

Pour It On A Rollie

Anth

Pour it up
Pour it all up on a rollie, yeah
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Rubbers bands, yeah I'm balling like I'm Kobe

Got a girl, why she acting like she know me?
Got a man, acting like she never told me
Boujee chick, got her sippin' on a 40
Hit it once then I pass her to my homies
Catch a flight and we straight to Bagatelle
British chick said she saw me on the telly
Light it up while we bumping Machiavelli
Fuck her good, swear she look like Halle Berry
Fuck a ring, I ain't ever getting married
Model chick, used to be miss February
Americana, look like Mariah Carey
Hit me the addy, hit it till you call me daddy

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Cut the bullshit, we know you telling fables
Getting paid, I ain't ever need a label
Paper planes, make it rain up on the table
Watch your mouth, boy you know that could be fatal
Tarantino, my life is like a movie
If that's your girl, why she acting like a groupie?
If that's your girl, why she begging me for Gucci?
If that's your girl, why she up in in my Jacuzzi?
In Dubai, yeah I'm whippin' Lamborghini's
In the penthouse, you're lucky if you see me
Got my ex wishing that she didn't leave me
She gon' need a genie, bitch I'm gone just like Houdini

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