

AUTOMATIC

Bia

What is divine light?

BIA-BIA

Aziz

BIA-BIA

Push to start, automatic parts

I don't even think I have a heart

Tin Man, B.E.T after dark

Dance emoji like I popped a narc

He was feelin' on this pussy, so I threw that shit in park

I'll go cry inside a Lambo truck, can't fuck him in no two-door

Bring your man a bitch and he gon' ask you find him two more

I can teach you game for what these bitches go to school for

See me with the same hoes, I don't really fuck with new whores

No

Tell that nigga hurry, drop that bag on me (Tell that nigga)

I like when he spendin' all this cash on me (I like)

Crippin' 'cause I like them Chanel tags on me (Tell that nigga)

If he want a date, then spend that stash on me (Tell that nigga)

Tell that nigga hurry, drop that bag on me (Tell that nigga)

I just got a clutch to hold this magazine (I like)

Pussy good, it make him wanna spazz on me (Tell that nigga)

So I know it's real, he got a tat of me (Tell that nigga)

Yeah

Doe Bizzy got them racks, that's what they mad for

If she act up, kick her to the curb like my last ho, bitch

I just drunk a fifth, girl, come get your back broke

Girl, that pussy good, if you cheat, might kick your ass, ho

Shooters pull up sprayin', they gon' blowin' on demand (Rah, rah, rah)

I just fell asleep inside your ho, I'm off the Xan (Let's go, let's go)

You deal with Doe Beezy, got a problem on your hands (Doe Beezy)

Your boyfriend get to trippin', pull that chopper on your mans (Rah, rah, rah)

I fuck on pop stars now, bitch, I'm hot as fuck (Mwah, mwah)

You can't get this dick, bitch, you not hot enough (Well, damn)

Nigga say he want some smoke, but not poppin' up

Popped a lotta opps, still ain't drop enough (Boom, boom, boom, boom)

Just gettin' started

My youngins, they stupid retarded (Grrrr)

Spotted an opp in a party

Shoot his ass down, then we leave in a 'Rari (Skrtrt)

Fuck all my enemies (Fuck all my enemies)

They ain't did shit to me

Ain't no rapper, keep the blick on me

I secure my security (Oh, really)

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Don't got no bitch on me, what the fuck are you talkin' 'bout? (Not me)
Young, wild nigga, I don't cuff at all
Bitches stay in they feelings, can't fuck 'em raw (At all)
You gon' suck this dick when I see you
Got a million stashed, I don't need you (No cap)
Bought a million bags for these hoes
Still stressed out and alone (What else?)
One point five from the phone (Cash)
Two point two on the road (What else?)
Young turnt, nigga, I'm goals
But I ain't shit without my bros
Can't wait 'til y'all get home
Another day, nigga, another dollar
Chanel, Givenchy, Gucci, Prada
I don't purchase none of that shit, but I got it
East side, first nigga from the hood on a G5
That was me, that was me