

Same Hands

Bia

(CB on the beat)

Crushin' up the drugs with the same hands that I fix to pray with (Pray with)

I don't trust this nigga that I lay with

Too stuck in my ways, I think I'm jaded

I cannot afford to be complacent (Complacent)

Crushin' up the drugs with the same hands that I fix to pray with (Pray with)

I-I don't trust this nigga that I lay with (That I lay with)

Too stuck in my ways, I think I'm jaded

I cannot afford to be complacent (Complacent)

Lately, I've been runnin' through my patience

Kush and YSL is on my fragrance

Niggas did me foul, that's a flagrant

How I hold it down like I'm a basement?

Don't think that I'm soft because I'm gracious

If you owe me money, then I'm fifty with my payments

Damn, I need it all, I need it all, and I'm not waitin'

How I cut 'em off like this shit's really gettin' painless

How come all my friends turn to acquaintance?

I had to replace them

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Crushin' up the drugs with the same hands that I fix to pray with (Pray with)

I-I don't trust this nigga that I lay with (That I lay with)

Too stuck in my ways, I think I'm jaded

I cannot afford to be complacent (Complacent)

(Let's get it)

I don't trust her, I just stay with her

I put rocks in your crib, that's the only reason I stayed with her

I don't even go on dates with her

I know she like eatin' them hoes out, she don't date niggas

Bought her a Benz, I took her out of Kias

Jump out the yacht when I fly out to meet her

I show off my watch when I fuck from the rear

She don't wanna do it, I gave her to BIA

She want the lean instead of the liquor

She act like an addict, she want her a pill

She want a Birkin, I signed my deal

I told her, "Nah," I'll pay for her pills

Let's get it

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I cannot afford to be complacent (Complacent)

Crushin' up the drugs with the same hands that I fix to pray with (Pray with)

I-I don't trust this nigga that I lay with (That I lay with)
Too stuck in my ways, I think I'm jaded
I cannot afford to be complacent (Complacent)

I don't judge nobody 'cause I sin too
If I see you winnin', then I win too
Smokin' on my pain like it's my ritual
Just know when you down that they gon' diss you
Niggas tellin' lies like it's habitual
Damn, I need it all, I need it all in the residual
Money turned my heart into an igloo
Only when you dead is when they miss you
Tell whoever plottin' to continue
Ready for whoever want that issue (That issue)

Crushin' up the drugs with the same hands that I fix to pray with (Pray with
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