

# YOSHIMITSU

Cochise

Huh (으으으으으으으으)  
The shoes match the pants  
The pants match the belt  
The belt match the shirt  
The shirt match her skirt  
And then her skirt match the hat  
The hat match the work (Huh, uh-uh)  
Damn I told ya-  
Damn I told ya niggas really clowns, they at the circus (Circus, uh)  
I can tell ya never made no money, 'cause you're nervous (Uh-uh, huh)  
Pull up on ya, I might really close your curtains (Uh-uh)  
Heard he tryna cop a plea, but I told 'em it ain't workin' (Uh-uh)

Huh (Huh)  
Uh-uh  
Back after back  
Made it back, off the backend  
Track after track, made it crack off the mixtape  
Rack after rack, put some racks on ya best friend (Go)  
On yo' best friend (On yo' best friend, go), on yo' bestie (Go)  
Pour some juice up in my cup, I'm feelin' sexy (Go)  
Shawty know I'm feelin' good, I tell her, "Text me" (Go)  
Thankin' God for every minute that He bless me (Let's go, huh, let's go, let  
's go)  
Shawty said she finna block me, be for real (Be for real)  
I be drownin' in that mud like navy seals (Like navy seals)  
Cristiano, I be really in the fields (I be really in the fields)

Yeah, yeah, I got my bands up, yeah  
Got my meals up, yeah  
Got my feels up, uh  
Got my bills up, oh my, got my-, uh, haha  
Got my- (Go, go), huh, uh-uh  
Go, go (Go like me), go, go (Uh-huh, go like me)  
Go, go (Go like me), go, go (Uh-huh, go like me)

Back, run it back, made it back, off the, uh-huh  
Shawty wanna push in the Maybach, I tell her, "Uh-uh"  
Shawty wanna ride by my side, tell her, "Uh-uh"  
Said she want a piece of my mind, tell her, "Uh-uh"  
I don't wanna waste no more time, I tell her, "Uh-uh"  
Said she wanna be on my side, tell her, "Uh-uh"  
Yeah, is ya dumb? (Is you stupid?)  
Huh, when it come to dressin', niggas know I'm undi- ('Sputed), yeah  
All my money talk, all yo' money, it be (Muted), yeah  
I be off that drank, niggas knowin' that I'm booted  
So I told her

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The pants match the belt  
The belt match the shirt  
The shirt match her skirt  
And then her skirt match the hat  
The hat match the work (Huh)  
Damn I told ya-  
Damn I told ya niggas really clowns, they at the circus  
I can tell ya never made no money, cause ya nervous (Uhh)

Pull up on ya, I might really close your curtains (Uhh)  
Haha, huh, uh-uh

Ha, uh-uh  
Uh-uh