

2 Vaults (feat. Lil Yachty)

Tee Grizzley

[Intro: Tee Grizzley & Young Thug]

We got London on da Track

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

I need two vaults

With the two cars

What that coupe cost?

Get that tool off

What your jewels cost?

What that coupe cost?

I need two vaults

I'm the new Hulk

[Chorus: Tee Grizzley]

Too much money, I need like two vaults (I need two)

Stacks big and green, I call my pockets the new Hulk

We don't pay attention to no loose talk

Shoot that choppa hundred times, I had to let it cool off

Diamonds dancin' on me, doin' the moonwalk (drip)

Can't wear my AP, I had to let it cool off (drip)

Almost died from pneumonia, had to take my jewels off

We don't argue with these niggas, we just let them tools talk [Verse 1: Tee Grizzley]

Hit your bitch and give her back, now she yours again (she yours)

Back to back in them Ferraris, we stay horseplayin' (skrrt)

Run up on us and the morgue gon' have corpses in

Harvard student doin' my taxes, I got dork friends

I put rings on them hundreds, bitch, I married them (bitch, I married them)

You see my niggas, money and ice everywhere on them (that shit everywhere)

And we fuck each other's hoes 'cause we don't cherish them (that's a fact)

But we gon' leak out that info, we can't embarrass them (we got y'all covered)

Can't leave the country, but I got my beat from London (got my beat from London)

These niggas talk but see me out and ain't on nothin' (ain't on shit)

I'm in the stu, I need a Perc', go get the runner

You got shooters, I got hunters, you got twenties, I got hundreds, nigga

[Chorus: Tee Grizzley]

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Wire 200 to Izzy, get my ice here (overnight)

These niggas plastic, y'all as real as Buzz Lightyear
Nigga say he got that dope, then what the price is? (What the price is?)
I don't drink, but it's for sale, we got pints in (we got pints in)
We got Tech in (we got Tech), we got Act' in (we got Act')
.45 bullets jammed in that MAC-10
They don't check none of the artists, so I'm packin'
It's a problem, then you'll see me get crackin' (shoot somethin')
Addy 212, bitch, what's brackin' (what's good?)
I might be in the Escalade but I ain't lackin' (know it's on me)
Put that bag on you, act like I don't know what happened (damn, straight up)
I hear the story, be like, Damn, that was tragic (That's fucked up)[Chorus: Tee Grizzley]
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Yeah, yeah, Lil Boat, ayy
I'm still under 21, so I can't cop a pistol (yeah)
But them choppas in my name and they can't wait to hit you
Crib came with a court and some legal fishes (yeah)
Carrot cake around my neck, VS1 the crystals
Extended magazines (damn), chauffeured limosines (damn)
Before I dropped out, I fucked the daughter of the dean (I did)
65 thousand dollars in a nigga's jeans
Ball like Sefolasha (yeah), skrrt the Testarosa (yeah)
Nigga all about the guap like a stock broker (yeah)
Brother with me and he shootin', no damn focus
Every bitch I ever fucked with was mad older (for real)
Had to keep this shit player like the OG Yoda, Lil Boat[Chorus: Tee Grizzley]
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