

Look

I ain't poured the duce today I poured a eight  
She tryna fuck 'cause these tats on my face  
I need timp, I need cake, I need, blue strips  
Blue tips for them, loose lips  
All this ice make sure you keep a distance  
You still broke bitch I been ballin' for a minute  
Show you how to get this money pay attention  
And I ain't turning down shit we with the extras  
I'm outside a bitch I thought it was a set up  
Being honest I'm in love with a beretta  
We got gleeks and them techs too  
We got purp and the red too

Bitch ain't wanna act right so she got left  
Bitch all I got is my self and this high tech  
Ima die before I let 'em touch my neck  
I just popped the Rpeezy I ain't high yet  
Bitch I hopped off the porch and I made a way  
Ima always tuck blammy I don't like [?]  
I'm my own n\*gga baby I'm in my lane  
Bitch I ain't seen a bed in like nine days  
I'm getting the best head from a model bitch  
Yeah bitch you pretty on yo' page but I ain't follow it  
Show me that you nastier than her, baby swallow it  
Only thing in this clip is hallow tips  
Poured up in so many sprites I get tired of it  
Gotta keep it player on my hoes and on my licks  
And I ain't trusting no hoe  
Everywhere I go I gotta keep my pole

Everywhere I go I keep a yeep  
I can't find a bitch I want keep  
I just wanna chase [?], mind my business  
I bought a new chop same size as a midget  
Yo' next nigga won't be fly as I am  
I touch more than a M wit' my hands  
Bitch I only kept you 'round 'cause you got good throat  
But I kick you to the curb 'cause I'm cutthroat

Yeah

Baby you can kick rocks like a soccer kid  
Bitch you know you ain't all that, stop poppin' it  
She gives me good brain, no college kid  
If she pretty in the face then I'm knocking a bitch  
She keep blowing my line  
Bitch I'm in the field I don't got no time  
Baby can I beat it up, if you don't mind  
Fuck my feelings Ima pour four lines  
Yeah ight