

# 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 (Ironic)  
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)  
Turn off your comments, yeah (Don't read it, bae)  
Turn off your comments, yeah (Don't read it, bae)

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