Jcabz

I love the Private Club
I didn't invite you this time, Maks
Make it last, promise we gon' make it last
For twenty-four hours

I'm livin' out my life, I need more victories

I got the baddest bitch and now it's history
Remember when I was down and I thought it's through
Now I can't stay in no crib if it ain't got no view
Wrong with you?
I'm real as they come, this ain't no industry
I pray Neffy come home and he don't be in the streets
Your dog got killed, the opp hood got ten points
When you boys spin back, the whole hood gon' feel that, psh
Feel that, when you spin back, hood gon' feel that
They gon' feel that

You know, I just really make
Steppin' shit, shit you can step to, shit you gon' walk to
Shit you gon' hop in that 550
Young nigga gonna be sayin' "Cut that shit all the way up"
Shit that your bitch gon' sing along to
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Take a lot to understand, I'm like a genius, yeah
Walk on everything, feel like I'm the cleanest, yeah
Michael Jackson pictures on the high ceilin'
Big crib, twenty miles from Cucamonga
If we count it up, then we should count it fast
Lamborghini Urus, ridin' with my mask
If she look me in my eyes, then we gon' make it last
He asked me for a picture, told him make it fast
Make it fast
He asked me for a picture, told him make it fast
He asked me for a picture, told him make it fast
(He asked me for a picture, told him make it fast)
Lamborghini Urus, ridin' with my mask (Ridin' with my mask)
If you look me in my eyes, then we gon' make it last

Real Walker EP
Continue to step on this shit
Private Club Records, 2021 already, ha
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For twenty-four hours