

Paranoid

Coi Leray

Uh, yeah

I ain't poppin' out 'til I got a couple M's sittin' right in my bank account
And my family dependin' on me, I'm the one that's gon' make it out
I'm so paranoid, I think everybody gonna snake me out
I think everybody out to get me now
So that's why I'm geeked up off this Henny now
Yeah, I'm numbin' the pain, I don't feel it now
And I got 'em so mad 'cause I'm winnin' now
Yeah, the Glock on my waist, I might air it out
Fit it right in my purse, I don't wear it out
Make sure the bag matchin' my shoes, they Maison Margiela
My chains, I'ma wear 'em all
Yeah, this brand-new Birkin can't fit in my closet
'Member Britt gave me them hand-me-downs

Yeah, parasitic, uh, yeah, these niggas wanna eat off me
I don't really trust niggas, uh, yeah, shout out to Lil Reese
Fell in love with this money (This money, this)
Yeah, I count it in my sleep
Avianne this water (This water, this water)
Yeah, he got it from the sea (Yeah)
Overthinkin' be killin' me now
Grab my ex, put a gun to his mouth
Body bag in that bitch, then I'm out
Then I leave that shit right at your mama home
Only if you knew what I've been through
It's some shit I can't tell you, I know (Uh, yeah)
Your own homie be jealous and envious, baby, that's how that shit go (Yeah)

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And that really fucked up my mental
Ain't got no time to be stuck in the middle
I'm with some steppers, say, "Fuck it" and kill you
Can't really talk when them slugs sittin' in you
Hungry for hits, we got blood on the menu
Post up with shots in your club or your venue
He scratchin' off, gave my cousin a signal
Go catch a body, a dub what I give you (Oh, oh)
I know we playin' for keeps, I can't keep it fair
Woke up and you blessed if you breathin' air
Standin' on business like, no, I don't need a chair
Nonchalant 'bout them killers, don't even care

I'm from where loyalty hard to see, it's rare
If you headed to the top, I can meet you there
The tags on my clothes and a slider I ain't even wear
Broken-hearted from love, so I need repairs, uh

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Crazy dilemma, uh (Yeah, yeah)
Now I keep dollar signs on my daily agenda, uh
Swear I miss all my guys, I'll make sure they remember, uh (R.I.P., rest in peace)
I hate that Gucci died that day in September, uh-uh
Yeah, Polo