

060433

Baby Santana

(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