

Psycho

Alex Goot

Damn, my AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Come with the Tony Romo for clowns and all the bozos
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Don't act like you my friend when I'm rollin' through my ends, though

You stuck in the friend zone, I tell that four-five the fifth, ayy
Hunnid bands inside my shorts, DeChino the shit, ayy
Try to stuff it all in, but it don't even fit, ayy
Know that I been with the shits ever since a jit, ayy
I made my first million, I'm like, "Shit, this is it," ayy
30 for a walk through, man, we had every slit, ayy
Had so many bottles, gave ugly girl a sip
Out the window of the Benzo, we could send in the rent'
And I'm like "Woah, man, my neck so goddamn cold"
Diamonds weigh, my teeths is sore
I got homies, let it blow, oh
My money thick, won't ever fold
She said, "Can I have some to hold?"
And I can't ever tell you no

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The AP goin' psycho, my Rollie goin' brazy
I'm hittin' lil' mama, she wanna have my babies
Sippy on the Panky, chain so stanky
You should see the whip, promise I can take yo' bitch
Dolla ridin' in an old school Chevy, it's a drop top
Boolin' with a thot-thot, she gon' give me top-top
Just one switch, I can make the ass drop

No, these diamonds real bright
Saint Laurent jeans, still in my Vans though
All VVSs, put you in a necklace
Girl, you look beautiful tonight
Stars on the roof, they matching with the jewelry

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though, ends though...)

My AP goin' psycho