

Live 95

Boogie

I wish I could fly a jet with her
And have sex with her
All the Instagram, hoes in the world (the world)
Yeah my nigga the world, in the world (shit)
I wish I could smoke a blunt with her
And maybe fuck with her
And be in the cut with somebody
That won't run to my girl (no, no)
No, no, don't tell my girl, uh
Tell my girl, yeah

I said it's too much dough to be hurt, yeah
I don't know what I'm worth, yeah
I been broke since my birth, yeah
Too much hoes in my search, yeah
I sipped slow and got turnt, yeah

I hope you grippin' what you love, 'cause they coming to steal
your joy
How come every time we function, they tellin' us, "Kill the noi
se"
Why the fuck my baby mama keep sayin' I'm still a boy?
Find your bliss in the abyss and it probably could fill the voi
d
I'm sayin', boy, I ain't touch my ceiling that's probably from
effort givin'
Searching for better livin', that shit come from repetition
I feel I've been less efficient, I feel I'm too pressed for bit
ches
Keep saying, "F them niggas", but still ain't address it with '
em
You stressin' when it's

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Now if your pockets been low and your shit was all bad
Now your bitches all mad 'cause you gettin' to the bag
Put your hands up, yo, yo
All my niggas put your hands up
Ladies

Now if your beauty still glow and you got a dark past
And you know that you got class
Then go ahead and shake ass

Put your hands up, ladies, all my ladies, put your hands up