

In My Bag

Devour

Yeah

Ay, yo, I'm standing on my crib

Smokin' on the roof

Tryna figure out how to turn one into two

Keep my mind up on the dollar signs

Caring about my loot

Give a fuck about a bitch and give two fucks about you

Now I'm ridin' through the city

And I'm riding with your main bitch

Yellow mama got that A1 head and she can take dick

When they try and kiss me, tell 'em bitches, "I don't like that"

Honestly, I fuck 'em two times and send 'em right back

Ain't got no time for hoes

Yeah, I'm about my money

Fuck, I look like chasin' you around?

Ha, girl, you funny

The way you females work is the reason I don't trust you

You been with your man for eight years and you just let me fuck you

Man this shit is sad 'cause I met the met the bitch today

Maybe she in love 'cause I gotta have some face

Or maybe she in love 'cause she see I'm getting paid

She want the best of both worlds, I guess I'll take the blame

Yeah, I'm in my bag, yeah, they see I'm in my bag

Got the bitches yellin' I'm the best they ever had

Ridin' through the city, keep a pistol on my lap

And I ain't tryin' to talk if you ain't talkin' about the cash

Yeah, I'm in my bag, yeah, they see I'm in my bag

Got the bitches yellin' I'm the best they ever had

Ri-ri-ri-riding through the city, keep a pistol on my lap

And I ain't tryin' to talk if you ain't talkin' about the cash

I'm about the money, I thought I told you

I be really getting to it, let me show you

No more baggin' work, that shit is over boy

I'm busy counting 4k for one show, boy

I'm puttin' on, I gotta get it, listen I ain't got no choice

Ain't my fault that my music get your bitch pussy moist

That jail time, yeah, that's the shit we are trying to avoid

They tried to give me ten years as a savage young boy

I had to switch it up 'cause my life was destroyed

I'm trying to get them M&M's like I am from Detroit

I trap shit, they lock me up, see that ain't got no point

'Cause I don' stashed more bricks in the wall that fucking Pink Floyd

Gotta get it, got no choice, I be 'bout it with them toys

Back then, cops and robbers, now you die when you hear that noise

Keep a toolie on my waste

Give a fuck what you say

All I know is play these hoes

And all I know is get that cash

Yeah, I'm in my bag, yeah they see I'm in my bag

Got the bitches yellin' I'm the best they ever had

Ridin' through the city, keep a pistol on my lap

And I ain't tryin' to talk if you ain't talkin' about the cash

Yeah, I'm in my bag, yeah, they see I'm in my bag
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