

# Floating

D Savage

(Oh my God, PoolBoy)

Bitch, I'm floating on this pill, I don't wanna come down  
Got your main bitch in my phone and she trying to fuck now  
I just poured an eight with Ochoe and we smoking out the pound  
Bitch keep acting clueless, you gon' catch a hundred rounds  
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You gon' catch a hundred rounds right now  
You gon' man down right now  
Pussy boy, you better pipe down right now  
I be really off the drugs  
Migos hit my cellphones, I be really with the plugs right  
I might pop another pint right now  
I might pour up in a Sprite right now  
So fuck what them pussies talking 'bout  
Pouring out this peach mint, they can't tell you what this real Act' 'bout r  
ight now  
It's five hundred for the line right now  
Pop another pint right now

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He gon' catch a hundred rounds  
Nigga looking over like he know me from 'round town  
Smoking on that dolja and I gotta smoke alone  
Please don't come over if that bitch don't got a thong  
Me and Ochoe poured a eight up  
Can't stay and have your pussy 'cause I'm getting to the paper  
See you later  
Cutting niggas off just like a taper  
Smoking on that OG gas, you'd swear it's from Jamaica  
Damn, bitch, quit the cap, you know who we are  
Poured a eight up, it got me in the stars (Yeah, you dig?)  
Bitch, I'm a dog, I don't need a vet  
Fuck on that bitch, then I ask, "Who's next?"  
Run up that cash and I run up a check, yeah

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