

Expensive Thoughts

Ambjaay

Ay, it cost to live like this, you hear me

Niggas ain't fuckin' with the Jaay, though
I ain't Lil Wayne, but sorry for the wait though
I'm the type to mixed chrome with the Bape though
Catch me by my lonely, nah, I lied I'm with eight hoes
Niggas ain't never got no money, nigga, stay home
Bad bitch, she finna take it off, she said she hate clothes
I went gold in six months it ain't take long
White & Rose on my neck get your hate on
It's time to wake em' up, cause they sleep on me
Man, that lil' pussy wet, she got a beach on her
It's like the beat hit better when AMB on it
I know this shit get hard, but I'ma keep goin
Chop pop, dead opp, yeah, nigga, keep blowin
Bad vibe, thick thighs, yeah, she got some yeeks on her
Shoulda took her serious, I was sleep on her
I just told her, suck it up, don't use no teeth on it
I'm overly trim, I'm really one of them
Been ballin' for a while, I'm way up above the rim
Catch a opp and shoot a film, bleep scene, who is him
I'll boot a bitch quick like a pair of Timbs
Fuck chasin' bitches, rather have them M's
Expensive shoes on my feet like where you get them
Bad things, she just pull up in the new Benz
Man niggas really lame, we is not them
Exotic shit, always stay on my body
You could cut my head off, still won't need nobody
Fell in love with them racks, havin' my way with the hotties
Man, this shit on my neck make you say damn, Bobby
Ay, I came a long way, got it out the mud
I know these niggas love to hate, but I don't give a fuck
I'm with a foreign vibe in a foreign truck
Not gon' lie, bae, I wanna fuck
I'm off the bottle in this bitch and I'm cuttin' up
Blueface hunnit's I keep thumbin' up Everything fake, I ain't used to
love
Feelin' like I'm him, I ain't gon' do too much
Yeah, it's AMB for the win I don't really fuck with niggas
Yeah, I'm not shakin' hands Bad bitch from L.A, said she tryna get ra
m
I was stuck in the slums, did whatever for them bands
How you get all that money, yeah, it's off the rap
If that pussy pressure, we gon' run it back We leave a nigga missin'
like a gap
Still postin' in the trenches, no back with this Glock in my hand, I
might act out
She said, it's loaf in my hand, make her pass out
Yeah, I'm drippin' like a fool with them racks out
Body suit and she tatted, it got her back out