

2 Much

Hotboii

All 'bout his respect, but get you gone 'bout it
Boom, boom (Yeah)
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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