

Y'all rockin' with DJ Scheme, little bitch

Nuri the G.O.A.T

That my lil' eater, get 'em off her feet, uh
She be fucking on my clique, but you think she a keeper
She be fucking on my clique, boy, you after a skeezer
She calling me G.O.A.T, while my dawg call me the zebra
Used to have no hope, now my racks stack to the ceiling
Left when I was broke, now my ex bitch in her feelings
Ex bitch in her feelings, but I got no feelings
Only got some feelings when I really need it
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She my little roller, said she fucked Gunna
She said, "I could shut you up," I said, "Bitch, I don't want it"
I said, "Shut the fuck up, come talk to me 'bout some money"
I be with some Zoes but you know my niggas bleeding
She gon' get me leaning, out here with no beaming
Fell in love with a chopper, keep that sucker in between us
Fuck a booby-trap, I'm throwing racks up like Serena
He said he want smoke, we gon' press him like panini
We gon' spin around, we don't play, put drums on the AK
Go get him out of the way, you get hit, now it's too late
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She all in her feelings, soon as I nut, I'm dippin'
Got a lil' bitch wishing, and hoping I don't go missing
She hope the show don't get lapped
Put her on the pin like the ref
Cuban ice make her sweat
I don't wanna fuck one nat, I just wanna go stack checks
She just wanna do it from the jets, we were riding 'round with TECs
So, all in white, just flex, serve another plate for the fam'
We'll beef over a cigarette
She a freak, all I want head
Could've wished your bitch in my bed
One beer did no TEC, one beer did no TEC

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