

Go outside, touch grass  
Go outside, touch grass

Sixty-three bitches in my crib, I ain't kissed one  
Just got a check, it's a big one  
Sixty-three cribs with a bitch in each one  
Just hit the first sixty-threesome  
Air force cheeks, I'ma crease 'em, lace 'em  
Bitch, you ain't slick, I don't pre-cum  
Feeling braindead, need cerebrum  
Now my dick tired, put a thumb in her bumbum

I am for real, the way I rock round with my mill'  
Ooh, I feel like Pharrell, I'm droppin' out with a milf  
Check out my wheels, drive itself yeah, I'm not too thrilled  
Bitch, come to Brasil, kung fu bitch, Kill Bill

Go outside, touch grass  
Go inside, touch ass  
Go outside, touch grass  
Go inside, touch ass

If the money come in crumbs then I'm breaded  
See us on a print in a suit, double-breasted  
Puffin' on the gas, unleaded  
Halle Berry in my DMs, tryna get it  
And I bought a Cali King just to wet it  
Flex on a song with the eight hundred credit  
Gravy train runnin' for the Senate  
AOC reached out, might hit it

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