

Yo Type

Chevy Woods

We don't fuck with yo type We don't fuck with yo We don't fuck
with yo type

All of y'all niggas sucking niggas, and we don't fuck with your
type

Push the button in that Porsche, I can tell you that type
I was on the standline for my man, yo you know what that's like
Joint rolled I need a light, all the shit that I did
At the studio just made a song and the cops all in my crib
You don't know how I live, platinum door I bid
Maino watching all this, V watching all this
Ray watching all this, yeah Ray watching all this
Drake just called me yesterday to tell me, 'boy, you the shit'
Fuck is y'all niggas saying? Real shit, admen
Got a shooter on a little dome tripping, bet he waiting for me
to say when
Fuck is y'all niggas saying? Real shit, amen
Got a shooter on a little dome tripping, bet he waiting for me
to say when
Fuck nigga

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Hunnid gram ya them candy bars, can't fuck with shit that I do
Shorty blessed me, I ain't even sneezed, have them pistols aime
d at you

J-U-L real blood nigga, only color we know is green
See the grill on, I mean motherfucker when I pull up and that's
me
Taylor Gang, fuck what you heard, I'm down for that forever
Pistol tucked in that leather, yeah pistol tucked in that leath
er
Serving all these bricks, you can ask 'em, niggas bet they say
that I'm good
Talk all you want, hazel wood, to the death of me I'm so hood
Hold 'em down, know where I come from, where I come from be tha
t jungle
Bake a cake then I serve the cake with no birthday and they lov
e you
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