

2 Much

Hotboii

All 'bout his respect, but get you gone 'bout it
Boom, boom (Yeah)
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Ayy, VVS, you forgot to hit
Ayy, ayy, pass me that Belaire

I got too much going on
I'm talking about pain you can hear it in my song
Walk through the rain, yeah I did that on my own
I ran with K, I'm just tryna make it home
About his respect will get you gone buddy
I don't know these niggas must by nobodies
I don't need no motherfucking co-signing
I get fly on my lonely with no co-pilot

No nobody
I got all these bitches I don't know about there
I been wanting to quit, but I didn't throw the towel in
Now look at the jit, now I got million dollar deals
I won't act lost when I'm gon' hit him 'bout a real
I'm on adderall I fell in love with how it feel
Gotta keep a tool I fell in love with how it drill
Hot kut the fan on, it's not a fire drill
Hot kut the fan on, and show you how I live
Hot kut the fan on, and show you how it feel
I do not kut the fan on, cause I ain't got no chill
You can't touch it like you Cosby, cause you ain't got no Bills
Still, had to leave that lil hoe in the rear
Do you remember, I told all you niggas this my year
20 feel, I'm out rapping these niggas like a guild
But still they ain't real, they don't feel how I feel

They don't feel how I feel, they don't feel how I feel
I ain't even trynna lie, I'm trynna get a nigga killed
But the track told me to chill
Aye, I swear that rapping is my guilt
Hobby, I think I'm the mayor, want me chilling in the lobby
I just want the M's, I ain't loving on nobody

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