

Yeah

Ayy

Yeah (Honey, I'm home), yeah, ayy

Yeah, ayy, yeah

Euro step to the money, homie, you got criss-crossed
Groupie bitches, all they wear is lip gloss and flip-flops
Red dot on your chest, I hope you can limbo
Don't care what you think, old man, you not my demo

My brother got the purple for me, so I need the Spriter now
All I hear is "rah-rah-rah," told that bitch to quiet down
I been flyin' since a jit, yeah, and I'm flyer now
Talk of the town, watch out how they passin' flyers 'round
I was just a jit, they used to charge me for a feature
Now them boys, punk-ass boys, watch me from the bleachers
I can't find a game then I go toss my sneakers
My shorty overseas, she gon' swipe the Visa (Okay)

Old friends, new friends, I got plenty them
Pretty girl take a trip, wanna play pretend
Outta sight, outta mind, think I need a cleanse
Get away (Fuck), separate, I'm not one of them
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