

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

(R14)

Look, yo

Next drop we get, we gotta drop it, fuck this tit-for-tattin'
She's unemployed but got a talent, suckin' dick in traffic
The trigger sensitive, might go off even if you tap it
It turns her on when I'm behind, I grab her hair and drag it
Got more than couple bitches stressin' me
My users never listen when I tell them, "Don't be textin' me"
Beatin' 'round the bush, I know you just wanna have sex with me
When I was broke, I had no hope, and now she's got interest in me
Need someone's mumzzy tearin' up
I spend way too much Rondos on Dior and I don't wear enough
You been trappin' for ten years and you still ain't on no squarin' up
My shooters in the party piss me off, I watch him air it up
Right or wrong, he doesn't car, so fair enough
Your music call the T-house, I got clientele
My youngin might just take your watch, he don't know how to buy and sell
DIY, I DIM the worker, hit the line myself, I don't know
Who's really got me? I guess time will tell, I don't know

One time I thought 'bout dickin' down a paigon hoe
Next time I'm in Dubai, I'm not gon' lie, I'm doin' 8 and 0
Told my jeweller, "Keep the white, I'll add some more and take the rose"
I flick her in the club and change my mind, and then not take her home
She ask me, "Why?" I don't know
Police askin' questions 'bout some firearms, but, I don't know
AP or the Skelly, 'cause I like them both, I don't know
How comes you never rid back when I rid back when I bopped?
You don't say, "I don't know"
She said, "What do you want from me?" but, I don't know

If you're talkin' opp block, you can't say that I don't go
This song ain't for the radio, you think you know my ratio
Them diamonds in your watch are trash
Don't bring that bust down next to mine
If my hitter goes to jail, you already know who's next in line
If I never hit, she wouldn't press out when I press, "Decline"
I've only got a couple guys from the number next to five (NXM)
... slipped, probably be the next to die
Have his mummy wishin' she went back in time and gave her son a better life
On God, got love for all my niggas, but I watch my homies
You say you're real, I've heard that hella times, you gotta show me
And when I put my knife in him, felt like I won a trophy
I'm from the 6, I bought my gun before I copped my Rollie
Industry but I'm still in the streets
And when the beef be cookin', fuck his block
I'm at his front door like it's trick-or-treat
Stop tryna argue, give me jaw, that's what a nigga needs
Can't even go higher without S makin' a nigga bleed

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