

Go Yeezy

Babyfxce E

(I ain't gon' lie, you tripped on this bitch, Jay)
Uhh, bitch
Yeah
(Know I'm off that drank again, I'm off the drank again)
M Block, all that shit, Striker Boys, aye
Huh

Independent, don't need your help, bro, I'm good
Rap wasn't recommended, I just did it cause I could, okay
Beating her walls like I'm tryna find a stud
She just want me to give her time, I'm like, "Bae, I wish I could", alright
Back in the booth, sayin' the shit that I should've said
Up the stick, then rob him, and still think 'bout shit I should've did
Huh, went up top, look in the barrel, gon' see a bullet head
Trappin' in my same Nike Tech, put me on Coulda Been
Aww, she think I care about the shit we could've been
Bro ridin' Strike in the same fit he took it in
Huh, she comin' home with me if she look again
Jay on the beat, they like, "Who let them niggas cook again?"
Six racks on my back, bro, that's a Go Yeezy
I can make it back like that, bro, that's a sold feature
I thought the 'Cat was fast, until I drove Demon
Just bust it open for me, I ain't gon' be thinkin' that you-
Bae, just bust it open for me, I ain't gon' be thinkin' that you easy
Find any excuse to sip the drank, bro, I'm a lil sneezy
I'm OT in the Lamb' truck, I wish the hood can see me
Need my heart checked around the boys, the only time it's beatin'
This her third baby daddy, she need some better defense
If I dropped chain in the Summer, I would've changed the season
You can shoot a blick, but can you get a hundred cash
You can drive the 'Cat, just fill it up when you bring it back
Huh, had to extort a nigga, he was stealin' packs
Dawg said, "I ain't never snitchin'," 'til you give him max
Huh, she made me bust quick, but I'ma get her back
The second round, I gave this bitch some shit that she ain't never had
The past is some shit that you can't tell her 'bout
Anything that got my name on it, bro, I can sell it now
Just had \$5K in one's, it's in the ceiling now
She so crazy with the head, I think she got a mental problem
Send her ass a thousand, 'cause I miss my momma
Huh, told her that I got you, ain't no trippin' 'bout it
She bad with no ass, but it's cool, 'cause she can get somebody
All black pants, they kinda baggy, then it's Ricky probably
Bitch, yeah
Was finna end the song, but I knew that y'all be mad at me
Told bro to punch me somethin', and he threw a jab at me
If you show my biggest gun, it probably have you back backin'
Don't try to leave it in my crib, bitch I be last trackin'
G-Flex trigger, got the Glockie fast actin'
You don't really want this shit, bro, you be half-assin'
Givin' signs that I wanna fuck, bro, I be half-askin'

Nah, forreal, like
Everybody done had that one time where they just, didn't even wanna ask forreal
But whole time, you knowin' what you on, but you really tryin' to be a cool nigga

You ain't tryna fuck the mood up, you ain't tryna fuck the vibe up
Whole time, you in your head, you tryna crunch something, forreal, forreal
Fuck all that shit, put that shit on the floor
All she can do is say, "No"
When you make up an excuse, tell her, "You gotta go"
Tell one of my mans to call, you know they good at playin' roles
I'm done playin', It's With A X, Striker Boys