

Got Left

Heembeezy

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 Rpeozy 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