Bad ideas, got a couple of friends coming
With some bad ideas, but shit the clock still running
Was a bad idea to have you come out here for something
Baby, bad idea 'cause you ain't come out here for nothing
Out in Santa Maria, I heard you tell me that you love me
Was a bad idea 'cause right now, shit 'bout to get ugly
Got a few phone calls, my nigga hit me 'bout the money
Soon as you dozed off, I got the trap back jumping

The fall off, no time soon

And pussy never made me move

She called off, still came through

I'll always come find you

Knew from the jump, know this ain't what you want

But you always find a way back

She know I'm dangerous, that's where she feel safe at

I'm too contagious, I guess you can't face, it's a

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Aye, foo, so before bro get in the whip, how we runnin' this? So this the plot

Bro coming down right now, we finn spin to the party, you feel me? I already got the bitches there waiting for him Liquor him up, turn him up, make sure he having a good time Aight

Then when it's all said and done and he ain't on his tip, what? I'ma shoot the text, she gon' send him to the back We gon' be back there and we gon' strip that nigga For that stupid ass chain, for all the bread in his pockets On me!

He ain't gon' be having such a good
Oh, hold up here come this nigga right now, hold up, hold on

What up, Birdie?
What it do, what it do?
What's good, big dog?
What's good, my nigga?
Happy birthday, foo!
Aye, thank y'all, bro, look at this chain my girl got me
Man, that shit fire, man, on me, you might wanna tuck that
Nah, for real