

Layover

Future

Caesar Lee

Yeah

Two sides to every story

Hendrix

Shawty where you been these days?

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I ain't talked to shawty in a few days

But you already know, girl I been missin' you

Keep some pretty shit at the condo

Got some thick shit on the bed with her legs open

Bitch came through for a few, that's a layover

Bitch came through for a hour, that's a layover

What you been doin'? I been chillin' at the crib, poolside with some pretty-
pretty bitches tryna get a tan

Had some Chinese freaks come over to the crib last night just to fuck, [?]

Had them Chinese freaks come over, tried molly, now they wanna ask Shoota "D
o we got them xans?"

Tell me you don't want no parts with this

Tell me you don't want no parts in this

Tell me your heart ain't in this shit

Your heart ain't never been in this shit

Your heart ain't gotta be in this shit

Your heart ain't never been in this shit

I'ma flood some ice on both of my wrists

I'ma flood that ice on both of my wrists

Baby came over, she a new vibe

Baby came over, she a new vibe

Tell me that you ready for the turn up right now like me, just like me

Don't tell me that I fuck you so good, you don't wanna leave, you don't wann
a leave

Got a case of Hennessy in the fridge on chill for you

You need to call up some more girls, tryna feel on you

Pretty girls they in my collection, baby don't get caught out there flexin'

And you got that Birk' on your shoulder, and I got them racks, won't fold up

You can't pick a hood don't know us

You can't pick a hood don't know us

You can't go nowhere and they don't know us

You ain't for them lights and the cameras when I roll up

So I fuck your main thing to keep her composure

Rollin' up dodie, and I'm gone off soda

Don't I keep that red drink with me like Piru?

Then I put them solitaries in it, go to Caicos

Fuckin' on the sand, baby they don't understand us

Fuckin' on the sand, baby they don't understand us

Christian Louboutins on your feet when you stand up

Now I'm gettin' fed up, cause tryna bed fuck

Actin' like a nigga don't know she bout a dollar

Actin' like nigga ain't got no models

I'll fuck a pop star at this time here tomorrow

These girls walk around, these strip clubs ours

Goin' out the country, get that dirty money, gotta watch who did the laundry

I gotta get it rainstorm, sleet, or sunny

I gotta chase this mofuckin' money

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