

G Lollipops (feat. Fashawn & Prof)

Murs

[Chorus: Murs]

Gangsta ass lollipops

Your bitch got a sweet tooth[Verse 1: Murs]

I make art, y'all niggas make hits

I make music from the heart and what you make is shit

Softer than the couch, step up, get knocked out

Poppin' bottles in the club, I'm just chillin' at the house

Playin' war games with 4 dames in your name

Don't get high, stay fly and inside your lane

Tame as a derriere but it gets scarier

When you try to test the best in your area

Aerial attacks and burials and wax

Like an Annabelle tale, but scarier in fact

Where the rappers at? Where the rappers at?

They told me real rap is dead, I had to laugh at that

How is it dead if Wu-Tang's Forever?

Better than the worst but Murs is still better

The Leroy and Bruce, I deployed the troops

The devil is a liar but these boys the truth

[Chorus: Murs]

Gangsta ass lollipops

Your bitch got a sweet tooth[Verse 2: Fashawn]

Okay I gave her a cavity, you hate that it had to be

Regal Rhymesayer, Mister Laver, your majesty

Lettin' my nuts hang like Tiffany had his weave

While y'all toss salad, anything for a salary

You call it a triumph, I call it a tragedy

Casually I turn competition to casualties

Converse with my rollo, I call him Murcielago

One thing I'm certain if it hurtin' 'em I know

I'm an introvert, a street kid, was never into Vert

I'd rather pen a verse, some call it audacity

Where did he get the nerve, usin' no blackberry

Nigga, you gettin' curved by labels and hoes

Layaway on your clothes, another day I suppose

You portrayin' a rose, I would say you a troll

And it's takin' his toll by the way human go

I can't give a F-U-C-K what he sold

It's Fash

[Chorus: Fashawn]

Gangsta ass lollipops

Your bitch got a sweet tooth[Verse 3: Prof]

I'm in the 4-door Ford escort
With 4 escorts with high test scores
Indoor dro grown next door
In class with them hickey neck sores
That's too much sauce, that's too much sauce
Had to turn to Pookie, Baby, that's too much sauce
As far as I'm concerned, I don't fuck with the list price
Rappers these days ain't been in a fist fight
You never know homie, I could be a fraud
This atheist chick I'm fuckin', she treat me like a god
I'm poppin' pills in the VIP all day
I'm an industry plant, I'm just playin' the long game
Bitch never wrote a rhyme in my life
And after the club, I'm gonna break your wife's hymen tonight
Shout a couple dudes for a career in rap
Turn up, turn up, fleek, fleek, bruh how real was that?
Pookie[Chorus: Murs]
Gangsta ass lollipops
Your bitch got a sweet tooth

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