

PSA

DC the Don

Told my mama, "Pick which one you want", she want that all black (Ooh)

(I really be havin' it like that)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Yeah, yeah, go, go)

Ayy, blowin' the brains (Ahh)

Eatin' Crème brûlée and Shrimp, them nasty young niggas is fiends (Yeah)

They done fucked around plenty of times, so if I get dressed, I'm fitted, ayy (Go, Ooh)

I'm fresh at it, I'm kickin' their ass, tryna get my pockets fitted, ayy (Yeah)

It's a PSA, Mr. Put That Shit On Nike Fitted, ayy

Mr. I Get To Them Fries, can't live this shit I'm livin', ayy (Go)

Tryna live like a dog, I'ma get my get back with my bitches, ayy

I invited too many hoes straight to the midnight kickback, shit got wicked, ayy (What? Go, go)

Opened up that voice-mail, that shit was a throwback

I was drunk driving in an SRT, I think that you should know that (Yeah)

Pardon me, had to switch my shit up cool, I got my flow back (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Shit ain't been the same since my fam' did me so dirty, I swear this industry all cap, yeah

Trapped in my head, I'ma text your phone, send the shit in all caps

I remember you asked if I liked being famous, this shit ain't all that, yeah

And you know I'm straight on my own, but I hate when you don't call back (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

And I hate that we feel like we only wasting time, it's okay, ayy (Go)

Nigga, don't play with The Don, play with yo bitch, get jaw smashed, yeah

So many niggas tryna take my spot, you get yo paw snatched

Lil' Donny goin' up, tryna bully niggas, tryna get your paw back

I'ma leave my mark, I'ma make my M's, and fall back, ayy

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