

Cargos

Jay Critch

Ayy, yeah (Read people like a book, man)
Uh, Hood Fav, ayy
Uh, but you knew that (Talk Money Gang)
(Satorii)

I could read people, it's like they came with a barcode (Yeah)
Just left from Wells Fargo (Yeah)
That bag on me, need some extra pockets, need some cargos (Racks)
And I been fly since polo tees with the cargo (Hood Fav)
Boxes in the trap, it look like we movin' the cargo (Jugg)
I'm speakin' from afar though
That Benz you was postin', man, where the fuck did that car go? (Where?)
High beams on the foreign make bitches start singing high notes (Hey)
You know I stay high, but I'm sober soon as you try though (Soon as you try)
So don't try that shit (So don't try that shit)

Everything I wanted as a kid, now I go buy that shit (Buy)
She could never play me like I'm broke, I could go buy that bitch (Stupid)
I made your wifey my bottom bitch (Hey)
Stick to the code and I honor it (Honor)
Shooters, they got zero tolerance (Zero)
Double cup, raisin' my tolerance (Lean)
Ayy, I went and fucked up a bag, but you know I still have some cash on the side of it (Still have some cash on the side)
We get that money, start wildin' with it
Nico World, you know 30s gon' slide for it (Nico World)
And I'm havin' this shit, so I'm poppin' it (Pop it)
You see me up, but it used to be opposite (Used to be opposite)
Ayy, young rich nigga, no stoppin' it
R.I.P. Take', he up on a rocketship
Still with the gang, you 'ready know who I'm rockin' with (30)
I was thinkin' like a prophet way before I was ever a topic (Hood Fav)
Don't let that go over your head
I was shootin' for the stars, you shootin' over the head (Over the head)
These niggas be in they feelings over these women, shootin' it over the head (In they feelings)

I could read people, it's like they came with a barcode
Just left from Wells Fargo
That bag on me, need some extra pockets, need some cargos (Racks)
And I been fly since polo tees with the cargo (Hood Fav)
Boxes in the trap, it look like we movin' the cargo (Jugg)
I'm speakin' from afar though
That Benz you was postin', man, where the fuck did that car go? (Where?)
High beams on the forearm make bitches start singing high notes (Hey)
You know I stay high, but I'm sober soon as you try though (Soon as you try)

ou try)

So don't try that shit (So don't try that shit)

Hood Fav

Huh, so don't try that shit

Man, all that money you was postin', man, that, that whip was you pos
tin', man, what happened? Like, fuck that shit go?