

Wheels Like Hill (feat. Tech N9ne)

Tech N9ne Collabos

Ill's my skill
Tryna build my mills (Why'd ya, Why'd ya, Why'd ya)
Kill my chill
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (get gone)
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay) Got wheels like Hill on her
Ran so far away now I'm Bill Croner
I appeal to the mill, tryna steal
Want a lot a bills so to get the skril I'm bout to peel on ya
(Pewm)
Like I got a rocket in my pocket
Doing me wrongs while getting gone is the topic
Stop it, you ain't gotta lie Craig
I know the woman wanna be sinning cause of my bread
That's cool, I was the man even at school
Fast shoes yes I been winning before the tattoos
Way before my cash grew, I was dodging the fake
It is not a mistake
If you faulty I gotta skate, wait
Ill's my skill
Tryna build my mills (Why'd ya, Why'd ya, Why'd ya)
Kill my chill
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (get gone)
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay) Ready set go-o-o
Little work but feeling creds, know-o-o
Everybody see my check grow-o-o
So come a gold digger I'ma get low-o-o-o-o
Speed racer, believe I'ma erase ya
If you a cheese chaser and not a glee maker
Nigga please is what I feed faker
She take a L to the hell I wouldn't pay ya to be my leave raker
I ain't running because I'm scared of you honey
Running for happy 'cause you was always aware of new money
And that's cold like blue bunny
So from you I gotta shake
Girl ya traits ain't too great
Too late, I gotta brake, wait

Ill's my skill
Tryna build my mills (Why'd ya, Why'd ya, Why'd ya)
Kill my chill
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (get gone)
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay) I rock with too few, I blocks a new boo
Specially if she running with a prostitute crew
Gots to lose you 'cause thots are boo-boo
Poopoohead, she's a poopy face, a caca poo-poo
If she come and try to get my money
I'ma say the stuff to make her eyes runny
A bitch'll get nothing but straight lies from me
Wanna get with me 'cause they don't wanna die bummy
I got it and I ain't giving nothing to y'all man
I do the opposite of run the small pace
Seein' nothing but dirt spun in y'all face
Got it but I ain't even begun to ball, wait Ill's my skill
Tryna build my mills (Why'd ya, Why'd ya, Why'd ya)
Kill my chill
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (wheels)
Wheels like Hill (get gone)
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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