

Yung Lan on the track

Okay, tick tock, Audemars wrist watch
I keep a stick, I keep a big Glock
You get hit, I do not miss shots
I keep a stick, I tell her, "Kick rocks"
Okay, get rocks, wrist go drip, drop
I do not kiss, you making shit hot
You think I'm dumb, I ain't no kid
Thought you was in love
You ain't my bitch, nah

She on my drip drop
She ain't never went both ways, but I made them lip lock
Never in the car, enough of that, she was at the tip top
Might as well throw away the key, I got the streets locked
I been drinking all this lean, I know I need to stop
Hopping out the stolen cars, and we shoot chops, and opps
Two flooded out Rolexs, they don't tick or tock
Lemme can't tell lil' shorty, she can't pick the pot
Everything up to par

I got them big rocks in my ear, nuggets
I got my whole team flooded
Saks Off Fifth, I'm with your bitch
She buying everything I wanted
She fly me out to Waukeke
LV all on her bikini
Take her money, go Houdini
I call her when I want eat-eat
On my feet, you see them CC's
Neck and ears, you see them VV's
On my jeans, you see them GG's
Treat that bitch like she a fefe
Big body Benz, that's beep-beep
Hit it in the back of the Jeep-Jeep
That bitch know she a freak-freak
And the pussy staying on leak-leak

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