

Full Time Cappers

G-Eazy

G-Eazy, what up?
From the back to the universe
JetsonMade another one

Fuck a scrimmage, this ain't practice
We put asses in the rafters
Fuck on bitches that got boyfriends
But they boyfriends full time cappers
Full time cappers
Bitch, I fold them like a futon mattress
We don't fuck with full time cappers
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Fuck you talkin' 'bout, bitch? You sound stupid, you sound childish
I might pull up in that classic 1965 low mileage
Slimane should be my stylist, mixin' new Celine with Palace
Drink liquor all night, green juice all day, life's all about balance, listen (Yee)
Think before you talk, there might just be some goons around us (Ayy)
You trippin' and tonight you gon' find out how wild the town is (Be cool)
And everything's not fiction, it ain't nothing fake about us
Been searching for my hot girl, I told Megan bring some Stallions (Yee)
At fashion week Milan, I'm out here snatching these Italians (Ayy)
Don't drop the ball, the only thing I drop is Platinum albums (What else?)
Drop ex hoes, drop bad habits, drop fire shit, still drop acid
Drop a pin, I'm pulling up like 'bam-bam' all on your mattress

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We don't fuck with full time cappers (G-Eazy, what it do?)

If you think I'm fuckin' your bitch, ask her
I told her play her part, never
I can see right through the lie, Casper
Shot off right up to the top, NASA (Add it up)
You niggas cappers but my extendo as long as a cane (It came with a 30)
I'm not a rapper, got raised by trappers, they taught me the game (OGs)
Got on them frames by Louis (Eat it up), but I wear my heart on my sleeve (T rippin')
These Amiris, not Trueys (No, sir), we did that in 2013 (Put it up)
Snap back, you niggas so cap, my ice clear, your water look tap
Dick in her mouth, I'm fillin' her gap (Uh)
No rap cap, 100K in my lap

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Bitch, you not a factor (You not), you just an actor (Ayy)
Hit her from the back (Ayy), she got it backwards (Uh)
Feel like I'm the shit (Shit), like, "Where my Pampers?" (You know)
Thousand dollar tip, yeah (For what?) For all the dancers (Who)
Took a stylish bitch (Ayy) right to the Hamptons
Now she on the injured list, yeah (Why?) 'Cause she was active
They be fighting for the dick, yeah, 'cause I'm attractive
Money falling on the kid, yeah, feel like a magnet
This is not an instant replay, this life for real
They gone do whatever we say, that's la famille
Today feel just like my b-day, just signed a deal
I think she down for the three-way, she said she will
Seen that ass I want to jump on, that shit go 'ba-bum'
Her face I want to bust on, she said "Uh-uh"
"You gon' fuck up my makeup", skeet on her Revlon
As-salāmu 'alaykum, this ain't no love song

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French, I love you forever, I swear to God
Moneybagg Yo, what's up?
Fade out

You said what?
Yeah, players have fun, suckas have none
What's the word of the day, OG?
Well, the good book said wasn't gonna be but a few and I'm one of 'em
A lot was called, but only a few was real with 'em, wa- was chosen
You know, you be true to the game, the game be true to you
And treat ya people right, 'cause the same people you meet goin' up the same
people you meet comin- you goin' down