

Soup

Designer

Lil' bro wanna text me and you know I let it do
I open up her legs like I'm playing peek-a-boo
Now I'm flyin' out the country, yeah boy, makin' moves
And I keep my ice on 'cause I gotta keep it cool
So you in the daytime then I see you after school
I see you on that FaceTime, I can't wait to be next to you
I put you in my 'Rari or I put you in my Coupe
And she wanna slurp me, like some Campbell noodle soup

When I was on the news makin' stories, it was April Fools
When you hear my songs, nigga, please don't get confused
Yeah, I get a lot of guap, ask me, yes I do
I walk inside my parking lot, hard for me to choose
I pull up, Gucci suit, watch me how I bust my moves
Ball out with my Fendi, top it three shots of Grey Goose
And a lot of panties drop when I'm in that room
When I wanna get it, where's my 'Rari? Gotta zoom
We like when they pop shit because they doomed
I may deposit my check this afternoon
I came from the projects, no silver spoon
I remember the gray skies and now they blue
Now it's the butterfly doors from the cocoon
Now I fly in my jet to see the moon
I will give all myself to you
I will give all myself to her

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Oh, oh, oh
So, oh