

# Jack and Jill

BLP KOSHER

Watrr (Ayy, turn it up, Xoul)

I want a—

I want a Jack and Jill bathroom for all my jits who ain't have no pot to piss

I don't ever get imposter syndrome, stay by the alley, I'm Ross Lynch Pickpocket or you wallet watchin'?

Pop Plan B's like Jocelyn

I'm lookin' around for commas, bitch, and you lookin' round for compliments

I got Steve Maddens on my feet, we used to share the Shoe-Goo

Jit be milkin' his dog in the can, you won't even give him a "YooHoo"

Ayy, I ain't finna bite my tongue, you can't fit in these damn Osiris

Like a wrecking ball, two sister chains swinging, no Noah Cyrus

I'm shining

I can't wait 'til they test my diamonds

They know that I popped my door

They fuck with you more, when you violent

She wanna go on vacation, we got Turks at home

We got Turks at the crib, she screaming out Layla tov

Since a jit I was up to something, cracka, they claimed my fucking co usin

Run the city like David Grutman, steppin' on shit, I beat my bunion

My Glock and my phone, they both got buttons

All that I hang around is gunmen

Whip out my meat, this dime be muttin'

Bad bitch screamin' out, "Fuck me to tears", I'd rather eat out a raw onion

Drive through the woods, peepin' out my side mirror, I keep a uzi no bluffin'

50K for the feat, like fuck me runnin'?

I'm tryna stay stuntin', why you buntin'?

You tryna kick shit jit, we puntin'

Clutchin' on fire like an arson, for any lil' bitch wanna lurk

Screen print in the apartment, put them crackers on a shirt

And all of that shit got merch, it was just me and MikeCookBurst

Remember when they used to rank a jit?

Now every opp mama need a handkerchief

I'll pluck a opp, them boys weird, I'll yank a bih

Said I was a gimmick, y'all was fuckin' around with props and shit

That boy was shittin' on you crackers, while he ain't even have no pot to piss

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