

Call it out

Yeah

(StraightDropVanilla)

Yeah

It's BLACK

I'm in her guts like Melvin did Jody mama  
Dropped her off in midair, tryna take off the condom  
Quick to scream out birth control when I'm inside her  
Fucked around and made Max in the back of a Honda  
Can't trust hoes (Never), barely can trust my partners (Ever)  
In the sprinter with three Glock's and a mint green chopper  
My Cambodian niggas blacker than Barack Obama  
My migo niggas knock the meat up out your enchilada  
I'm fake famous 'round this bitch, still pull up at Shoppers  
Y'all know me, I walked down and hit for carne asada  
Sour cream, extra cheese and a large horchata  
Same nigga from the group home off UV vodka  
No matter how much I got, I can't leave the hood  
Pushin' up on niggas like Stacy on the wood  
J's know me by my first and last name  
Ain't been packed out or hoed, my facecard good  
Pull up whenever, wherever like Kirk from the Bulls  
Stole my grandad revolver and took it to school  
Them had an all black AP that held 32  
I been turnt up since AIM, this fame ain't new  
Tryna ho me for some clout, like Dirk, I'ma shoot  
Knock Keyana and her partner up at Fontainebleau  
Put her dumb ass to sleep like a Xanax do  
Put a blanket on her dumb ass like grams do

And these days, yeah, a nigga be tapped out  
'Cause of bitches clout chasin' and niggas pillowtalkin'  
Oh, I feel the 304, and ooh  
And ooh, I feel the 304 in you  
Nut a cross on a bitch head, now she blessed, ah  
(Nut a cross on her head and now she blessed, ah)  
And baby, I'ma need the fee if you wan' be next, ah  
(And baby, I'ma need the fee if you wan' be next, ah)  
And oh, I feel the 304, ooh  
And ooh, I feel the 304 in you

I got a warrant and I'm still at the lake clownin'  
Thought it was Pornhub, the way the bitch backside bouncin'  
On my dead partners, the bitch cashed out for a thousand  
Took off the Lifestyle 'cause bitches be schemin' and scowlin'  
This bitch poutin', she say I'm never at the crib (Why?)  
You don't make enough for me to stay away from Fig'  
Can you support my cleat habit, feed my kids?  
Can you massage my back while I'm fuckin' your friend? (Thank you)  
Can you mix that Patrón even with the Henn'?  
I need a bag if you want this dick in your ribs  
Oh, I'ma kill a pussy, let the bitch live  
I'll be on tip like round four or five, Offset Jim  
I need a house like Jeezy, three million on ice  
Need to be able to buy that black 'Rari twice  
Ho I'ma stab when I get home, Kelly Price

I had 'em caned, send the young niggas take your life (Yes, sir)

And these days, yeah, a nigga be tapped out (Can you keep me at home?)

'Cause of bitches clout chasin' and niggas pillowtalkin'

Oh, I feel the 304, and ooh (Oh, I feel it, baby)

And ooh, I feel the 304 in you

Nut a cross on a bitch head, now she blessed, ah

(Nut a cross on her head and now she blessed, ah)

And baby, I'ma need the fee if you wan' be next, ah

(And baby, I'ma need the fee if you wan' be next, ah)

And oh, I feel the 304, ooh

And ooh, I feel the 304 in you

I feel that H-O-E in you, girl

I feel the 304 in you

Oh, I feel like you a groupie, though

I feel the 304 in you