

Prospect

iann dior

(Wheezy outta here)
(Ay KBeaZy, you fired up)

Yeah
Nowadays I get what I want
Lately been spending a bag
Addicted to getting that cash
Addicted to popping them tags
Money was made for the sad
Now my ex-bitch calling back
Saw me come up out the random
Didn't wait long, now that bitch throwing tantrum
I first fell in love when I fell into fame
In my DMs so I can buy her Helly Hansen

I know that they hate me and want me for ransom
It's nothing new, I won't give in to that
I eat the hate up and spit it right back
My lyrics like bullets, I'm shooting your ass
Women come and go with the cat
You gon' learn and learn it so fast
They gon' fold, fold them to ac'
I get my medicine straight out the bag

I'm a prospect, not from earth
I feel like a martian, matter fact bitch, I came from a starship
My bed felt like a coffin
Now waking up, if I run into opps I'ma off them
I don't know if you think that you stoppin' what I got goin' on
Got a semi with auto on
This ain't no autocorrect
Bitch, it's a threat
Now I'm coming at your neck
niggas at you like a pet
Sound like a poptart
Atlanta got no heart
Choppy the one that's been singin'
Insecurities, they always offended
Mad about a bitch I already been in
That bitch for everybody, we ain't spoke in a minute
nigga's still in the picture and I'm still leaving with her
It ain't nothing, I'm a rapper

I can't conform, I ain't falling back no
She need more, she got too attached, huh
I did it to me like I'm on one
Three thousand for that new record
Walk around, look like a mummy
Psychedelics in my tummy
Swipe, swipe, I'ma get it all

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Brand new Corvette come through, smashing the gas
They made me mad, now I'm back in my bag
I hope my man at my side never crash
White body cat tryna dodge my past
We catch that boy then we robbing his ass
It's the principle, I don't need the cash
Just spend some on bitches, half a million on lashes
I could kick it but I don't like to brag
Hold it, they made me mad, I'm 'bout to turn up
I got my glizzy wishing they would run up
You can come get your bitch 'cause I don't want her
I ran my millions up from out the corner
I'm the one out here doing what I wanna
My lil bro ran it up on marijuana
Grindin' in wintertime up into summer
Can't park with sport, I press it then I launch it

I'm thanking God, ain't no more feeling anxious
Got suspended, me and Greeny Huncho
House up on a hill, I used to want it
Now I got it I don't even stay there
I get in it, I don't play fair
Probably spend me a million on haters
On they talk, make 'em draw
And I don't give a fuck 'bout no cost

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