

# Lost and Found (feat. YNW Melly)

## Tee Grizzley

Stack, pray, stay out the way, you gon' make it out  
Whole brick in the trap, we gon' break it down  
Audemar, fuck the plain, we gon' spray it down  
Run up on you, ain't no talkin', we gon' lay you down  
Pussy boy, please don't make a nigga lay  
you down

Big kahunas on the Glock, monkey nuts, fifty rounds  
Fuck boy better shh, better not make a sound  
Leave your ass on the ground, leave your ass lost and found  
Oh oh, okay, okay, he want a flick, huh huh  
Okay, I heard that nigga got that bag, uh uh  
Huh, huh, we need it all, go get the TEC, uh uh  
My niggas shootin' shit in public, we don't text, okay  
Sat in prison all them years and I came out hurt  
On the block of no return, shoot at unknown curbs  
I got two sides to me, half grizzly, half shark  
Jump in that water or them woods and get ripped apart  
This assault rifle so big, this bitch can come apart  
I remember stealin' bikes, now I got auto-start  
Melly, slatt slatt slatt, that's that gang talk  
And fuck a chain, I'll snatch a nigga brain off  
Ass on, I want to ride on her  
She a lot, uh uh, he surprised I'm hung, yeah  
Beat that pussy bitch, with the .223  
I been totin' sticks before puberty, huh  
All these freaky bitches see the truth in me, huh  
She's like Melly, baby, you abusing me, hmm  
And we made it out of poverty, uh  
Thirty thousand on the Cuban link, uh  
This shit here what I'm distributing  
Good dope in Detroit, yeah, distributing  
Uh, ooh-E  
He on that and I'm on E, nah  
Ooh she say she popped a bean, uh  
Nut on her face like, "Maybe it's Maybelline"  
Fuck a nigga's bitch good, she ain't gon' go back to him  
Gave an opp the whole thirty, felt like I owed that to him  
And Doc ain't shootin' just to shoot, that boy know what he doin'  
And fuck niggas, that ain't my business, I don't know what they doin'  
And Block ain't pimpin' just to pimp, he got the hoes lit  
Have my Bloods put some blood on your whole fit  
That Instagram bitch you like, she sucked the whole dick  
And I don't trust her, I'm fuckin', clutchin' my four-fifth  
They been screamin' up the block, cops ain't even carin'

If them bitches get behind me they gon' get embarrassed  
Melly, where the Florida hoes, nigga? Sharing is caring  
If we do a drill together, they gon' think we terrorists  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>