

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, you know he gon' sit with me
She gon' throw it back for me
I hit your ho, look back for me
Throwed 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