

Resume

Lil Tjay

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Uh

I pop out in all new designer
Smellin' like Dolce Gabbana
Rollin' up marijuana
Ya bitch had me "Como te llamas?"
Ya bitch, she ain't really a fronter (ooh)
Know I could fuck if I wanna
I might just tell her I love her
I might just fuck her and dub her
Last bitch I hit with a rubber (ooh)
I could've bust on her covers
Had too much respect for her mother
Ain't wanna lay hands on her brother
Flexing she all on my huevos (ooh)
I just be chasing these pesos
Told her I ain't tryna fuck now
She said, "I'll still give you head though"
So we went to go get a bottle (ooh)
She said Ceretto Moscato
Chillin', I'm all at her mouth wit' it
I bust a nut and she swallowed

Put TYB on my resume
Keep it real, boy, don't interrogate
I fucked your bitch, I ain't hesitate
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She was a average bitch anyway
I left her then moved on to better things
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I left her then moved on to better things

Wassup, is you tryna get high today?
'Cause I'ma need wings when I fly away
I gassed her she thought she could ride my face
She asked me when, I said "Yo no se"
This money be comin' in every way
I stay on my grind every-everyday
That pussy be wetter than 7 lakes
I beat it, she love how I treat it (yeah)
I know I'm the shit I'm conceited (yeah)
I got her addicted she need it (now)
If I was a book she would it read it
Say if I was a book she would read it
I'm tryna come up with my mans though
Ain't got no time for no damn hoe
I kill her then leave her like Rambo
I play bitches like the piano
This money keep comin', got handfuls
And niggas be hatin' they fans though
I bug out on all instrumentals
It might be my time, but I can't go
So plenty of bitches got ran through
I'm just that nigga, it's simple
I love all the clout and attention
That's why I'ma cop me a mansion

This hustle don't come with a pension
I'm working on shit I ain't mentioned
I'm working on shit I ain't mentioned
We working on shit I ain't mentioned

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Down
Up my niggas, don't come in between
Yeah, that's your bitch, but she comin' with me
She like my 'fro so she fuck with my team
She like the print that she see in my jeans
She said, "I'm different," I'm like, "What you mean?"
Shorty keep calling, I'm letting it ring
All she gon' say is, "I'm doing my thing"
Got us all some while I'm chasing my dream
Started off hungry like Jack and the Bean
Hurt me to say that I'm drug to the fiends
I'ma get money that's by any means
Not worried 'bout niggas that's worried 'bout me
Yeah, I'm from Ryer and 183
Used to be deep now nobody free
Do it for Smelly, I do it for E
Bitches on me and I don't give a fuck
Sometimes I feel like it's all about us
Free all my niggas, I'm turning shit up
Codeine with the Sprite no ice in my cup
Yo' bitch finessing my dick like a dutch
TYB Season I'm home and it's here
I take yo bitch anytime of the year
Boutta take off and I'm switching my gear
Only 16 and I'm on my way there
Niggas be hating I really don't care
Niggas be hating I really don't care
I really don't care

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Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Got up out my burkin, It's workin
She said she a virgin, it's hurtin'
She my biggest fan, she always lurkin'
And she know I'ma man, I'ma put that work in
And I know she can't stand me, I'm fancy
So I'ma bring her out when I get my Grammy
Late night sex, she can't find her panties
I couldn't hold it in, now she need a Plan B
His bitch need a Plan B

Lil TJay fancy