

die

Fousheé

I looked so good he died
Nigga just shut and drive
I said I want it and he buy it
In Saint Laurent throwing riots

I want my champagne in my hand while I shop
She in the bathroom doing lines
Walk in that bitch and watch all the groupies flock
This hoe too close I wanna fight

Pushing 1-20 I can't stand the way he drive
You want this pussy nigga put it on your life
They hate I'm pressure when I pull I'm not trying
This unreleased Balenciaga on my body

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I got frienemies
I got mini me's
He wanna spoil me
I need a 100 piece
He can't afford me
He can't afford me
He can't afford me

He off the ketamine
He doing too much
He said I'm too mean
Like I give a fuck
You better tighten up
Stop crying and light the blunt
Stop whining and throw some ones
Nigga you better sober up
Die

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Fight
Die