

PICK POCKET

Billy Marchiafava

Too much on my mind these days
Before I started rappin I hit a million plays
I was doing okay but I'm back to my old ways
This the type a song make older ladies get friskay

Shit I mean frisky
I just popped a bottle I think I'm sippin whiskey
I'm just making music for the ones that gone miss me
This a short song it's gone end pretty quickly So
Let me, introduce myself for, those who
Do not know me, homie
Hummina hummina chim chim chim cherrey
Dream about the money only way I get some sleep
I'm not bragging I'm just lookin for serotonin
Always home alone baby call me Macaulay Culkin
Every single summer I got girls tryna pick pocket the boy gets
hot baby billy a hot pocket

I put you on
I'm poppin like I'm some corn
You want me to preform of course
Run me that check, run it back like sports

I'm not who your friends adore
I'm barely making it out the door
I spent last week, walking around like a corpse
But run me that check till I hit the floor

Bill nye, I'm off the gas
I just did 150 on the dash
I got money like a 40 year old man
So many people tryna to steal my swag

Tryna to steal my bag
I'm in the studio till I make a smash
You thought, you had
Some clout but it passed
I'm really chill but don't make me spazz