

Yeah
Bana, bana (Grrah)
Yeah

Sippin' color purple, no motherfuckin' Celie
If them niggas think they passin' us up, them niggas silly
And if a niggas think he fuckin' with us, I tell him, "Really?"
Slap the bitch and tell her shut the fuck up
I been running it up, yeah
Did a show in Carolina, made a killing
I'ma slide out to Atlanta with my niggas
I was just on the corner with Chase makin' figures

And before a niggas roll up she tell me, "Hold up"
She make me put that doja down, then she take my clothes off
As soon as I walk in the spot, bitch takin' her clothes off
You never know if niggas fuckin' with ya 'hind closed doors
My pockets azul and my flag rojo
Will I let a niggas beef with one my mans? No-no
Soon as she walk in, she takin' off my pants, oh, woah
Oh, woah, oh, woah, oh, woah, oh, woah

I could teach you a thing or two 'bout finessin'
And when the bitch come around me, I'm never stressin'
And you know I can't trip 'less it's 'bout lettuce
No, no-no, no-no (Yeah, yeah)

My phone off, gotta hit my slime just to send a message
And if I give you any of my time, just know that's a blessing
Yeah, oh, woah

Did a show in Carolina, made a killing
I'ma slide out to Atlanta with my niggas
I was just on the corner with Chase makin' figures (Yeah, bana, baby)

Sippin' color purple, no motherfuckin' Celie
If them niggas think they passin' us up, them niggas silly
And if a niggas think he fuckin' with us, I tell him, "Really?"
Slap the bitch and tell her shut the fuck up
I been running it up, yeah (Yeah)

Shut the fuck up
I been running it up, yeah
Shut the fuck up (Yeah)
I been running it up, yeah
(Woo, woo)
Slap the bitch and tell her shut the fuck up
I been running it up, yeah