

Seasons

Destroy Lonely

I'm in the spot right now with Texaco Cam
I got like [*beep*] hunnid on me, all blues
And it's really just for a lil fit

See, I'm gon' put that shit on (Put that shit on)
I put that shit on, dawg
See, I'm spiritual, my cross is Chrome Heart
And if I'm being real, I can't tell you what love costs
And I know you can't win on your own
Yeah, but these bitches love Lonely
Yeah, and I love to smoke weed
Top floor cold like a new season
And I pop shit with no reason
And I rock new shit every season

Yeah, I need to go overseas, nigga
Yeah, and I'm ballin' like OKC, baby
I'm worth a whole lot of racks, I see that
Damn nigga, your bitch bad, I need that
Yeah, yeah, I gotta go hit my bitch with my jeans on
And these blue hundreds got a nice ring like a ringtone
Big bankroll, nigga, I keep it neato
I got your ho on her knees, where her knees go?
Bad bitch, I'm finna put her in Rick Owens
Up late night, nigga studying Rick Owens
I can't cap, think I'm finna spend bricks on it
Brand new stick, yeah, I spent some lil' kicks on it
When she suck on my dick, dawg, I like when she spit on it
I get money, don't ask what I spend on this
Brand-new swag, dawg, watch how they get on this
I'm a young nigga that's known for just getting rich
Drippin' and really just rippin' tracks
Bet on me, I bet that you make double back
And if I got a problem, you know I'm gon' handle that
Yeah, you know I'm gon' get it back
I'd rather stay down than lay down, be a bitch, and rat
I'm finna take off on niggas like hit and runs
Expensive drip, nigga, I smell like Baccarat

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Every season, nigga
I rock new shit like every season