

Bout It

Ambjaay

Ay, it cost to live like this you hear me
Ayy, I keep it 111, cause I'm from the Ase
Soon as you get pape, watch these niggas hate
Ayy, I'd rather hang alone before I act fake
If that bitch ain't tryna fuck, I tell that hoe to skate
It's a different type of feelin, when them bands all in your face
All my cousins doing time, hope they may weather they cases

Even if I wasn't hunted up, I still won't do no changing
Beat the cat, she havin' flashbacks, like she that's so raving
Off-white on my body, it's a cold situation
And my jacket say Supreme, but I might come Botega

Yeah, that Glock got a beam, I don't even gotta chase him
Couple hundred for the jeans, yeah, I'm going Kanye crazy
Ayy, ayy, she just wanna fuck, cause I'm young and turnt
Ayy, ayy, I'm in my own lane, I ain't gotta merge

I got bands all in my pocket, yeah, I think it's time to splurge
Baby, you wanna fuck the drip off me, I think she tryna surf
When you ain't got that bread, all these bitches start actin like birds
Pull up in them Benz, skrt, skrt, let it kiss the curb

Boy, if you don't think I'm really one of the ones, you got some nerves
I'm that guy, man, I'm not gon' lie, fly as nigga on Earth
Switchy and hit him, 4-5, bake him like a chicken
Yeah, bitch, I'm comin different, gettin money, my ambition

Pieces cold, yeah, they hittin, it's a cold life I'm livin
Baby, I could build you up, but you gotta play your position
I'm a drip junkie, I can wear whatever, got decisions
It's the get-back, man, they got me muggin' like a gremlin

I need a Tic-Tac to where I'm talking shit, I be trippin
Yeah, I got that shit on me, yeah, I feel like Big Shitty
Yeah, yeah, I'm young and turnt, yeah, yeah, she want a purse
Baby, know that I'm a flirt, got her pullin on my shirt

I've been gridin for a while, man, this shit just gotta work
Ay, I'm winnin in the league, they know AMB comin first
Balenci B's cost a thousand, I grew up in public housing
Stack that money like a mountain, don't want that bitch, cause she childish

I named that choppa, Master P, little bitch, we bout it, bout it
Blue cheese, I count it, count it, my neck water like a fountain
On gang
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