

E-E-E-Emkay

On my momma, dog, I never shoulda trust you
Pillow talkin' to them hoes, but they don't love you
Got a million dollar crib with a pool view
His diamonds not real, he can't fool me
They AP could freeze the jacuzzi
I see that you been hatin'
But your bitch know I'm the man, for real
Told my plug to hit the CVS and go demand the pills
Met the bitch on Instagram
We can't go back to Myspace

Myspace
Met the bitch on Instagram
We can't go back to Myspace
I put VVS on my ring
And the Cartiers on my face, Myspace
Met the bitch on Instagram
We can't go back to Myspace, Myspace
I put VVS on the ring
Cartiers, they sit on my face, Myspace

Yeah, I just dropped a forty on her, spraying her
Restaurants too boujee, so I got the chicken tenders
Yeah, add a little base, make it shake, make it shake, oh
Pullin' up to Chase, I got the racks
I'm 'bout to unload, way too much fashion
Backwoods smoke like a fire breathing dragon
Every single girl in the city finna act up
Lil' bro is tryna work, gotta get his racks up
Pull up to the concert, stadium is packed up
Baby too attractive

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