

This n That

G Herbo

You want me to love you, always tell me, I just wanna f*ck
Know sometimes you wish that you ignored me when I said, "what's up"
And she got a man (I don't like no pictures when she on the Gram)
Can't be f*ckin' fans (she was sneakin' pictures with me off the xans)
I ain't never took a bitch on dates
Hit her job, suck my dick on break
I'ma try to run through all her friends
f*ck 'em once and never call again
I'ma try to run through all her friends
Run through friends like I run through bands
Running shit every chance I get
Go'n call me the running man
Running man, running man
Running shit, go'n run my bands
Love no bitch, only love my fans
Running man, running man

She tryna come to the crib, she wanna do this and that
She say I do it real good, she tell her friends this and that
Pull up in front of the club, you know I'm in this or that
I mix my Balmain with Goyard, I be fresh in this and that
Bitch or bitch like this and that
Told my jeweler this and that
Look at my cup like, "What's in that?"
She told me to put this in that

Listen baby, I know that you wanna be on the side of me
Know you 'round me just to get high with me
Bitch you better not lie to me
Every time I'm with you somethin' just go wrong, damn I'm like an allergy
Always wanna talk about my other hoes, tryna make analogies
Balmain and Goyard, that shit fire to me
Cost you 3K just to get fly with me (straight up)
f*ck from the back now lil bitch ride on me (Lil Boat)
Clock out and Lil Yachty go after me
Bitch it's Big Boat from the All them colored stones look a lil cloudy
I want a Beamer coupe, bitch not no Audi
I f*ck with bad bitches, not no thotties
Bitch you used to try to shit on me
Now them diamonds really glist on me
I walk in and they don't frisk on me
Mixed bitch look like Brisk on me
I ain't never need no bitch homie

I ain't hear you, probably 'cause I'm rich homie
Neck gold but my wrist platinum
I done made the young nigga anthem
Told them hoes I only want one night
Bet her older brother try to fight
Got the motto, bitches eatin' dick up
Bet she gag on it like a hiccup
Lil Boat

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How rude to me
That p*ssy look just like food to me
But I won't eat it 'cause I ain't going
Bitch I ain't stupid, I know you hoing
Bitches hate f*cking with rappers now
Coppers don't shoot at the crackers now
But I'm not racist 'cause y'all say 'nigga'
Might a post a picture of several figures
And I'm that nigga
I'm countin' nothin' under seven figures
I'm fresh as f*ck in the strip club
Walk in that bitch just to show love
f*ck around, don't even throw none', sike
You know I got throw them racks up
Throw that shit up, let it stack up
Thirty on me if they act up
Wake up tomorrow, run a sack up
I spent a check on a new sweater
Only got two letters, mama say I gotta do better
f*ck niggas mad 'cause them racks on me
Smell like pasto 'cause them 'thrax on me

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