

# 1942

G-Eazy

I don't follow rules and they don't like that  
I was skippin' school to get my sack right  
My bitch text me and ask why I don't text back  
My dog got outta prison and went right back

These brand new, don't step on my Balenci's (Got it on smash)  
I'ma hit that if she let me  
They don't like how I talk that (Hitmaka)  
Flooded out my wrist, a puddle drippin'  
'42, I'm steady sippin'  
Yeah, I'm on and I'm off that  
These brand new, don't step on my Balenci's  
I'ma hit that if she let me  
They don't like how I talk that  
Flooded out my wrist, a puddle drippin'  
'42, I'm steady sippin'  
Yeah, I'm on and I'm off that

Yeah, yeah  
I don't follow rules and they don't like that  
Hit the club with wifey, brought a dime back  
Hit the three twice and ran it right back  
I'm only here tonight 'cause in the morning got a flight back  
Talkin' it, but you ain't livin' like that  
The Porsche cost a hundred, this is twice that  
Flooded all my diamonds, Poland Spring  
Back in Oakland I'm a king, I know and Halsey is a ting  
Yeah, 'Rari detailed, there's not a speck of dust on it  
I'ma get the bag, you can put some trust on it  
Everything is new, so it's never rust on it  
And her booty so big you could park a bus on it  
Yee, yee!

These brand new, don't step on my Balenci's  
I'ma hit that if she let me  
They don't like how I talk that  
Flooded out my wrist, a puddle drippin' (yuh)  
'42, I'm steady sippin' (woo, yuh, yuh)  
Yeah, I'm on and I'm off that (off that)  
These brand new, don't step on my Balenci's  
I'ma hit that if she let me  
They don't like how I talk that  
Flooded out my wrist, a puddle drippin'  
'42, I'm steady sippin'  
Yeah, I'm on and I'm off that (yuh, yuh)

I don't follow rules and they don't like that  
I was skippin' school to get my sack right  
My bitch text me and ask why I don't text back  
My dog got outta prison and went right back  
28 on that scale, right back to the money  
Stunting hard, show and tell like that  
Yeah, Versace table, Fendi rug  
And I got it out the mud

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Ayy, ayy  
Red Christian Loubs, I rock designer shoes  
Hunnid bands for my coupe, I speed and it go vroom  
Baby hit my line because she see them stars in the roof  
I'm up, now the whole gang got 24's on the coupes  
Ta-ta-take a L, me, never, we in love, I lied  
Foreign's what we ride, in the jet, we fly  
If he sayin' he respect me, then it's likewise  
Another man safe from another drive-by  
I like the way she shake that cake, it's like a race  
If she bad, I might take her out, not on a date  
Say she boujee, she hit my phone, 'cause her nigga late  
A 100K just off two shows spent that in a day

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