

Uh

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, huh

It's cold in this bitch, there's hoes in this bitch
I'm holding my wrist, it's frozen as shit
You comment on pictures, she don't even know you exist
My Benz from the eighties, my Nikes from ninety-six
Do this shit for my niggas, ain't got no skills for this
But they got skills for that, but that shit could get 'em killed
Sparked up in the back, I'm wiping down my rims
Spraying shine on my tires, I'm finna get in the wind
Layed 'em the fuck down, we came back again
Thinkin' we wouldn't spin, they'll never think again
They'll never catch us, they'll never win

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But they got skills for that, but that's that shit get 'em killed
Sparked up in the back, I'm wiping down my rims
Spraying shine on my tires, I'm finna get in the wind
Me and Fraud layed 'em down, we came back again
Thinkin' we wouldn't spin, they'll never think again
They'll never catch us, they'll never win, huh
Forever us, and never them, nigga
They'll never catch us, they'll never win, huh
Forever us, and never them
They'll never think again without remembering when
They'll never catch us, they'll never win
Forever us, and never them, nigga, huh

Nah, we gon' dub it
What y'all waitin' on, me to turn into a robot?
(Damn, keep that, hahaha)
(Keep that too, let's goooo)