

Crazy Thoughts

Hotboii

Hot cut the
Fan on (Beat through this, G5)
I said Hot cut the (Yo, Knock, this what I'm talkin' 'bout)
Fan on
Hot cut the fan on

I just wanna feel how it felt when we first met
I done moved on and I ain't thinkin' 'bout reversin'
I ran out of love, wonder can you reimburse me?
If you can fill my heart up with some love, I'd fill your purse
You rockin' with the opps and I ain't even in a hearse yet
Test me to my heart, I ain't gon' lie, that shit there hurt me
Thinkin' 'bout my son, gotta put you in the dirt, yes
You know he only one, I gotta be there for his birthday

Ride the foreign, but he spinnin' in a Forte
Put my four-five in her Birkin, they don't search bae
She wanna have a lil' baby like I'm Mark James
No way, got wordplay like a board game
But no, I ain't even got no words for nobody
If you ain't ready for to die when we slide
Then you need to get the fuck from around
Opps opp together
Birds of an opp opp together
You ain't heard? One stone, two birds drop together
Either the Glock or the chop, I do not do Berettas
And if it's pleas that he cop, I am not gon' accept them
Why he hatin' on me? I don't even really care
They be plottin' on me, but I ain't goin' nowhere
I put everybody on E, but my gas tank filled
Sip lean on the road to riches, I woke up and we was there
It's kinda hard to trust these bitches, I can't help this how I feel
They don't even be wantin' me for me, want me because I'm him
I know they heard I got a bag, must've heard I got a deal
I ain't satisfied by where I'm at, but I'm glad I made it here
Sippin' on Belaire, I feel it help me think
I pop the top when I face the mic and I vent 'bout everything
Hotboii, I'm goin' everywhere and ain't nowhere that I can't
'Cause we brought that light, even all through the night
I be runnin' with the fire, know it's me

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I be cuttin' up in traffic like I'm road rage
Double O baby, never know names
Double O, lil' baby