

# ONTHEFLOOR

## Destroy Lonely

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm only like twenty years old, but I seen a million and too many hoes  
Uh, I done spend a lot on drugs and I spend a lot on these designer clothes  
Uh, I can't put my trust in a guy 'cause I know all of these niggas gon' fold  
Uh, lil' nigga, know you not that guy, I know a young nigga come through with a roll  
Yeah, I'm getting like so much cash, I'm getting like so much cash, ain't sold my soul  
And this bitch got so much ass, this bitch got so much ass, it drag on the floor  
I let my chain swing, yeah, my chain swing and it's touching the floor  
I'm on a private jet, I'm finna touch down in Brazil to rock out a show

I got a private text from this lil' private bitch, she wanna do private shit  
I'm on my private plane, I'm counting up racks and I'm getting fly, lil' bitch  
Uh, I stay getting paid, I stay in the stores, I stay buying all the shit  
Uh, no I didn't wanna hoop, no I wasn't on no court, but I been a lil' baller, bitch  
Uh, I'm telling the hoes if I pour 'em up they better drink all this shit  
Yeah, when we in the spot, keep cash on the sticks, and we having all the sticks  
Talking about mo'fuckin' paper, I'm getting all of it  
Uh, yeah, I don't got time for a hater, I can't even see these niggas  
Uh, this bitch was 2D, I paid for her ass and now that shit 3D, nigga  
Just me and my 43, talkin 'bout my glick, I ride around two deep, nigga  
Uh, but I can't get too deep, nigga  
Uh, 'cause I don't even trust these niggas  
Uh, and I don't even trust these hoes  
Huh, they just tryna blow my figures  
Uh, let's take the whole team up  
Uh, let's go pour the whole pint up  
Uh, my neck so froze right there  
Uh, I look like a iPod skin

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I'm in a brand new whip, this bitch got suicide doors, go grab the rope  
I caught a brand new bitch, she tryna go back and forth, I tell her, "Let's go"  
When I rock a brand new chain, shit is a tennis chain, we don't do the ropes  
When I rock a brand new stage, my friends they go insane, you already know  
Yeah, yeah, I'm hitting this ho, uh, yeah, and I'm grabbing her throat  
Yeah, I'm staying inside, I'm stuck in the crib up in my room

I'm still screaming free my guys, they done sent my lil' boy down the road  
All these lil' niggas live in disguise, yeah, the real them, they don't show

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