

(Glory)

Huh

Yeah, haha, yeah

We finna run in his crib and it's wraps  
Can't come around me, told her to get back  
Can't get my number, she hit me on Snap  
My plug my homie, your plug off of Snap  
Don't wanna talk, man, I don't wanna chat  
That boy want a feature, a hundred for that  
I hit it once and then pass her like Dak  
That boy really soft but he tough on the app  
Seen him in person, found out he was cap  
I feel like Faygo, take you off the map  
Take 'em off the map then I send 'em to Hell  
I feel like Yeat because here's a bell  
Twizzy, everyone that I know is rich as hell  
Za' in my Prada bag, I love the smell  
Can't go to Harvard, I'm going to Yale  
Glock hit that boy, now he pale  
Got a white shooter, that nigga name Dale  
Me and Santana, it's not even fair  
He want that smoke, put that shit in the air  
And I'm back in the crib and I'm rocking Givenchy  
I got a hundred K right on my pinky  
Got that bitch drooling, now she need a binky  
I shoot the choppa without even thinking  
We been getting bucks, baby, like Giannis  
Fly me and my brother to a private island  
Screenshotting our texts, girl, you be wilding  
I'm spitting that gospel just like I'm Weiland  
Your ho is ugly, I'm just bein honest  
Hopped in a jet, man, I hopped in a private  
Man, I'm so high that I feel like I'm flying  
Talk on the gang then he ended up dying

Oh-oh-oh, yeah (Yeah, okay)

Oh-oh-oh, yeah (Yeah, okay)

Oh-oh-oh, yeah (Yeah, okay)

Oh-oh-oh, yeah (Yeah, okay)

Oh, oh, oh, yeah (Ha, ha)

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah (Ha, ha)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Ha, ha)

Woah, yeah, yeah (Ha)

Alright, let me hear it