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Tee grizzley ft lil yachty

The second song on Tee Grizzley’s 2020 mixtape, The Smartest, is titled “I Apologize.” On the track, the Detroit MC, born Terry Sanchez Wallace Jr. in 1994, takes himself to task for going mainstream and trying to grab radio singles instead of relying on the emotional honesty that garnered him so many die-hard fans in the first place. “I love criticism. That’s how I thrive, what I’ve created myself off of,” he told Apple Music when describing the inspiration for the song. On the track, he raps, “The last shit I dropped was some industry songs I thought was gon’ be lit/Now I know if I keep doin’ that, I ain’t gon’ be sh*t.” This was the beginning of a course correction for Grizzley, who initially came to fame off of his debut single, 2016’s “First Day Out,” which chronicled his release from jail after being locked up on robbery charges for three years. This honest vulnerability and the mournful, contemplative piano-fueled beat led Grizzley to stardom, even attracting the attention of LeBron James, who posted a video of himself jamming out to the single. Grizzley quickly diversified his sound, incorporating the classic electro bounce of Detroit production on “No Effort” and paying homage to his idols on 2019’s “Heroes” from his Scriptures LP. No matter where his sound goes, Grizzley is intent on keeping his listeners thrilled. “I don’t give a fu*k how much I like my songs,” he told Apple Music. “If my fans don’t like it, it don’t mean nothing. I do it for the people.” Sorry! Something went wrong Is your network connection unstable or browser outdated? Sorry! Something went wrong Is your network connection unstable or browser outdated? Back in 2017, Lil Yachty and Tee Grizzley teamed up for “From the D to the A,” and now the hip-hop duo has linked up once again for the aptly titled, “Once Again.”In the high energy track, the two take turns spitting verses on money, girls and helicopters. “She like Mac Dre. I like Andre/I’ma ball hard like DeAndre/Need a paycheck like Beyoncé/Not tryna be your fiancé,” Yachty raps.“Forty racks will put that jet in the air/I’m like fuck it, let me pull up on the slaps ‘cause I’m here/Put that on my daddy grave, ain’t no man that I fear/I ain’t talking shit, when I say, ‘Clap at this here,’” Grizzley reciprocates. Lil Yachty and Tee Grizzley reconnect on a new track appropriately titled “Once Again.”The track, produced by Helluva Beats, finds the frequent collaborators going back and forth with three verses each, rapping about their sexual conquests, money, and choppers.“Forty racks will put that jet in the air/I’m like fuck it, let me pull up on the slaps ‘cause I’m here,” Grizzley raps. “Put that on my daddy grave, ain’t no man that I fear/I ain’t talking shit, when I say, ‘Clap at this here.””You can listen to the track now via YouTube above. “Once Again” will land on Quality Control’s upcoming compilation album, Control the Streets, Vol. 2. The project—which will include the previously released “Soakin Wet” with Marlo, Offset, and City Girls—is expected to drop Aug. 18.Grizzley also recently teased his and Yachty’s joint project.Lil Yachty followed up the release of “Once Again” by revealing during an Instagram Live with Trippie Redd that his new album is coming in October. Off top, run a nigga out his socksNiggas talk more than bitchesNiggas really be on cock though (pussy)Just fucked a ho out in FrancePaint her face like picassoI iced out my vatos, I’m really upBig ass bimmer, big Benz and my bentley nextDon’t play around on my phone ho, gimme sexWatch on my wrist out of date, but it’s RolexGrizzley up next, I’m up nowStrap your bullet vest500 50’s, 600 hundreds700 20’s, let’s get straight to it800 10’s, what’s that, 8 bands?Hit the store and get some rubber bandsLet’s get straight to itEverybody come together, everybody got the planHe came with youSo if he steal it fall on you, we on your assHave your mans call his mansMake sure they ain’t movin’ fastSoon as they touch atlanta, get with boatSecure the bag, niggaOh, a bag secure, that’s on my mama, broAsian lil’ ho, she ride that dick, yokohama flowMade that shit double, got an uzi, I don’t scuffleNot a banger but that banger in my car like an airbagNiggas only aimin’ in the sky, call those air magsAll up in neiman’s, coppin’ shit like fuck a price tagI’m ballin’, ain’t near a rap nigga in the game that I’m callin’If I need help, I’ll dial it by my se-kelfYou swear your bitch faithful, she sent her locationI hit her at the trap in decatur, she basic (crazy)Chop with the laser, get decapitatedCan’t smoke, I’m on papersHold on, this my jamaican (love one)Niggas want me dead, so I’m steady prayin’Ain’t no disrespect without retaliationFuck a hotel, I hit her in the basementText her later like, “I’m done with you, I got a situation, baby”Hmmm! Well shit, bro, let me get her thenI’m a dog her out then switcheroo into the lion’s denNigga talkin’ down, my bro got more heat than a fryin’ panGucci ‘round my hair, wrapped tight like I’m talibanLike I’m taliban, how we drop shit (we go)Lot of dreadheads, lot of chopsticksTouch my nigga yachty, get your top ripped (boop!)Don’t ask the price if you know you ain’t tryna cop shitYou the type to look around but never cop shit, ayy!m the type to buy the store, make them restock it, ayyBeam on everythin’ I own, I will not missGrizzley by my side like a pilot ridin’ cockpitYachty, I might stop rappin’ for this one reason (oh, for real?)If the feds hear this shit I’m doin’ a hundred seasonsIn the hood, shootin’ craps in my yeezysPut angels on you niggas who be playin’ like y’all demonsYou dig?Middle finger to them niggas hatin’ and fakin’They plottin’ on my death, I give their mothers deep penetrationDiamond choker for some reason give me pure ventilationEvery real nigga livin’ will respect this collaborationWe the bust down brothers, check the rollies outSay you winnin’ one more time, I’m pullin’ trophies outNiggas know we out, no shaqs, all kobes outIn other words, I’m with all shooters that’ll blow you down(Boop-boop-boop-boop-boop-boop!)From the d to the a, put respect on itIf that’s your ho, why my dick got her mouth on it?I’m from the south, I got diamonds in my teethI got fur on my fleece, my new ring could pay your lease(Lease, nigga)Chain on my dresser next to my indictmentWhen they said not guilty I was so excitedFrom the a to the d, bitch you heard yachtyWraith comin’ this summer, I’m a have your bitch drivin’Bitch!

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