

nyc

BabySantana

(Bee, yeah)

(Yeah)

Yeah (Uh), huh (Woah), yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Put him in the sky, I ain't talkin' no airplane

My chopper shootin' like COD campaign

G, he gon' pour a bottle of champagne, no, I ain't talkin' no P
api

Drac' on my hip and I'm shootin' like Scotty

Me and lil' Giela ride 'round in that Masi'

Dior on my toes, bogo on my chest when I feel like Dami

Jump out the wall like BO3, he talkin' down, he gon' D-I-
E (Oof)

Brand new scope on the ARP, knock out your lights like B-Y-E

I'm still tryna see why he talkin' down on the G-A-N-G

Heard he want smoke, so we finna pull up on him and pull out th
e M-16

Feel like Rell AK, Draco with the red light

Heard he talkin' down on bro, then it's on site

Chrome Hearts on and I got Off-White

14 and I carry the spotlight (Bop, bop, bop)

Feel like Yachty, baby, 'cause I only want one night

Like how you gon' bring a knife to a gunfight?

How you black belt but ain't even had one fight?

Kickin' stuff in the A in the sunlight

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