

Balance

Icewear Vezzo

Swerve, swerve

When you say, "I miss you"

I don't believe that bitch 'cause I got trust issues (Drank God)

Goddamnit, Dupri

Goddamn

Yeah, we still balanced, yeah (Whoa)

Lot of niggas fallin' off, we still balanced

Let it hit, yeah, I bet they feel that shit (Feel it)

I talk my shit but bet that I back it (Back, back)

And I can't trust a fuckin' thing you tellin' me (No way)

I done been through everything except a wedding ring (Yeah yeah)

Had to block my old bitch, yeah, she dead to me (Dead to me)

Bein' on is my motherfuckin' destiny (Yeah, Drank God)

Burner on my waist, yeah, this bitch oven, yeah

Shawty seen my wrist, bet this bitch fuckin' (Yeah)

I been turnin' up for like six summers (What?)

Type of nigga shoot the club up 'it I hit somethin', uh

These niggas virgins, they ain't hittin' nothin' (They ain't hittin' nothin')

I just got a squirter with a big onion (Big onion)

Spend another birdie, now my wrist flooded (Dancer)

RIP my nigga Loki, that's my big cousin, uh

Should've put your jeweler in a casket (In a casket)

I just bought another Cuban, I'm a savage, uh (I'm a savage)

Bitch, I'm a boss, I ain't average (Nah)

A lot of niggas fallin' off, we still balanced, nigga

Yeah, we still balanced, yeah (Whoa)

Lot of niggas fallin' off, we still balanced

Let it hit, yeah, I bet they feel that shit (Feel it)

I talk my shit but bet that I back it (Back, back)

And I can't trust a fuckin' thing you tellin' me (No way)

I done been through everything except a wedding ring (Yeah yeah)

Had to block my old bitch, yeah, she dead to me (Dead to me)

Bein' on is my motherfuckin' destiny (Yeah)

I can't trust a fuckin' thing you tellin' me (No way)

I done been through everything except a wedding ring (Yeah yeah)

Almost everybody in this bitch got felonies (Goddamn)

I just thank my God that all these blessings fell on me (Right on me)

Man, fuck a father figure, I want eight figures (Eight)

Why you hatin', bitter? (Hatin')

I'm the type to lay the plate down and be great with you (Great)

I ain't stingy for real

I split up the mils like they all done said the grace with us, look (Thank you Dear Heavenly Father, let's all eat)

It feel good to be home, it feel good to be back on

All my business is black-owned, Sean Don Carti Corleone

I done been through all that drama that you put inside your songs

Look, I took the setback, step back, then step back up, now we on, whoa

We still balanced, yeah (Whoa)

Lot of niggas fallin' off, we still balanced

Let it hit, yeah, I bet they feel that shit (Feel it)

I talk my shit but bet that I back it (Back, back)

And I can't trust a fuckin' thing you tellin' me (No way)
I done been through everything except a wedding ring (Yeah yeah)
Had to block my old bitch, yeah, she dead to me (Dead to me)
Bein' on is my motherfuckin' destiny (Yeah)

If he ain't with the team, he get picked off
Drank God, finna change my name to Big Sauce, ayy
Niggas lookin' sick that I'm gettin' off
Got the brain just to see what the bitch thought

Made it off the 6 and I did this shit historically (Yeah)
The OG's passed the torch to me
Yeah, alley-oop off the board to me (Whoa)
And I still support the crib
Even the ones that's not supporting me (Still)
Turned up, no distorting me
Ain't wanna go off but they forcing me, Drank God

Ayy, right on, I got that pipe on
I put that ice on, so bright, holmes, look like the lights on
I took your wife home, she bite down, just like she Tyson
Them icy whites on, them white horns lookin' like white foams, nigga

Drank God
Uh
Yeah
What?