

Wait!

Bass Santana

(To Bass Be the Glory)

Hey, I don't fuck with you niggas—no, we not friends
For real, what's up with lil' brodie? Come get your mans
For real, what's up with these hoes? They seeking attention
I done seen everything twice
I don't feel suspense

She breaking hearts like I be breaking down this bud
Aye, life will teach you to be cautious with your love
I gained so much by losing all of the above
I gave a lot, but I could never give a fuck

Hold on
Wait! Hold on
Wait! Wait! Hold on
Wait!
Wait! (Ooouuuuu) Hold on
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Wait! (Ooouuuuu)

All my baggages feel like a weight
Got a wide-body bitch with some bass
I'm way up—how the hell can I lose?
From the trenches, got nothing to prove

Hold the choppa—this bihh go to shaking
He ain't going nowhere, man, he waiting
They say, "Hold up, don't move, just be patient."
Got a carpet that's whiter than snow

Imma wild out, I throw some racks in her face
Shorty wild out to the bass
That nigga acting—that's an illusion
Everything he say, he faked

Got a choppa, OVO (hold up)
This bitch sing records like Drake
I heard the latency late
I'm in the Rari with bitches, tryna make sure that they ate

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