

Overseas

D-Block Europe

The year just started
And right now I'm looking for cribs overseas
I'm giving my lady some driving lessons
In a hundred grand Jeep
When you see me in public, no phones
Man, I need some privacy, please
Good girl, she just sat on my face
Now she's saying her legs have gone weak
Bad 'bout, see the jakes outside
Now I'm flushing the work down the toilet
Mad now, Richard Mille, a crib by the port
And it's imported
Satire, if you knew the truth 'bout that nigga
Then it would get awkward
And I know that nigga get money
Now I am the nigga that taught him
Oh I get the birds in, fuck a drought
Worker's misbehaving, chuck him out
I get the money, money for my house
Out in the lovely, lovely country town
I said if you care about her, fly her out
Go to the Louis store, I'm buying out
I'ma keep pouring till I'm running out
I just hit it from the back, she's scared, she running out

Ooh, young and lit
Money keep on coming in
Ooh, I keep a rock band on stand-by
Pull up and drum that shit
Ooh, deep in it, I'ma swim
Hand on heart, I love this chick
Ooh, all them nigga* 'round me family
Love them on some brother shit

She sucked my soul, she done it like Ash Kaashh
I keep on getting them flashbacks
I was OT, so I had to bash
I almost thought about getting a cab back
Do it like Rico and video that
If we upload it, probably get some backlash
Back shots, she got the ripple effect
It's two tens and I can't help but slap that
Fuck that, pull out, I don't wanna be a dad yet
Plab B, girl, you gotta swallow that tablet
They way that she handle it, this one talented
Pumpum soaking, feel like I'm paddling
Back around, I'm a fan of it
Ride on a bike on time, was saddling
Ayo, a doctor working wonders
Damn, that's big circumference
Gyal wet, she don't need no lube
On the fortieth floor, you should see the views
She don't wanna send me her pussy on Snapchat
Mad man, I don't wanna leak your nudes
How do I say without seeming rude, huh
I just wanna see if it's cute
Shake that back like a video vixen

This one here don't wanna be in my tune
She wanna go Nobu just for the Snap
If I pay for the tab, you best eat your food
Word on the road is Centz get a hunnid a show
This hoe wan' see if it's true
Posh ting, she don't wanna be with the squares no more
She says she wanna be with the goons
Thought she could hack it, not active
Too smoky, now she wanna leave the room

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I love to trap
Quarter milli' on cars, it never enough
Couple milli' I put it aside
Cop me a villa in Mars
She need ten racks for her arse
Said, bro, I put that on my dargs, yeah
My killa still swervin' around now
But that ain't a reason from ours
I fill up the drum and it's kicking away
Spin it back like I'm target
I sat it my kitchen, I'm whippin' away
And I'm chopping off white with no garlic
It's a carousel when I'm spinnin' the trey
Hate when my flight is delayed
I tell my lil nigga go flex in my Rollie
No money to waste

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