

Ayy, Andretti, turn me up, bruh

See you walkin' with your bae
She ain't even know that I put it on your face
Standin' with my gang
I got a text, it was him, and that shit had no name
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, woah)

Nana juicy drippin' out this bottle nigga, yeah
Like the way I ride, you board, let's take a trip, yeah
A nigga flew me out, and we fucked in your crib, yeah
Too much racks up in my pocket, I make you my bitch
Yeah I'm rockin' designer, Louis, the Prada
He take me out, he might take me to [?]
No I ain't want head, that boy ain't a honors
Bossin' the shelf like I'm working at Honnas
Jackin' me down, I see your face, see me around
Seen that you wanted me now
I kept it G, know that you changed, boy, you're lettin' me down
Jackin' you, gang, gang, I'm going up and ain't shit changed
I got tired of playing the kid games
Posted up, and you doing the same thing
I don't go time for this shit
I get the guap, lookin' like I hit a lick
.40 gon' hold a whole clip
Break my heart and I'm bussin' it

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