

on it

BabySantana

Yeah, yeah (You gon' fuck with this one, Will)

If it's 'bout bread, I'm on it
Racks on his head, I want it
Tryna give you my love, you running
I got a band, in my pocket
Say you better than me, better stop it
Can't do the lean, I might vomit

K-A-\$-H-WAYZ, I'm with my gang
I'm with my brother, you know you can't hang
I feel the blood runnin' through my veins
I call up bro, let's go hit us a stain
Pull up to the crib, she finna get slained
I was down-bad, you left me in the rain
Now you tryna come back, what a shame
Pull up from the three, baby like I'm Dame
Yeah, woah, yeah, woah
Yeah
KA\$HWAYZ tee just came in
Feel like Dami I got reiterations
5 star, we can't sleep at no day-inn
I got a bad girl, she Jamaican
Take a look at all this money I been makin'
Big backwood that I'm facin'
Locked out
I been tryna find a way in

Uh, baby I'm tryna fuck we is not datin'
It's five thousand for the placement
No I can't fuck with you baby you basic
Only sixteen with a bag, I'm still chasin
I walk in the room and yo bitch is there naked
I walk in the room and I'm smellin' like thrax
If I spend me a bag ima get it right back
In and out strokin' yo bitch she like that
I heard you got robbed nigga, in fact
You makin' a diss track
Get yo shit back
Pussy niggas startin' drama I can't get up into that
If you ain't talkin' bout no money, I can't even interact
If you don't even got a mil' you can't beef with me
I might fly to LA for the scenery
(I might fly to LA for the scenery)

Uh, uh
Yeah, we back
She want me come pull on her tracks
And you might trip if you run to fast
We in that Rolls Royce and we goin' to fast
And we just did 280 upon the dash
And I'm on it baby
I been carryin' my stick lately
And that money really drive me crazy

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