

GLAD

Duwap Kaine

Swear niggas love to bring up the past, nigga
Me, man, I like to count up some cash, nigga
See a fed bitch, you know I'm moving fast, nigga
Go inside a courtroom and turn into a rat, nigga
Skinny jeans on but I need my pockets fat, nigga
Skunk gon' ink his body, we ain't talking 'bout a tat, nigga
Can't be broke, can't be that nigga
You know I'm a glad nigga, wrap it in the Glad, nigga, ayy

I ain't never give a fuck, nigga, get it known
And I did all this shit on my fuckin' own
And I be trappin', never trappin' at my home
You a fake ass nigga, I know you a clone
I be balling, I be stunting in my Vlane
And your bitch, yeah, she call me when you not home
I'ma stunt on that bitch, do that bitch wrong
Yeah, my money long, can't wait 'til I'm on
These bitches say that they love me, I know that they lying
I be high as fuck, you know that I'm flying
And I'm flexing hard, I'm not even trying
Man, you know you broke as fuck but you steady whining
Off of the gas and it feel like time rewinding
If you soul searching, bitch, then I'm money finding
And I'm smokin' on this onion but I'm not crying
And-And your bitch wanna chill but I'm not replying

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