

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

Pull up in the wraith
You might see me with bae
I put bags in the safe
Now I run outta space
Put my dick in her mouth
Tell me how does it taste
500 grams of the flake
That's a half of a cake
Yeah, Yeah
Spend your re-up on some shoes
Lamborghini coupe
All my niggas looking for him
Like it's Mr Who
I got lean in my cup
Have a sip you might faint
You getting thousands like me
What you gonna do

Girl you the realist
A little hood reminding me where I'm from
Back to the trenches
Watch you wishin' go send this in the sky, yeah
Full stop that's a dot on you but it's mine
Bando baby 29, yeah that's my guy
Me and LB fucked the same hoes at different times, times
Put him on headlines, lines