

URGENT!

DC the Don

(I'm working on dying)

Tryna tell me I should never worry, worry
She only callin' my phone at the nighttime if it's urgent, urgent
Yeah, I got my shades on 'cause them flashin' lights make me nervous
Bitch, and I swear to God, we been workin'
This shit feeling too real, it start hurtin', hurtin'
SRT, let's go, I been drivin' too fast, she get nervous
Roll a blunt, bitch, I'm too gassed and start swervin'
Is you still ride or die or nah? What's the verdict, verdict? (I don't wanna lose control)
Park that motherfuckin' parallel in the Suburban
My new bitch got a bag now, this shit perfect
I can't fuck with them broke hoes, I'm allergic, 'lergic, yeah

We keep them sticks in the minivan, ho, we got racks in this bitch (Grrah)
They keep on tryna take pictures, I'm gettin' harassed in this bitch (Go)
Balenciaga, it stay on my toes and Dior on my mask, lil' bitch
And she making me feel like I'm paraplegic, I'm down to my last limb, bitch

Ooh (Grrah)
Bitch, don't be askin' me how I feel about it, how I feel about it, like
Ooh (Grrah)
Yeah, that's self-explanatory, I been fucked up and I'm right where you want me (Where you want me)
Just let me know if you want me (Just let me know if you want me)
We havin' racks, bitch, I'm not kiddin'
Margiela madman, I keep spinnin'
I Margiela'd the backpack, I keep winnin'
And these Raf Simon jeans on me too fitted
'Cause we having real meals, Thanksgiving
Like, fuck all these newer niggas, what's the difference?
I'm like, fuck all these new hoes in my mentions
I see like two of those on my hitlist
Oh, no, bae, that's the real spill, I can't feel it
We up in Vegas on the top of buildings
Go do this show, I'm finna make a killin'
Like a dead-beat dad, I'm droppin' off the ceilin'
'Cause I woke up rich, I'm feelin' like a million

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