

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 nuttin' 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?