that
I'm with the big homie's right now and they trying to dress like Kodak
I'm sipping on lean, I'm floatin'
I pop me a Percocet I get in my emotions
You don't know where I been or where I'm going
I'm on Pluto right now, I'm focused

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They don't know I'm strange enough too play with guns
The thing was, when cops come put your bangers up
Your favorite model paid to fuck, you're rollin' on they lacing yours with angel dust
Spray em up you say too much
Graveyard shifted a nigga he late too much
Pull a pin from a hand grenade and feed it to him looking like he ate too much, God damn
Slime bucket on your snotty nose
Quick kick left his body froze
Seventeen inside the boot
Like my nigga's off of Holly Grove
Fuck my blunt, I never got it rolled
You walking lick and you a pot of gold
I be sippin' on lean till my body fall
Fucking with rock is my hobby though
Put your body where nobody knows
You owing me, Come out you fuck boy, what you hidin' for
Your funeral, soon She give me good head like a honor roll
And I got some good weed that Imma' roll
I am a king you should honor most

Stick to the script they didn't get a code
Sippin' on Wock but you know we don't run out of Tech
Rocking Air Force 1's while gripping the Tec, that's a Nike Tec
Phoneline tapped, feds love to intercept
Hanging with the real right, get hit with the left
If you come to disrespect

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