

## Buttons

Dro Kenji

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah-uh, yeah-uh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah-uh, yeah

What up, bitch?  
She weird, I might bust, then dip  
All my t-shirts cotton, bitch  
All these Glocks got buttons, bitch  
Sweet codeine with sour shit  
Son, I'll blow that roof out, bitch  
Extra change when we got rich  
Them young niggas tryna go shoot out shit  
I'm with the pill poppin', bitch  
And I'm still robbin', bitch  
Rockin', rockin', and I'm still solid, bitch  
And I'm still countin', at this point I should wild out, bitch  
Damn, we pull up, Batman type shit, she pull up on time, I pipe it  
I pull up, I bring my pipe in  
Pop-out, I might grrah, I'll flock you

Uh, bad bitch, unforgettable, thick as hell  
Ms. Incredible, story tell, she a victim for L  
I'm with my college professor with all of these racks in the motherfuckin' bank  
She on her get-to-the-money-and-lie-at-these-niggas, I'm thinkin' 'bout wifin' a skank  
Get the fuck out of my bubble, the bitch kinda trouble, but I wanna—, hey  
She watchin' face from the crib like the ho got a Hubble in there so I'm runnin' away  
Runnin' and jump to the money, I'm smokin' too much, but I'm tryna feel funny as fuck  
Yeah, I get too high on my own supply, it was never a sign, I was runnin' it up

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