

# Doing Too Much

Guapdad 4000

DTB Beatshop  
Yeah, ayy  
Finesse, finesse  
DTB is a fucking check  
Ayy (Yeah, let's go)  
Hehe (It's a check), mm, ayy

She asked why the Rolls Royce swervin'  
Fucked in the backseat and nutted on the curtains  
Bitcoin Batman, I trade with the Persians  
Prada 'round this bloody like I'm playing with a virgin, huh  
Nigga, I'm not tripping off no bitch  
Talkin' to HBO 'bout shows I'm tryna pitch  
I don't give a fuck 'bout your accomplishments, nerd  
You SoundCloud's trash and your fits worse, ayy  
Covered in designer, you a ball of corn  
The only thing I fear is a crown of thorns  
But I can't stop sinning, what I do to these women  
They need to hang a nigga picture in a hall of porn  
I don't got no feelings if you mad that the bands ain't peeling  
Being broke make you sad, go change that feeling (Ayy)  
I was trapping through a breakup, my heart was healing  
I couldn't have a count, so I start stealing

Shout out to my old thing, I know she hate me  
Shout out to my new thing, she goin' crazy  
Settin' all the trends people taking  
I might crash tonight, I'm not breaking  
I'm not sober so my  
Mind's not in a good place  
I'm doing too much, I'm doing too much  
I'm doing too much, I'm doing too much

Come and throw that ass, throw that booty  
LV, my bitch sick of all this Louie  
In a Prada store, I'm wearing Gucci  
Got a hundred in the choppa, shoot a movie  
Your best friend a rat an' you a goofy  
I'ma knock your bitch if she choosy  
And I bet she eat this dick just like sushi  
Hit it from the back, I make her wet, I make her juicy  
If it's me and Guapdad then it's 'bout a bag  
All these blues in my pocket got these niggas mad  
I be talking money, I be talking cash  
I'm Mike Tyson with this Glock, I ain't throwing jabs  
Hell no, we don't finesse, [?] shit  
Heard niggas say I changed when them bands hit  
Stop tryna cuff that thot, let your mans hit  
Young rich nigga and my ex can't stand it, bitch

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If it's me and Guapdad then it's 'bout a bag

Shout out to my old girl, I know she hate me  
And my new one going crazy  
Settin' all the trends people taking  
I might crash tonight (Hey, I'm really rich)  
They say I be doin' too much, yeah  
I'm not boring, sorry, I'm not regular  
I think I be doing too much, yeah  
Off that 'gnac, this ain't gin, ayy  
Baby, what's your pin? Ayy  
Shout out to my old bitch, man, I bet she sick  
Put the P in pneumonia, yeah, I'm silent but I hit  
She would probably kill a bitch for this lil' dicky-dick  
Yeah, she left me for that white boy, she on Lil Dicky dick  
I was doing too much, yeah  
I'm not boring, sorry, I'm not regular  
I think I be doing too much, yeah  
Off that 'gnac, this ain't gin  
Hold on, baby, what's your pin?