

OK BAE

Destroy Lonely

Okay, okay
(Clayco on the beat)
Yeah, okay

Okay, I'm on the top floor with your bae
The lights off, but all I seen was her face
And I'm geeked up, the view is just lookin' like space
I told her "I'm leavin' tomorrow, come see me today"
And I fuck her but don't call her bae
You a lil' boy just stay in your place
And I got some racks I could throw in your face, nigga

Bitch I beat up the beat just like bass
I'm with Texaco Cam, told him, "Slide with the drac, dawg"
Yeah, we some young niggas but we don't play, dawg
And I make this shit out the mud, just like Play-Doh
Yeah, I'm on this beat made by Clayco
All of my shootas come straight outta Clayco
Just to get where I'm at, need a key and a gate code
This bitch kissing this bitch, and they all fuckin' gay hoes

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Yeah, Lysol just how my niggas gon' spray
Lil bitch, I'm havin' bands like the front of parade
In these Margiela shoes, run it up for some days
I'm the shit, so I know these fuck niggas can't phase me
If I jump off the roof, I might fall for some days
Make her jump out the window, I fuck her so crazy
I love lookin' at money, let it have my baby
Came a long way from nothin' now I'm goin' brazy

(Okay, I'm on the top floor with your bae)
(Okay...)
Yeah, okay (Okay)

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(Okay, top floor with your bae)
(Yeah, I could throw in your face, nigga)