

What Got Into Me

Dreezy

I don't know what got into me
I'm feeling gucci I don't know about my enemies
Haters talk but don't say shit when they run into me
Only loud pack and liquor give me energy
Cut niggas off and now they wonderin' what got into me
Don't know what got into me, got into me
Sippin Vodka smoking ganga, ain't no fucking feelin me
Don't know what got into me, got into me
I been making money so I made a couple enemies
Okay, why when I get to the money these bitches be hating cause
they wishing money on niggas
I, I ain't been sleeping, if the money creeping I'm ready to dr
op up a song and a link uhh
Ah, All of my haters is sour like Miller, fuck with these bitch
es and no bitches iller
#1 Rapper ain't nobody realer, stinch is so loud can't nobody b
real
I'm riding round my side of town and I make em sick to they sto
mach
If he ain't on, his game right and I sit him out and I sub him,
don't love him
But I love that catch cause it make me happy, balling like tay
I think I get more feats than athletes
Jennifer Hudson, I'm his dream girl, call all white like mean g
irls
I'm making noise like a festivle, I'm 3 feet no feets
Green money like vegetables, candy pane lookin edible
Same niggas tried to knock me down, done helped me up on my ped
stal
Ugh, I'm feeling gucci ion know about my enemies
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