

Do The Dash

GloRilla

Ayy, Lil Longway, pull up on me, fool
Where you at, bruh?
Man, I'm at the spot, come on pull up, do the dash real quick
Aight, bet, I'm on my way, hold up
Aight, bet
Aight
(Macaroni made it)

Do the dash, ho, do the dash, ho
High, high speed, Grand Theft Auto, hit the gas, ho
We don't stop at red lights, we be goin' past those
Switchin' lanes doin' a hundred, damn, I almost crashed, ho
Do the dash, ho, do the dash, ho
Fuck a red light, bitch, I'ma do the dash, ho
You say you want smoke, I'ma hit the gas, ho
Police get behind us, better do the dash, ho

I'ma do the dash, ho, pedal to the gas, ho
Slidin' in a big body, I'm still goin' fast, though
Itty bitty, bitch, I'm litty, ridin' solo through the city
Doin' a hundred, fuck a limit, fuck the cops and fuck a ticket
Nigga, bring them whips out, I love them fuckin' fast cars
And I'ma do the dash in 'em like a fuckin' Nascar
12 get behind me, I'ma do the race like trackstars
And if you ain't down to ride, bitch, get out the damn car

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I'm in the coupe with a hundred and I'm doin' a hundred
You play, then I'm gon' do one hundred
I'm really dyin' 'bout these chains and change, so you better get you some money
She wanna count all my change and wear all my chains, but I just want head like a bonnet (Come here)
These niggas chasin' the fame and wantin' some clout 'til I leave a hole in 'em like Funyun
Ayy, middle finger to the cops and trigger finger to the opps (Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
I be steppin' with some Glockes and a backpack with a chop (Ayy, .223)
Sneak diss and you get dropped, pull up slammin' like Bosh
Do the dash in the drop with a mask and a fifty shot

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