

## Pink Notes

DigDat

Pink notes, my pinky rose  
Plus these chains got layers  
She only fuck with the thugs  
Rappers, trappers, football players (She does)  
I pattern this brownin' to lock my Browning  
We ain't got strings attached  
This M10 got a string attached  
Fully auto, flick it back

In Harrods, rippin' tags (Rip dat)  
Keep hearin' these niggas chat (Shh)  
He ain't gonna slide, he's gemmin' it  
Three chains, I'm fly like Emirates  
Every stone come GIA  
You know you gotta pattern these diamonds separate (Can't do that)  
Don't do plain-Jane, only frosted  
Chain can't pop it, watch me cop this  
Webley snaps in two like chopsticks  
Get a boy shot like Toxic (Bwoy, bwoy)  
Don't do plain-Jane, only busted  
Emeralds, baguettes encrusted  
Little bro slide on anyone's block  
They don't give a toss, they'll drill it in public (Live)  
Two-tone AP on top of my arm  
That's hitting just like Mayweather (My arm)  
Like her, but fuck with the friend way more  
It's just cah she's shaped better  
Check that my chains 'dem still on the dresser  
When hoes say bye, ain't letting them sneak off (What you doing)  
These VS1's just sat on my neck, so glittery  
All them times went O and I had no driver, sat on that train, all fidgety  
Told my slider, slide  
They strictly come, no asking (Ay come here)  
My neck Strictly Come Dancing (Wet)  
Patek's, Ritchie's, Carti's (Bands)  
Had sticks in her house and now my house in the sticks  
Sneak diss 'til man pull up like Kanye  
In all black, down to the kicks

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I walk in, .40 bulging, heavily armed and dangerous, any occasion  
Enter and I got every gyal preein'  
Caramel darkskin, coulda' been bajan  
You know I can't wife no vixen  
Skin all gold, she don't need foundation  
I'm tellin' her, just uck me and say less  
Still got this bad one, begging me  
Bareback, 'bout to blow her back out without the latex  
She throwin' it back, her waist all snatched

Ain't runnin' it back if his chain got snatched  
I go psycho like Tommy Lee  
And all my young boys on demon time  
She ain't ever fucked in a foreign  
Stars in the roof, and the seats recline  
Been sippin' lean, tryna numb this pain  
Nuttin' but codeine in this Mountain Dew  
It was nuttin' but TT 'til I realised  
That that town was one into two  
Left block, got my prop back with holes in the bag  
I was pissed when I clocked that a mouse got through  
I all got watches that cost a house  
Still wore a G-Shock on that house block too  
I bought you CC, but that don't mean nuttin  
'Cause I bought her some too  
I think that she thinks she's special  
Tellin' her friends I'm bae, wait slow down boo  
Her crocodile bag, I fill it with teeth  
Skid up, high in this Porsche  
Take Dior steps out the driver's seat

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