

Freestyle

Baby Smoove

(Michigan Meech)

I don't know what's going on
I think all the love fake
I can't trust nobody you can see it in my face
So much lean in this cup, I just drink it for the taste
I wear drip-down shorts, and hold an F by my face
Nigga you a nobody, what you say it don't matter
She spend time with me then go to you right after
I'm doing 120, about to go a lot faster
I know she a teacher but she built like a dancer
High as hell late nights I be running red lights
It came out gold but this a tech red pint
If she was broke bitch, I'd never ever pipe
If she was broke bitch, shit, she never be my type
There's levels to this shit and now my lifestyle different
Showing no clothes when she cleaning in the kitchen
I dare you not to duck when that chopper started kissing
Pocket full of neighborhood blues low trippin'
We'll hang you by the neck just for calling me a name
Same guns from the video hit you broad-day
That nigga wanted attention too bad, he looked lame
So many pairs of Amiri's, I can give that shit away
She was just on my dick, next day she with her dude
If I told you what she told me, you'd say I'm being rude
Do a nigga real bad, I'm tryna see him on the news
I can't make it rain water, only these 762s
I be running through Diors like they Air Force 1s
You ain't really shit but a first-class bum
If you look at my chest I got zaza lungs
I'm about to buy her condo and bring her to the slums
Nigga supposed to be mans but he acting like a fan
Amari shopping every week, each pair cost a band
I'd never thought I'd have a bitch who'd be worried about her t
its
Sippin' on wok on the beach with my feet in the sand