

No Comments

Don Toliver

This shit here ironic
I'm smokin' chronic
Pop one more, might vomit
Move quick like I'm Sonic, uh
Turn off your comments, uh (Don't read it, bae)
Turn off your comments, yeah (Don't read it, bae)
Turn off your comments, uh (Don't read it, bae)
Turn off your comments (Woo)
This shit here ironic (Ironie)
I'm smokin' chronic (I'm smokin')
Pop one more, might vomit (Uh-huh)
Move quick like I'm Sonic, uh (Uh-huh)
Turn off your comments
Turn off your comments, yeah (Don't read it, bae)
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I'm just tryna get to know you, bae
Put your legs on my shoulder, bae
Come in here closer, got more to say
You the main banker, made more today
Sold me a putz and I'm on the K
You had me up good, bet I owe you, bae
Yeah, I got somethin' I wanna show you, bae
You're doin' too much, better pump the brakes, ah
Oh, when the JACKBOYS runnin' up the stakes
We come in here to bop and rip up the place
And shawty, she a freak, wanna fuck my face
I'll tell you when I'm cummin', I'ma nut, okay?
Don't read those comments, they got nothin' to say
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You're listening to JB2
This is my station, yeah

So if you ain't parked or backed in, somebody beep, you have to pull over
Find a payphone, have some change
You know what I'm sayin'?
All that type of shit just to answer the call

That's the problem, like we was, we was makin' enough money, we had the ho
And we ain't have nobody to hit 'cause nobody else had them hoes
That's just bein' pimp