

Yeah, baby, 17
(Remy Boy lifestyle)
Ay, ay look

Baby girl, you're so damn fine though
I'm tryna know if I could hit it from behind though
I'm sipping on you like some fine wine though
And when it's over, I press rewind though
You talking bands, girl, I got it
Benjamins all in my pocket
I traded in my trues for some robins
He playing Batman, Fetty's gon' rob him
I got a Glock in my 'rari, 17 shots, no 38
I got a Glock in my 'rari, 17 shots, no 38

I'm like, yeah, she's fine
Wonder when she'll be mine
She walk past, i press rewind
To see that ass one more time
And I got this sewed up
Remy Boyz, they know us
All fast money, no slow bucks
No one can control us
Ay, yeah, baby

Tell me what you see
Is it money or it's me?
I smoke twenty, smell the weed
I got hunnies in my V
They like, Monty, can you be my baby daddy, I'm like, yeah
I got robins on my jeans, you see the wings on every pair
All you see is Remy Boyz, you know my niggas everywhere
And if somebody got a problem, we could meet up anywhere
Now go say some
Don't you niggas play dumb
You know where we came from
You don't want sauce, no A1

ZooWap, Monty
ZooWap, Monty
Yeah, baby, Remy Boyz