

Coy

Bryson Tiller

(Montage, you a fool, boy)

(Chris Ro\$e gon' be the reason we gon' blow, boom)

Bustin' out the head, boy (Hang it up)

Like I'm CB, I made her beg for it

Now she on my head for it

She pop it like, yeah, boy

She on top like, yeah, boy

A hunnid pack, a hunnid [?], yeah, boy

Tad broke, run them racks up, yeah, boy

Tried the booby and it's packed out, yeah, boy

Killa got a nigga maxed out, yeah, boy

And he bound to make me black out, yeah, boy

I'ma cook whoever match now, Ralph know it

And the chef know it, boy, you best know it

Why they said that Tiller washed when he kept going(huh)

Man, these niggas need to stop with that noise (Shh, shh)

Spin a nigga block, make him paranoid (Skrrt, pow, pow)

She hit me with the WAP and she very coy

Know Leray, she look good when I overlay (Overlay)

Pretty smile, gold cap with the over face (With the over face, huh)

Just tell me where we going, ayy (Ayy, ayy)

Dick made her feel welcome, let her overstayed (Ayy)

Ain't no cappin' bout this D and it ain't lowercase

She be trapping, she a G, it's like she own the place 'cause you going places (Uh)

All these bitches want see 'cause they so invasious

Fuck these niggas, man, it's like these niggas born jaded

Like I'm Matt Damon, bitch, I'm going Bourne Jason

Niggas think they lookin' down now it's more adjacent

Slum Tiller got the crown, bitch, who gon' take it?

All these drippin' made 'em drown like it's pourin' rainin'

I'ma tip her ass in pounds and I got more weight

In a foreign place, girl, you done touring states

Take a French pic, fuck a portrait

Popping big shit on [?]

Don't be timid, don't be coy, don't ignore fate (Uh)

Nah, fuck these bitches, you and money correlate

Money spread in my hand, know you see me, yeah

Spread it out [?]

Stand beneath me

I'ma be Superman, she believe me, yeah

Girl, do that old dance, dance, dance