

## Address

24hrs

Ayy Twenty  
Hella kush with this Louis V du-rag  
Blue Benz, I just pulled off with the paper tags  
This for my day shift and my night shift girls  
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24hrs...  
And... hold up, hold up, hold up

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She mad pressed, that mean she can't get the address  
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Light wrist, right wrist my shit like a crisis  
Diamonds on my left flooded, hope that you can swim, bitch  
And we make a movie every time so you should film this  
Me and Oscar in Vancouver riding in a limo  
I don't wanna hear your SoundCloud or your demo  
I just got to hip to Twenty, damn lil' bitch you super late  
Everything a film to me, my lifestyle like a Super 8  
Twenty, Twenty, Twenty, hold up you know he gon' eat the beat  
Paul, Paul, Paul, Paul, you know he gon' sit with me  
She gon' throw it back for me  
I hit your ho, look back for me  
Threw her like it's cee-lo, touch down in the T.O  
She said, "Twenty you ain't no good, saw you brought out Roy Wood\$"

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Put her in an Uber, she ain't never got the address  
Dropped 5 bands on the YSL leather dress  
Gucci, Gucci, Gucci, they know Twenty is a customer  
We went to Coachella, man hurry, all the drugs with her  
Pop back, pop back, know a young nigga gon' play this  
She said, "Twenty, oh my God, my favorite  
I think you might make it in my playlist"  
Turn up, turn up, put a young nigga in the playlist  
Turn up, turn up, put a young nigga in the playlist  
Turn up, turn up, fuck a young nigga to the playlist  
Turn up, turn up, shawty just work that day shift  
Turn up, turn up, put a young nigga in the playlist

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Clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it  
Like I knew you would  
Clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it  
Show me somethin' good  
Clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it  
I'ma throw these ones  
Clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it, clap it  
You the chosen one