

Still Free TC

24hrs

I love the Private Club
Eight-five, know if I'm speedin', I'm in my droptop
I been on some get money shit for a long time
I just touched a hundred this month
I buy what the fuck I want
Dior know me first-name, guess I buy too much
I can't pass the wood no more
'Cause I ain't gettin' high enough
Been had six, now I'm tryna reach Figure 8
They booked me in December, now they tryna pick the later day

Show sold out, we sneakin' bitches in the VIP
Twelve pulled me over, said he really need to see ID
2020 bat, I got a feature with T.I.P
And she love the Private Club
That's why she wanna ride with us
I done came a long way, back when I didn't have shit
Walkin' out of Mastro's with somethin' that's not average
ZaZa, mm-hmm, that shit make me pass out
If it's 'bout that gang-gang, know that I'm gon' crash out
Counted hundred thousand cash way before I had my deal, nigga
Loyalty mean everything, you broke and still be real, nigga
Route receiver, Twenty catchin' plays, I'm in the field, nigga
She lookin' for a man, but she keep fuckin' everything she meet
I can't fuck with everybody, they pressin' up this fentanyl
Big dog, really not a nigga they can step on
Photoshoot, I can tell these niggas wanna be me

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I ain't move a finger, but you got touched like the Ouija
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105 West, on my way back out to Hollywood
Two twenty on the dash, I got a heavy foot
Baby told me, "Please slow down"
I think I probably should (Should)
Niggas always wanna race, they see you in a sports car
Spent a hundred in the club, no, we don't do the sports bar
Two hundred dollar lineups, use to get mine on Crenshaw
Know you mad at me, when I was workin', you fucked off
Walked into Hermès, I bought my bitch a purse
She gon' wear it with some Bottegass and my merch (Merch)
Tell 'em I ain't doin' not favors, I need my racks (Racks)
'Til the day I make a billion, I just can't relax (Relax)

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