

# Space Cadet

## Quality Control & Kollision

Cook that shit up QuayFifteen thousand dressed in gear, yeah  
Diamonds lit, no chandelier  
Poppin' shit just like a pill  
Shawty bad, she dressed to kill  
Space cadet nigga, floatin' every time I walk in  
Hundred thousand nigga, stuffed in these Balmain  
Young nigga having pull just like a drawstring  
All gas, no brake, bitch I'm in all lanes  
Pull up in something that's foreign, these bitches weren't ready  
Pop me a Addy and take off like I'm in Andretti  
I want them pesos, dineros, and I want that fetty  
Pop out and I just surprise a bitch like I'm Fetty  
A foreign bitch, she shippin' shit that is illegal  
Sent her to school just to be my paralegal  
Me and Quay tight like a fucking keyhole (that's my dawg, yeah)  
Fifteen hundred just to walk on all these creaturesFifteen thousand dressed in gear, yeah  
Diamonds lit, no chandelier  
Poppin' shit just like a pill  
Shawty bad, she dressed to kill  
Space cadet nigga, floatin' every time I walk in  
Hundred thousand nigga, stuffed in these Balmain  
Young nigga having pull just like a drawstring  
All gas, no brake, bitch I'm in all lanes  
Fuck up the scenery, killin' the industry, niggas they envy me  
Bitches, they diggin' me, know I'm a specialty, I got the recipe  
Cook it up in your face like I'm Betty C  
I leave the States and they knowin' my melody  
Killin' shit, don't give a fuck about sympathy  
These bitches dogs, I'm feeding them pedigree  
I had the fresh, I was bound to get felonies  
I had the raw, had to scale, this the better me  
Money keep flowing like I'm in the Medellin  
She made that dick disappear like Bermuda  
All of my bad bitches they be some cuckoos  
Fuckin' your mama, she teach me, she tutor  
I had to work my move, had to maneuver  
Diamonds by Elliante, bitch it's scuba, don't let if fool youFifteen thousand dressed in gear, yeah  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>