I just pulled up in a Range with your bitch, yeah Gimme brain, some wind on that thing, real quick, yeah Switchin' lanes, can't fuck with these lanes There's some goofies here, yeah Swerve lanes
Blow your head, yeah, blow your brains, what?
I'm just looking good, Gucci on my wallet, ha Honey in my pocket, ballin' hard is a hobby Pull up on me, fuck a Glock, I got a shorty, ooo Catch a body, I might just kill somebody, wait

Busting off a pill, name is Ditcher
Fucking on this bitch, she just want me jealous
And she do what I tell her
Baby girl, just let her
I tell that bitch 'don't let her'
Throw one door to the face, wait
I can't feel my face
I'm popping the meds
I need me a break
And these niggas really fake
And these niggas really snakes
I might just pull out my cake
And I'll shoot this bitch up, I don't give a fuck

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And I might catch a body

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Bitch, I might hop out the Range
She wanna good with that brain
'Cause it will cause the drip not to stain
Bitch, I might step out them Gucci
We cannot go to the movies
Never gon' chill until I rip on that booty, ya
Girl, I'm gon' rip on that booty
Why is we heading so moody?
If he want smoke that's a hop out with oozies
Hold up, bitch'd be cirque du solo

Bitch, I might pull up a rover
Girl fuck the actions I need all the overs
Yeah, uh socially I'm drippin'
Balling so like Scottie Pippen
I put the hoe on a mission
I'm gonna tell her to audition
See how I ball on these hoes
Now I can flex on a thot, flex
Just need a taste of the guap
I lick her neck at the top

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And I might catch a body And I might catch a body And I might catch a body And I might catch a body