

## Quarterback (Secure The Bag!)

AJ Tracey

Getting to the bag, I want all of that  
Got her number but I ain't calling back  
Automatic whip, no stalling that  
Manna call the plays like a quarterback  
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I'm running up checks like a doctor  
Tryna win gold like Oscar  
New flow, try and do it too, impostor  
Got them all running off the beat like Costa  
My team got a five star roster  
Little bitch threw a fit when I tossed her  
If she wanna fuck twice, that'll cost her  
If she wanna fuck twice, that'll cost her  
Leave me be, get out my face  
I secured the bag and went on my way  
They behind, they're not on my page  
Go learn to grind and get on my wage  
You ain't bae so don't call man bae  
And you ain't my mate so don't call man A  
Young nigga, they know my age  
Free my bros, they locked in that cage  
And I'll still miss the drop if I want  
I turn up, finesse the chick and I'm gone  
I get head and keep all the lights on  
No wasteman can jump on my song  
They thought I would flop and they're wrong  
Still here, fit as hell, my life's strong  
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I've got her number but I'm just texing  
Hitting up my line on a next ting  
I don't want you, I want a next ting  
Baby girl I owe you a sexing  
Break man's soul when I'm flexing  
But he try cap so I decked him  
I took a grey ting to my hotel  
And I had her on her knees when I checked in  
My LA dons make the Draco fly  
Had bread before the Drake co-sign  
Came through, I'm here to take what's mine  
No "Whatless" old man can make me sign  
I was doing laps on my Ridgeback  
Nah, I was doing laps on a specialized  
If I had beef then I slid back  
Girl you wanna fuck? Better get in line  
AJ, T  
Be like, me  
London's best starting Q-B  
If people say "fly" I'm like wait, who? me?  
Made the trap jump, Jordan, 2, 3  
My bitch bad, thick and bou-jee  
I was in the States counting, blue, cheese  
Step up on the stage and they never boo, me  
Sleep on a nigga, go ahead and you'll, see

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