

Huddy

Coi Leray

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, everything is coZ, everything is coZ (Yah, yah)
Hah, everything is coZ, everything is coZ (Yah, yah)
Coi Leray, you know my name
Yeah, you know my name
Throw it up now
Throw it up, shade it up
Yah

Yeah buddy, ridin' in the big drop
Ridin' down 80, on the wheel with my wristwatch
That bitch huddy, man that bitch a big thot
I don't trust these bitches, droppin' hoes soon as it get hot
Is her ass fat? Does she get money?
It's too bad she gotta go, tell that bitch, "Huddy"
Now she really mad, 'cause her nigga want me
That boy wack, he just want me 'cause he's racks on me
Yeah buddy, ridin' in the big drop
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Me and gang, yeah we mob, ain't no lettin' up
Usain Bolt, yeah she like the way I run it up
She hit me up, sayin' she wanna come hang with us
Told that bitch, "Hell nah", that bitch done up
(Pow, pow, pow, pow)
Hit the mall, spend a bag and watch me cash out
Numbers goin' up, yeah, I don't know how to act now
Features, yeah I tax now, smoke cookies 'til I pass out
Ridin' in the Wrangler, color white like Topanga
And I like big bucks, by four in this big truck
Sittin' real pretty, spark an L while I kick up
Walk up in the party, go ape and turn this bitch up
Whole section wildin', hella bottles, we get lit up
Niggas act like hoes, man they all silly
And they all quick to brag when they pockets empty
I done make my haters mad, now they out to get me
Got a nine for 'em if a nigga actin' iffy

Can't stop now, I just made another hit
And word around town, Coi Leray just hit a lick
And yeah, that boy mad 'cause I ran off with his bitch
Nascar, fast car, 200 on a dashboard

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I don't trust these bitches, droppin' hoes soon as it get hot
Is her ass fat? (Yeah) Does she get money? (Nope)
It's too bad she gotta go, tell that bitch, "Huddy"
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That boy wack, he just want me 'cause he's racks on me

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Lookin' at my future, it's on beast mode
I don't trust these niggas, I just play it by the G-Code
Got a nine for you, put it in my peacoat
Bust down, run now, nigga that's that gun sound
Tell me why these boys actin'
Niggas pillowtalking, man I swear that they be cappin'
I don't got none for you hoes, I don't know why that girl keep askin'
Bitch, I'm saucin' with my bros, my money flippin' like gymnastics
Man, these bitches want no static
Turn up on a goofy, yeah, I swear I let 'em have it
One day, that nigga yours, now he mine, I call it magic
Yeah, one day, that nigga yours, now he mine, I call it magic

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