

Penthouse Shordy

Dom Corleo

Yeah

Gas what I blow

C'mon, like yeah, it's the opps what I smoke

The chop' make the opps all go

Yeah, it be gas what I smoke

Pistol what I tote, pistol what I blow (Yeah)

Ain't kissin' no ho on the lips

Get up and put my dick in her throat (Dick in her throat)

And we don't do no interviews

Walk up in the section, I just get to go (Yeah, I just get to go)

Yeah, we rockin' penthouse views

That's the only way I get up in my zone (Yeah, it's the only way I get up)

Yeah, I been fuckin' on these hoes (Fuckin' on these hoes)

And it's overseas where I go (Overseas where I go)

I get paid anywhere I go

Got money, like yesterday was broke (Let's go)

Now they tryna ride up on the wave

One that I made, how they finna float? (Why they wanna float?)

You not rockin' no cool clothes

Your music is a joke, get up off the boat (Go get up off the boat)

And I just be cookin' autotune

On my dick (Yeah), they be watching what I do (Yeah, yeah)

Shitty pack, they be smokin' on the boof (Smokin' on the boof)

High as fuck, bitch, I'm way up out the roof

Copypcat, they be watching all my moves (Watching my moves)

Kitty cat in the pussy, I'ma groom

Lamborghini Urus engine go "Vroom"

In this bitch (Yeah), I hit my Tokyo groove (Tokyo, yeah)

Got 'em fuckin' with the swag

It's Balenciaga on these tracks

Got new Vetements on my sweatsuit

And I bought my ho a bag (Yeah)

And you bet that I'ma flex my racks 'cause that's somethin' I never had

I live everyday like this shit VR

In the life we live, you can't lag (Yeah, it's only the fast life or nothin')

Got heartagrams on my crosses (Heartagrams on my crosses)

Yeah, I be coolin' with the bosses, dawg

I put my soul up for auction (Put my soul up for auction)

Rockin' black hearts on my rock shit

And I'm rockin' Chrome Hearts on my pop shit (Chrome Hearts on my pop shit)

Rock this Number (N)ine on my dark shit

Take my shirt off in the mosh pit (Yeah, yeah)

Rockin' out at my shows (Shows)

Pull out the Daytona and I go (Go)

We ridin' down the road slow

Yeah, listenin' to Deftones

Man, these dudes must be tone deaf 'cause they ain't hear they own songs (Na h, they own songs)

Watch your tone, bro, 'cause I'm on

Play with me, you could get gone

Yeah, it be gas what I smoke

Pistol what I tote, pistol what I blow (Pistol what I blow)

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