

Lala Yeah! Lala La La La

This ain't a mustard beat ho, but its okay

Skate highs, rag up on my waist lines

Steez is too murderous, I swear my swagger take lives

If I was a pussy, homie I would have like 8 lives, cause you rappers kill me when you say that you gonna take mine

Ride with my regulars, I die for my regulars

If I push wait, I will push a pie for my regulars

Fried chicken, red wine, how I dine with my regulars

Clean record bitch, I can't commit crimes on a regular

But I'm too rare, other dudes too fraud, if mustard on a beat baby, that one I'm a poop on

No I ain't a GMC, I ain't no Yukon

Yellow boy, got some chick that slurpin' me like udon

Magic Trick a rapper, poof bitch, yeah you gone

Any record you throw me, I cut it like a coupon

I could rap a verse outshine in what you done in two songs

I'm grinding for that hard bread and green like a croûton

Yeah, I spazz out gotta let me shine

Got her ass out then I guess she's mine

She golden like a Nelly, and I'm so clean swaggin' every top

No games like it's Serani tryna' ball out like the Mozzarella

If she say that her roommate's gone then I'm there A.S.A.P like mister Rocky

20 years old with a mind like I'm 30, showed up to her house clean, but my mind's looking dirty

And my chick marshmallow her behind's looking Hershey, but when she talk about me to her girls, she always be like "Girl Please."

'Bout to make a scary attack, your Twitter following took my following bitch, spare me the sach

You're about as noticeable as a fucking hair on my ass

Album coming soon, who says I never care about my fans, like wassup?

I only take her to the telly if she look like Tori Kelly, wassup?

Eatin' good while you jelly rubbing on my man

(Man I see two of my bitches in the club and I know they know about each other

I think these bitches trying to set me up, maybe I'm just paranoid)

Who that, who that? P R I Z Z Y

Now I said who that, who that? P R I Z Z Y