

DYSBF!

grouptherapy.

(HOTBOY)

Go, go, go, go
GT in this ho (Huh)
All your friend's is faux
Go, go, go, go
GT, head to toe
All your friend's is faux

I'm fly as a feather, you're tired as leather
Rain dance, I change up the weather
It's rainin', it's pourin', I'm scoring forever
(Who do you want?)
Britney or Heather?
I cannot decide between Ruby or Tiffany
You making music and we making history
Can't understand just what losing you did to me
Making me sick, only equipped to get rich
Nigga, that's it, uh
That's it, that's it, that's it
We gon' get rich, huh, that's it
That's it, that's it, that's it
Yeah, we gon' get rich, huh, that's it
That's it, that's it, that's it, that's it, yeah
I'm on yo shit, yeah
That's it, that's it, that's it, that's it, that's it, that's it

Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)
Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)
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Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)

I told you last year that I'm done with the flexing
I don't like to call it, I don't even text it
I'm down in Atlanta, I'm down at the Metro
I'm shootin' the - (shhh) yeah that shit confidential
I'm happy, I'm lucky, I'm blessed, I'll admit it
I'm hot as some magma, I'm hot as a skillet
I'm hot as a businessman neck when his mistress
Is hitting him saying she's willing to spill it
I bossed up, I don't wanna boss, hmm
I don't want a car, want a hundred cars, hmm
I don't want a dollar, wanna cut checks, hmm
I don't want a card, I want a MasterCard
Hmm, yeah, hmm, yeah, hmm
I don't want a card, I want a MasterCard
Hmm, yeah, hmm, yeah, hmm
I don't want a card, I want a -

Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)
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Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)
Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go, go)

Hello, it's Jada, I'm paid as a Laker
I hate on a hater, my pocket demeanor
Is greener than nature, I move like the mayor
Or heir of the Queen, Jada in there

I'ma air out the scene (Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa)
Shit isn't fair, I don't care, what you mean?
When I wake up, I get straight to the cream
It's very routine, really I'm playin' around
Your nigga dig me, he stay in the ground
They treat your girl like I play in The Crown
Call up the block and they layin' you down
(Can you lay on the ground for me?)
I stay in a sound
I'm not your bitch, I don't stay in the pound
Stay in the yard, I don't play on the ground
I'm in your face, play with me now

Do your shit, best friend, do your shit (Go)
Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)
Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)
Do your shit (Go), best friend, do your shit (Go)
Do your shit, best friend, do your shit
Do your shit, best friend, do your shit
Do your shit, best friend, do your shit
Do your shit, best friend, do your shit
Go