

Hit-Boy
Cállate, Mike Crook
G.Ry Got Me

Not the same
Not at all
Not even halfway
We ain't even shootin' at the same basket
Ice my neck and wrist up like a best friend
One time for the real ones, we back again
You see the vibes
And I'm not the one to try so don't even try
And I ain't too hard to find, bitch, I'm outside

I'm too lit to be a nigga housewife
This ain't no whip on tour, I copped it outright
Another one up for my nigga on the Southside
We ain't tryna chalk it up but we'll get you outlined
Windows tinted up, niggas tryna see if it's really us
Outside like summer, Raz gang finna fuck the whole city up
Nissan to a Bentley truck, on my high horse, I'm like, "Giddy up"
Got big lawyers for the contacts, nigga, you won't even get a penny up
You see the vibes?
New whip, don't need no key to drive
We turned the trap to a dispensary way before it was legalized
Everything I wrote, I serve it up like dope
Call the gang up if you need a line

Not the same
Not at all
Not even halfway
We ain't even shootin' at the same basket
Ice my neck and wrist up like a best friend
One time for the real ones, we back again
You see the vibes
And I'm not the one to try so don't even try
And I ain't too hard to find, bitch, I'm outside