Road runnin' and I don't even know where I'm at Man I know this ain't no race
But I just don't wanna come in last
She won't even text me back

I just have to accept that's where we at I ain't take no boxing class
But 've been fuckin' up so many bags

That drank man that pink shit
Might just hit lil harder then tank
30 On my necklace let's see who hit harder than saint
I don't think you want my heart bae

My shit come with a lot of pain
I used to drive them dudes fr
They couldn't even catch me when they was
I don't know who you is, could get a dap
But not no shake

The way she roll my shit I could tell she ain't have no driving training You know what I'm on girl I don't know why yo ass keep playing Still ain't really used to all that rap shit Still get accustomed to it Talking about the shit I be doing They said I took them through it

Your man's could die, you leave your phone
She looking through it
I don't care what you find bItch
Now we fighting cause you looked into it
Man
Like what the fuck you doing man you trippin
I don't wanna see your personal page
I wanna see your finsta
It's was times I had no money, that shit hit different
(It's was times I had no money, that shit hit different)

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