DMs

Eli Sostre

Yeah
By any means, huh?
She fuck with souls

Who the fuck is that up in your DMs? I don't know
That's probably one of these motherfuckers' BMs, I don't know
We just hit the city up, and we sold out the show
Yeah, they fuckin' with me pretty much, so where you tryna go?

I ain't even gotta skate up on these hoes, yeah
We know it ain't love and we know how that shit go
Had to check 'em all, is you really friend or foe? Yeah
Is you gang or no? Is you really down to roll?

Is she a ten or no? I like her centerfold
She just tryna get flown, I won't give that bitch a bone
Hear you tryna write a book about me, the fuck you on?
She said, "Would you love me the same way if all this shit was gone?"
I guess we'll never know
I guess we'll never be ashamed enough to let it go
I guess we'll never see our names and I should let it go
I guess it just wasn't enough, you'd rather be alone (Uh, yeah)
Now I got this bitch on lock, no the opps can't fill my shoes
Probably couldn't fill my socks, copped my bitch some brand new jewels
I might flood this shit with rocks, on the corner just like opp
You was tryna make it work, gotta work with what you got
Some of us don't know our worth, I just woke up to some top
Love the way you keep it tight for me and make that pussy pop
Once I get a hundred million, we gon' go and buy the block
I took my time with all this shit, they said that I was on the clock
Ha, oh, they love to make me hot
I was writin' songs for so and so, you owe these kids a lot
Made my brother down one group, I put that boy up in a box
Told her to line it up and bitch, don't make it hot

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Yeah, they fuckin' with me pretty much, so where you tryna go?

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We know that it love and we know how that shit go
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Is you gang or no? (Yeah) Is you really down to roll?

Look, is you gang or no? Just stay loyal to the code (Ayy)
Money over hoes, it's never money over bros, yeah
Family over everything, they with me like this pole, yeah
And my heart is chrome like I wear it on my clothes, yeah (Yeah)
Different type of breed, baby from the streets to the industry, baby, uh (Le
t's go)
Nothin' regular 'round us, splash, shoot like .380 (Ha)
I had to take my shot for my city, I can't stop
I chase you down like BronBron, I would never play with this block (Block)
Who that in my DM? I don't need 'em, I don't know (I don't know)
Hold on, that's his BM, she need biscuits for the low, ayy (Come on)
Double G on my feet and I put sixty on her toes (Yeah, yeah)

Don't know what happened to Virgil, I know what happened to your bro
I'm lowkey but I'm top dawg, originator, you a knock off (Knock)
Spin and try to knock an opp off
But of murders, what I saw, no scale, had to eyeball
Work wet, let it dry off
Miss your flight, can't fly off
Grrah, grrah, grrah

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