

Dumb Shit

Eric Reprid

Prada bae, run away, don't go
I'm in hell, might as well, just go
Losin' track, don't take, my soul
I'm in first, you too late, you slow
(Yea)

Hop outside the whip and then yo skin gon' freeze
All the other guys ain't really built like me
They got janky motives don't know what they want
They keep blowing smoke but I keep it blunt

Got these blues faces on my plate I cake it up yea
Brand new sweater goin' with the ones don't lace em up nah
Had to hit her up like what you doin' with that dud now
You know that I'd do you right could never go and dub ya
I been losin' sleep over dumb shit
Met her at the function but I couldn't go function
Mobbin' with my bro's had to get up on some grown shit
You ain't 'bout yo paper than don't call up on my phone bitch

I, had to put my pride to the side
I know that the timin' ain't right
Come back when you make up yo mind
(Yea)

Took my focus and I put it on the cash
Me and my bruddas wake up everyday to go and chase the bag
It's a cold damn hell when I'm in my fuckin' head yea
All that shit don't help want this random out my bed yea

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