Humble

Finesse2Tymes

(Memphis Track Boy)
(Huncho made this)
(Let's go)

Wham, wham, this shit hit like Lil Baby (Wham, wham)
I'm on they neck like an apron (I got 'em)
I'm on they neck like a life jacket
Tryna kill 'em, I ain't tryna save 'em (Nope)
Hop off the jet, do the show (The show)
Back to the jet, on to another state (I'm gone)
Hit that lil' bitch from the back with stamina (Baow)
In it just like a double-A (A batter)
Crank up the whip and a double-R pop out the front (Look)
In the back smokin' Runtz ('Za)
Five hundred in a month (One)
I'm mixin' Wock' with Hawaiian Punch (Punch)
See, anything I ever said, I meant it (I meant it)
Give a fuck if you feel offended (I don't)
Blue tips in the blicky (What they do?)
Get off quick like a snippet (Brrt)
Mitchell & Ness fitted, no cap, though
I'm the capo, I'm the boss (I'm CEO)
Your baby mama comin' like a Now and Later
She gon' suck me hard 'til I'm soft (Ahh)
They sendin' shots at me like a bartender (Like a bartender)
I'ma shoot like Kawhi Leonard (Hrrt)
You want some exotic P's, you can pull up on me personally (Right now)
Or I'll send 'em (Let me get that)

The streets was hell, them years in jail
Thank God, it's finally paying off (Finally)
If you reach for my chain or jump on the stage
Guarantee you it's gon' be a standoff (A standoff)
Tell 'em hands off (Watch out), I am not friendly
Learned a lot of discipline in the penitentiary
I don't like when people talk over me (Respect)
Yeah, I'm humble, but it ain't no ho in me (At all)
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I'm back on my young nigga shit (I'm back on it)
I walked in this bitch with a stick in my pants (A stick in my pants)
Forty thousand on a pinky ring
Like I walk in this bitch with a brick in my hand (Brick in my hand)
I ran it up, they think I'm sellin' Ralo
Ten grams in the Backwood like a taco (A taco)
I just wanna fuck, won't pay that bitch bills (Won't)
Won't get her hair did, I won't pay her car note (Nothin')
They gon' hit you when I give 'em the signal
I'm Aryan Nation, I don't fuck with niggas (KKK)
She throw it back far as I can remember

She eat the dick, eat the dick 'til it tickle
She twenty-two, give me head like she forty-three (Forty-three)
40 Glock, nigga talkin' 'bout extortin' me (Extortin' me)
Louis coat on me cost me a quarter key (Quarter key)
And yeah, we got smell, go for the cheap (Low)
Meet me on the backstreet (Backstreet)
Same thing like last time, you ain't gotta ask me (Don't ask me)
Get 'em gone for a flat fee (Flat fee)
Head back to the trap, get some head from a black feet (Black feet)
Makeup don't attract me (Nah)
I don't fuck with comments, don't at me (Don't do that)
I was really in the field tryna run the money up
Backfield-ass nigga wanna sack me (Whack me)

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