

Yeah, yeah

Why would I play when I know this shit—  
Why would I, why would I play when I know this shit slap?  
Tell the DJ go and run that—  
Tell the, tell the DJ go and run that—

I got too many issues and I bought me some more missiles  
I'm sittin' here by myself, dog, ain't nobody givin' no tissue (Ah)  
Why would I play when I know that shit—  
Why would I, why would I play when I know this shit slap?  
Tell the DJ go and run that—  
Tell the, tell the DJ go and run that back (Back)  
I got the gemstone, I got the, mm  
She got that gushy, that shit really, whoa (Ah)  
Hit my little line when you ready to moan  
Hit my little line when you ready to moan (Ah)  
Back in that, back in that, back in that trap  
Back in that, back in that, back in that trap  
I'm on the eastside, I'm on the northside  
South to the west, baby, where is you at?  
I'm comin' clean, goin' way off the map  
Car to a six-man, turn up my hats  
I'm on the jet, tryna get dispatched  
Call up for it, nigga, said off the meds

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Why would I play? 400K, bro off a molly and brain-dead  
Yeah, I'm insane, bro, I am trippin'? Did shawty jump on a BangBus?  
Deep and way down, way down in the sea, I done went dropped my anchor  
What is we talkin' 'bout? No, I don't talk a lot 'less it's 'bout that paper

Switchin' the lane, the Lam' delirious  
Pull on your block, this Fast and Furious  
Switchin' the lane, the Lam' delirious  
Pull on your block, this Fast and Furious

Niggas be talkin' that shit, can't be serious  
I got the bag, you know that I'm clearin' it  
Who in the Lam'? Who in the Porsche?  
Who in the Audi? Oh, who be steerin' it?