

## which one

### Destroy Lonely

I come in when they waking up, my twin sliding by, he'll take your money  
All these niggas said they making money, but honestly, they don't make enough  
h  
They ain't making nothing, that bitch keep fronting  
My track hawk jeep I'm racing, dawg  
All this codeine help my numbness  
G6 Molly and I'm taking off, honestly, I don't do the loving  
I'm stiff on hoes, but I like you, shawty  
It's a drink party, we don't go to no parties, all these pints, it's top floor  
or pharmacy  
I'm off all these drugs, I don't go to no clubs, and all these bitches tryna  
come through and fuck me  
I'm tryna figure out which one love me, I'm tryna figure out which one trust  
me

My chain keep swinging, my gang keep ganging, my bitch come through like all  
the time  
All I see is dollar signs, my brand new shades is Balenciaga  
All these clothes, I got Vetements problems  
Yes, I'm the nigga that made "No Stylist"  
I go shopping, no personal shopper, ain't nobody touching my swag  
I got way too much weed, too much drank in my bag, don't touch that bag  
I get way too high, I'm jet-lagged, and your bitch jet-lagged  
I just keep on going back to back with these hits, and with this swag  
We just keep on going back to back, and honestly, I'm tryna bag ya  
I keep a FN right on my hip, baby bust a nigga backup  
I go rockstar raver cowboy, and I put my weed in tobacco  
I use my tennis chains as lasso, most of these bitches just some nats  
I had to switch out my last hoe, I'm not the nigga from last year

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All this shit can get ugly, I put the mask on, I'm not ugly  
I just been counting up all this money, I just be counting up all this money  
She said I smell good when she hug me  
I think she smell good when she hug me, can't let a broke bitch touch me  
Can't let a broke, nigga, touch me, can't let a opp nigga touch me  
My diamonds polished, and yours are rusty  
My diamonds raining, I use the umbrella from out of the doors of a Cullinan  
(Yeah)  
Her pussy raining, I use the umbrella from out of the doors of a Cullinan (Yeah)  
Back seat roll up another one, back seat, I pour up another cup  
I'm a lil' killer, I came to kill, and honestly, it's gettin' scary, man  
I might be the flyest in America, tell these fuck niggas try it, I'm daring

him

I'm the best and it ain't no comparison, if she call me one time I'm a there  
If my brother call me, yeah, I'm there, I put the platinum all in my hair (Rockstar yeah, oh yeah)

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