

# 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