

Use'ta This

Fabulous

Yo, I be tellin' 'em, once they get used to this, they gon' have a hard time
tryna find it somewhere else
It ain't this real over there

You think livin' my dream came over night, baby
Like I ain't had chicken wings over rice, baby
I just need me somebody to blow the dice, baby
But do you take a bad bitch over a nice lady?
Can't say they ain't worth it, just overpriced maybe
Can't really tell if she ride, I drove it twice maybe
That ass do turn heads like poltergeist, baby
Know she put it in her mouth, that overbite crazy
I'm tryna chill but really I'm cold as ice, baby
You used to hear me in the streets like motorbikes, baby
I been stayin' to myself, the social life's shady
Your own blood'll watch you bleed, you know that like brazy
I outgrow people like baby clothes
I hate yes men and maybe hoes
Real shit expose a friend that maybe foe
You day ones was plottin' on you on the day before
Yeah, baby row for baby Joe
Johan gettin' big, gave his Rollie to baby bro
Yeah, we even hand-me-down different
You raisin' kings, you gotta hand 'em crowns different
Uh, Cartier Christmasses
It's more toys in the driveway than the Christmas list
Everybody Gucci, we can smile today
This is what we hustle for, Trappy Holidays

Mexicano, workin' nigga, trapaholic
Genius nigga, somethin' like I'm Aristotle
Hit the gas, baby, I'm talkin' full throttle
Beat the odds, the numbers wait, hold up
Took a nigga bitch, I'm so used to this
Got another whip, I'm so used to this
Niggas tellin' lies, I'm so used to this
Feelin' too fly for the goofy shit
I be goin' dumb on the doofuses
Flickin' my thumbs on the blue faces
She callin' me daddy, who's the kid?
Baby, that's too bad, don't know who's it is

Money on the nightstand, 100s all folded
Still ain't been to sleep, niggas downstairs loaded
Lashes on the counter, makeup on the wash cloth
R&B thug, give a fuck about a pop star
Show a nigga love, I'm just tryna get my rocks off
Comin' for the bread, toes pop up like a Pop Tart
Bully got the 9 iron, I ain't talkin' Top Gun
Say you got the keys, well my niggas poppin' locks off
Shout out to my Gs 'cause they know that Trigga got charge
All my pussy extra on the chicken like it's hot sauce
See a nigga drippin' and what is it if it's not sauce?
Tell the pigs we ain't tryna listen, we will not talk
Gettin' bankrolls, pullin' hoes and it's my dogs
I am not the one to trade, you should try dog
One or two Ks, hit the dot, no topped off

One or two plays, hit the lot, now the top off
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt like the young nigga say
Uzi in the Vert charge that my young nigga take
Take that charge for me, boy, take that charge for me
Talkin' to my chrome, I she say she talk to God for me
All the dirt I'm doin', I just pray that God love me
All the work I'm doin', yeah sometimes it's hard for me
Twerk it all, booty solid, keep it hard for me
You know how we ball, Fab threw the lob for me
Got my own trap, don't need you to ride for me
All these niggas is my sons, I'm a let 'em shine for me
Drinkin' vino out the bottle while my baby whine for me
Vino out the bottle while my baby whine for me, yeah

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