

Shut It

1nonly

Ayy, huh, I go "Click-clack," metal on my hip, bitch
Heavy with the metal, money coming by the digits
Fuck it up, give me some
Heavy-hitting Jane, don't hit the blunt
She be sucking on my dick before y'all kissin'
Never been the same since I saw the roof missin'
Goin' up in the cut
Forty round rifle hit the door, don't shut it

Said, "Don't shut it, bitch, keep coming"
I got hella bands, and my bank stay flooded
Do you wanna dance? Might dance, say "Fuck it"
And the Louis V. stays on when we fuckin'
Bitch, talk, just cut it
End of discussion
Got big bands, I know that you doesn't
You a tough man, but my Glock got you runnin'
I'm tryna understand why yo' bitch keep suckin'
Got my Louis V. stained by yo' bitch
I might fuck with the Glock, we in the whip
I two-faced my watch, can't hear it tick
I might hit a one-two like Chris B. did, ayy
I never been broke since I made these hits
And I'm in the backseat with your bitch, I kiss
And I'm laying in the sun where the blissfulness
And I'm laying in the sun where the blissfulness

'Cause I got a uh
I got a uh
I got yo' bitch, got case in the trunk
Candid, I'm uh
Can I just uh?
I keep a gun
I got a uh
'Cause I got a uh
I got a uh
I got yo' bitch, got case in the trunk
Candid, I'm uh
Can I just uh?
I keep a gun
I got a uh

(I got a uh, I got a uh, I got a uh, I got a uh, yeah)
(I got a uh, I got a uh, I got a uh, yeah)

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