

Jackson 5

Dreezy

Uh-uh
Uh-uh
Aye
Aye
(Hitboy)

Still that bitch with all the guys, like Janet and The Jackson 5
Told 'em, I'll be rich by twenty-five, now hoes actin' surprised
Made it out to Hollywood, I still ain't lost my ratchet side
Bitch think she flexin' in that fit, I told her, even maggots fly
Red eye, I'm jet laggin'
Sis' rode in a bandwagon
New whip, I don't even wanna drive that shit, prolly let my mans have it (Sk
rrt, skrrt)
Folks 'nem got a Xan habit
If you pull the Glock out, wouldn't stand by it (Watch out)
This that drip, that ain't no lame, you gon' have to go head and buy it
Yeah, AMG 63 with the window tint, I don't even see no bitch (I don't even s
ee no hoe)
Know I'm a star, I can go bar for bar, I don't even need no hit (Uh-uh)
Princess cut my diamonds, my diamonds crushed up, had to go bleed my wrist (Blaow)
Neiman Marcus, private shopper, had to double C my fit

Very rare, perfect derriere, I give 'em hell though
I'm everywhere, Gucci carrier, but I don't sell dope
Got all these niggas trippin', shoe ain't laced, go switch to velcro
Think you steppin', get to poppin' at yo' feet, you rockin' shell toes

Me and mine, we gon' ride, like it's Universal
Foreign cars outside, you bitches ain't never heard of
Goin' off every time and I can tell it hurts 'em
If you on the other side, I hope you take it personal (Turn up)

I can not go back and forth with you, I got work to do (Lil' bitch)
You don't have to see me, you gon' hear me first, them Pirellis skirtin' (Oop)
Bank account checked up, VVS'd up
Bitch, I got right now, fuck who next up

I'm so fuckin' dope, I might just make my own strand
How these bitches ain't got clout, but tryna make an Only Fans? (Dummy)
We made it, so I'm faded, just like when the song end (Paid)
I'm so up next, offer, I might tell the label, "No advance"
I ain't tryna make new friends, but I'll let a nigga be my Paypal
Mean mug if I don't like a hoe, I'm with some real bitches, we don't fake smile
Pretty as fuck, so whenever he nut, nigga, tell me don't put my face down
Slim and shady, spittin' like 8 mile, bitches only hit it from the waist down

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