Overstood

GloRilla

I heard they lookin' for me, know I got that shit, it's on the way
Humble beast but Aaron turn me up, I got some shit to say
Don't regret my past because it made me who I am today
Gotta keep that hunger, it ain't never too much on my

What they doin'? Talkin' shit
They still mad I'm poppin' shit
Kick the door down on them people
I got tired of knockin' bitch
What-what-what they doin'? Talkin' shit
Th-th-they still mad I'm poppin' shit

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Li-livin' in the suburbs but you know I'm good in any hood
I was taught to stand on business so everythin' be overstood
Countin' all these papers, smokin' papers, you can keep yo 'Woods
They talkin' 'bout what I'm not doin', but what I'm doin' they wish they cou
ld
In school they gave me 180, now it's 180 on the dash
Traffic in that C8, police get behind me, do 'em bad
Somehow I be at my best when them bitches make me mad
Feelin' like prune juice, I got that shit for a nigga ass
Lookin' back on all I been through, shit gon' damn near make me cry
If I was to crash out right now, would you be my ride or die?
You told me keep it real, I think you'll like it better when I lie
They say I smoke too much, I think they'll like me better when I'm high
They say what you do in the dark gon' always come back to the light
They caught that boy in broad day, he didn't get to see that night
You ain't even spend no money, how you tryna spend the night?
You see how this man do his hoes, why you tryna be his wife?

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T-Up even harder for the times they had me fucked up
I got plays for days like Tyler Perry, bitch, I'm up-up
Money talk, so all of y'all should really shut the fuck up
And, bitch, I'm from the trenches, I don't hang with hoes that's stuck up
If it wasn't for them thirsty niggas, you hoes wouldn't be nobody
That lovin' niggas shit so dead, them niggas be out they body
Do shit at my own pace and every time them bitches copy
I gotta turn it up a notch, I just got off the phone with Gotti

What they doin'? Talkin' shit
They still mad I'm poppin' shit
Kick the door down on them people
I got tired of knockin', bitch
Ain't no monkey in the middle
Go with who you rockin' with

Don't even stop at red lights
What make you think you stoppin' this?

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