

(Romano)

I wanna know where you from (Ayy, ayy), I wanna know where you been (Woo)
I'm in LA with no sun, somehow you still got a tan (Ooh)
I know you goin' on trips with these niggas, that's why I don't fuck with your friends
How did you fly to Turks and Caicos with no money to spend?
How you afford the new Birkin? How did you buy your Chanel?
She book a flight like it's urgent, confirmation email
How did you book you a flight to an island that I know you can't even spell?
Why you keep fuckin' on niggas? You think it's a secret, you know he gon' tell

Watch who you talkin' to, baby, I'm pimpin', you know what I'm on
You said you not insecure about nothin', so why is you touchin' my phone?
Braggin' 'bout niggas that be in your DM, but all of 'em doin' you wrong
I'm flippin' dinero, I do not got time for no feelings, just leave me alone
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I, I don't have no time for no feelings
I'm a fuckin' dog, I need healing
I see all the gossip and the blogs, I'm the villain
They don't know that that's just basic tea like a Gildan
They don't know what's really goin' on IRL
She got lip injections, huh, she got BBL, huh
Her plastic surgeon so fuckin' good, I can't tell
Rippin' out her tracks, she got trains, she got railed, huh
2-0-2-3, I can't love these days
Huh, your nigga can't fuck with me, she like, "Duh, he can't"
Richard Mille on my wrist, I'm rockin' that shit on my bummy days
Diggin' in her motherfuckin' guts with this dick, she like, "Love you, bae"

Baby, I'm pimpin', you know what I'm on

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