

(JJ, what you tellin' me fam'?)

Mhm

(Hal made it special)

Yo, though

Yo, I'm in and out them thots, for real

They're sayin' that I'm hot, for real

For real

Uh

Yo, I'm in and out them thots, for real

They're sayin' that I'm hot, for real

Last year I signed a deal, but I'm still on my block, for real

Yeah, they stabbed bro, but then somethin' got shot, for real

Loop said when he's home, he's back 'round the pot, for real

Cash only smokes weed, he ain't into poppin' pills

But, when it's beef, know he's down to get it poppin' still

She don't wanna talk to me, she just wanna fuck, for real

I listen to your songs, and you don't do that stuff, for real

Sorry if we done it then I aired you for weeks

I got bigger fish to fry like airin' them neeks

Give it time, she'll come runnin' back, I'll clear the receipts

We used to serve to her mum and da, her parents were feinds

And, I made my first song, then I turn my block Tenerife

Crash soon home, I can't wait 'til they set him free

Dimmer pulled me over to the side, he said, "The little one"

Said he's on murderin', he ain't even seventeen

Why you all actin' like you know me?

Give me just a pokey, let me see a opp, now, he's holey

I'll do it for my dargy, or homie

She wanna go Bali, my young niggas wanna go Stokey

Let her keep the bread, you don't owe me

Go pay your bills

Or, put that towards for you Rollie

If I get the drop, then I'm rollin'

Nowadays, I get the best slop from Instagram, scrollin'

From young, Keekz was out tryna shave his skin

Them times, they used to compare Sterling to Chamberlain

He chose the wrong side of the Six

And, even though he ain't done shit

Don't get it twist, I rate his ting

I'm buyin' things

If I didn't do it, I assist the work

My words ain't cheap, they offer racks for a little verse

She asked me to suck her feet, she must think I'm Lil Durk

K used economy and showed me how the glizzy works

I watched no one poke broski, them niggas lyin'

Hear them call my name in their songs, I guess them niggas tryin'

First tape, dead bread, second one, them figures flyin'

Hoes that need linkage, you'll see a thousand bitches flyin'

Get a square of any colour for the lo'

My head's always hot, but my left wrist is cold

Fucked her first time seein' her, don't make her a ho

But if I fling it on my nigga and she fucks, then it's sold

The dotty might here and there rust, 'cause it's old

If one of mine get nicked, I won't trust them to fold

I miss the days when I had to be home by ten

It's ten-thirty, I know I'm gettin' cussed when I'm home
She got talent, you should see the way she sucks on my bone
If you're talkin' 'bout guns, I put 'nough in my zone
If you're talkin' 'bout hoes, I put 'nough in my bed
Crash tryna get domes, he ain't fussed for your legs

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