

Yeah

Pull up to the party, my lady a Ferrari
Pink Lamborghini, baby, I am not a barbie
Put you on a first-class flight to the Bahamas
Far away from drama, however you want it
Made a song about how much I love you and it charted
All your friends are jealous, sayin', "You can't trust a artist"
I just bought a Birkin for you, filled it up with thousands
Pourin' up to fix my problems, baby girl, I'm drownin'

I'm drownin'

I just got a show up in New York, I need you down there
I just feel so different every time I'm not around her
I'ma fly lil' princess over, we'll stay in the mountains
Yeah, I don't wanna live sometimes, so I'ma get high
It's like a kid sometimes but know I'ma get fly
'Cause I'm too young to say, "Bye, bye"
Too young to say, "Bye"
Too young to say, "Bye, bye"

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Yeah, I had the cash and the matches but now I got money with lines (Yeah)
Weed fresh off the pallet, sixty-thousand on side (Yeah)
No beefy can bleed like its sirloin
I just hope you never miss Chanel appointment
Chanel slippers, Caesar's Palace for enjoyment
She order caesar salad, roll it up, look like oysters (Yeah)
I got broksi countin' shells in these Royce's
I been prayin', God forgive me for my choices
I don't know what these feelings are
New Amiri every season darg (Every season)
She know I'm hangin' where the demons are
That song about you's in the charts, I know this really seem bizarre

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