

Obsessed

Ashley All Day

Lookin' for my mans, love findin' my mans
Spend a hundred grand, that's a fuckin' hundred bands
He lookin' at me, he 'bout to get blocked
Blocked like the guy who think he mine, but free not

Fuck boy shoot his shot, he gettin' blocked like Mutombo
Spend a hundred bands I fuck it up just for fun though (Bitch)
Swervin' in the Benz, lil' bitch get a band
All my bitches, they on ten, and you know they badass tens
F&N with the big dick, big clip
Got shooters on click click, won't miss (Nope)
Brown paper bag and it's filled with them rubber bands (Cash)
I ain't sweatin' no nigga, I be coolin' like a fan (Burr)

Back that on me, keep your distance on me, she could wait for l
ove
You're so foolish, you a fool, you really thought she gave a fu
ck
You're so foolish, you-
you a fool, you really thought... fuck...

In the field, no not NFL (Nah)
Chopper get to drummin' like some hi-hats on FL (Bitch)
Watch the Washingtons while I'm chiefin' on an L (Gas)
Servin' all these loads, I'ma need a bigger scale (I'ma need a
nigga scale)
All this bread, no jelly (Nope), pull off in a Chevy (Skrtrt)
I'ma go get it bitch, fetti flowin' steady
Always ready for the plot, still pourin' straight drop
No lease, all bought, lil' dummy, what you thought? (Huh? Huh?)

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