

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