

Cakeboy Bally
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh
Hey, hey

Tell me what you tryna do
It's just me and you (me and you)
Come to my room (to my room)
Its just me and you
What you tryna do?
What you tryna do?
In my coupe?
In my room?
Me and you?
Shawty what you tryna do?
Tryna do?
Tryna do?
Come to my room?
Ohhh, ohh

What you tryna do?
I got 100's in the bag
Smokin' OG gas in the trap in the stash
I can't trust nobody so I stay in my own lane
Got a new girl and she so fine
Girl go roll some weed baby ease your mind
She like "why u gotta go" leavin' me behind
I was so depressed!
Then I got a check!
50 bands, 100 bands, baby I'mma thumb through it
If I catch an opp with my gun then I'm gon' shoot it
Put it up, that I'm so high, think I miss you
Walk a nigga down
No drive-by, I won't miss you
Uh, uh, I been myself
I'm in my zone
I get too high cuz I'm tired of being low
Been a couple months said she called my phone
Love it when she Facetime with no clothes on
I think that I fell in love
What is goin' on?
Tell me if I'm trippin'
Can you hear me out
I just bought a choppa with a 100 round
Let me catch a opp I'mma run him down

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With my nigga T smoking out the pound, yeah
Cookies & OG, yeah that's all we want yeah
Gettin' to the cake like my birthday
You wish you could beat me on my worst day
Snuck my (gun noise) in this fuckin' fox shit
Two cups, filled up, yeah this my potion
Rob me good like I be on that fuck shit
Four five, keep it tucked, you don't even know

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