

Million Rings

Hardy Caprio

Don't play me
Go crazy
Don't play me
You're not on my mind
Guess you're not my type
(Hello)

Henny sipper
Let it simmer
Monica won't come my yard
But she's on my line like, "Take me dinner"
I know yutes that are way too inner
Dropped out girls that are way too Twitter
Voice notes to the mandem
Bitching 'bout me, some man are way too bitter

Chase liquor
Fake filler
MJ, Thriller
She wanna fuck with a ceiling mirror
The late nights made me iller
And the pain just made me realer
She loves when I turn them lights off
Watch all the ice on my chain just flicker

I used to move silly with things
But God forbid I move silly with tings
Took like a million Ls
I pray to God I get a million wins
We ran through a million jobs
I swear I ran through a million SIMs
A million wrongs, a million sins
All for a million rings

Don't play me, you do what you like
Go crazy, 'cause I don't feel your vibe
Don't blame me, you're not on my mind
I guess you're not my type

Whip turbo
G Herbo (Gang)
Skid them Mercs like Peugeotts (Skrrrt)
None of my guys on furlough (None)
I couldn't fly out my brownin
So I'm gonna fly out my Virgo
Baller, Sergio
Overseas on "do not disturbo"
Darg, you won't see me stressing
Armani does weekly check-ins
I'm wearing a hundred racks
They know when I'm really stepping (Gang)
Babe, you know our thing's separate
Don't fuck with you neeky bredrins
My gangsta girl keeps me guessing
Benihana, she seen these cheffings

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DJ, drop that, drop that
Drop that, drop that
DJ, drop that, drop that, yeah
Guess you're not my type
Guess you're not my type