

Respectfully

Doe Boy

I don't give a fuck what you seen back in the day
What you thought about back in the day
What image you had back, of me, back-
Bitch, it's not like that no more
I'm rich, ho
I'm rich
Life or die
It's not like that no more, baby (Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
Let's go

This for all the niggas out here sayin' that they smokin' me (Pussies)
You ain't gon' do shit to me, I don't care' bout you postin' me (Fuck)
Are you provin' you a fan to me? Dick ridin' openly
Yeah my name Doe Boy, but I'ma shoot ya, think 'bout pokin' me (Oh really?)
Drugs in them bags, neighbors think I got some groceries
Make me mad, I crash, niggas pussy, need some ovaries
Streets said you was tough as fuck, still don't think you bold as me
I'm 26, Glock twenty six, make sure you won't get old as me

I don't take no disrespect
Told wifey I need baguettes
Fell asleep off perkys, then I woke up in a different 'Vette
Baddie, but ain't nasty, told that bitch I need some different sex
Up in pictures with that same knot, post a different check

He said he gon' kill me, still ain't seen 'em up his semi yet
No, I don't belive ya, you'll be shootin' if it was really that
Talkin' out his top, like that chop won't push his ceiling back
If I send a message, I make sure he ain't gon' send one back
It ain't no respondin', we be steady mobbin'
Ridin' with that drac', what's a good to a goblin?
A milli', a milli', niggas I wish I was robbin'
And I be with Future so these bitches know I'm toxic
Move to Atlanta, first day, I fucked a dancer
Bend that body over, when I bust, I can't stand up
Thirty bullets comin' out that clip, ain't no stand up
Bitch, I don't meet yo' standards, I exceed yo' standards
I'm too rich for you
Too broke, ain't no fixin' you
Flex with my niggas Bently coupe 'cause I can afford a Bently coupe
Flex with yo' niggas Bently coupes, but that's just a pic for you
I don't need a nigga for shit, bitch, I ain't shit like you
Can't even drive, still want a 'Rari
If we inside, them Glocks in the party
Roll with them demons, you know that they on me
Girl, you can't have me, you can't even borrow me
Young nigga walkin' in Stella McCartney
I might go put VVs' in some Carti's
Pull up, I serve me a nigga like Arby's
I been a gangsta since I watched Barney
I buy designer, I'm fuckin up Barney's
RBMG, I came in with the army
You let me fuck, I bet we gon' stop talkin'
Bitch, I'm sorry, not sorry
Almost got forty five years in prison
But I copped out and I'm glad that I didn't
Twistin' my fingers, I'm reppin' the fam

All these fuck niggas be mad that I'm in it, blat (Oh really?)