

# Trippy

CalBoy

Whoo, whoo  
Yeah, water, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Gang, gang  
Gang, gang  
Yeah, yeah (Oh)  
Yeah, yeah

I been sippin' lean, I got two fours, yeah (Woah)  
We be totin' beams, we got two poles, yeah (Woah)  
Tried to get to me but you're too slow, yeah (Slow)  
And won't stop grinding 'til I cop a two-door, yeah (Door)

This watch, I'm drippy  
This water, I'm drippy  
The lean, I'm sippy  
I'm trippy, I'm trippy  
I want a flooded Patek, yeah  
I want some ice on my neck, yeah  
I wanna hop on a jet, yeah  
I running straight to a check, yeah

Ayy, traphouse jumpin' like Jordan, watch how I hop in a foreign (Ayy)  
Yeah, got a bad bitch, she gorgeous, you already know that I'm scorin'  
Ayy, I get to flexin' in mansions, these niggas be mad  
Ayy, tell 'em, "Hop off of that fan shit," and get in they bag  
I had to go and demand shit, all black like a bandit  
I had to grip on a .40, this shit can get ratchet  
I been this way since since a shorty, a young nigga, blackin'  
Told 'em I wasn't takin' no L's no more, I'm done with the lessons

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