

Frye Frye.

Ant Beale

Cross up some bitches up, tell 'em come through and dirty wine (Wine)
Mix the Henny with the Chardonnay, that's dirty wine (Wine)
I just wanna pull up with' Mercedes on my ride (Ride)
I whip that muthafucka' like I ain't in afraid to die (Skrrrt, yeah, woah)
BNYX
Chenny, ayy, Chenny (Hahaha)
Ayy, frye, frye, frye, ayy

Can I throw it down with my guys? (With my guys)
I'ma come around, just be outside (Just be outside)
It ain't nothin' wrong with my eyes (With my eyes)
I'm frye, frye, I'm frye, frye, ayy
Can I get fly with my guys? (With my guys)
Chanel Baroque studs on my eyes (That's so fly)
I got bitches VVS on my ride (That's on my ride)
I'm frye, frye, frye, frye

Yeah, pick up game in Cali on the roof and I frye
I like to mix the mayonnaise and the ketchup with my fries (Yeah)
I just hope A Beezy go to Heaven when he dies (Why?)
So I can spark a fat dutch, get chill with Robby, and get fried (Fried)

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Can I get money with my guys? (With my guys, yeah)
Can someone call the weed man with the high? (He got the high-grade)
Honey Bourbon Backwood for the frye (That's to get fried, yeah)
I'm frye, frye, frye, frye, ayy (Fried what?)

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Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage (How much you got?)
Gold medalist in thrift Olympics (That's what you got?)
I rock the camo, camo, camo, camo (Camo, camo?)
I'm really in the field, I think I'm Rambo
Ayy, chill and frye with the Rock (With the Rock, woah)
I'ma smoke a doobie with Barack (With Barack, woah)
You don't find a vibe like this a lot (No, you don't, no)
So you can prolly tell I'm worth a lot (I'm worth a whole lot)
Okay, my wrist moves like it got turrets (It got turrets, woah)
I only Instagram for the flex (I know you watchin')
I be in jacuzzi gettin' neck (Get what?)
I told that little cunt that she the best (She the what?)

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It ain't nothin' wrong with my eyes (With my eyes)

I'm frye, frye, frye, frye, yeah (Frye what?)
Can I get fly with my guys? (With my who?)
Chanel Baroque studs on my eyes (What's on my eye?)
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I'm frye, frye, frye

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