

Don't @ Me

Jay Critch

Yeah
Aye
Jay Critch
Hood Fav
Aye

I'm like, fuck all that talkin'
Nigga, I'ma get it without a doubt, ay
I'm the nigga she be stressin' 'bout
You the type to go stress her out, ay
Knots in my pocket, I feel like I gotta go and walk it out, ay
(Walk it out)
Tell 'em to stop it, you know they gon' do the most for the clout
I play the game like an athlete (Athlete)
Ever since I got money she jackin' me (Jackin' me)
Leave it all on her face like it's ac-ne (Ac-ne)
I ran up the rice like a track meet (Track meet)
It ain't no GPS, she can't track me (Can't track me)
I'm the hottest young'un, don't @ me (Don't @ me)
I'm the hood fade, don't @ me (Don't @ me)
If you throwin' shade, nigga, @ me (Throw shade)

'Cause they movin' strange, they start tellin' lies
When that hate start workin', semi .30's out lurkin' (.30's)
I'm tryna get 'em wash like detergent (Like detergent)
They be lookin' real nervous in person (Nervous in person)
Call my accountant to see how my check look
I don't want her, unless she got a checkbook
Diamonds flying, you get hit with a left hook
We ain't fighting, got the thunder like Westbrook (Pa-pow)
Rings on me like Bill Russell (Bill Russell)
Chips in my pockets, no Ruffles (No Ruffles)
Stuffin' all the blue hunnids inside of their duffles (Inside of their duffles)
Put all my women on shuffle (Shuffle)
Fuck her two times, but she won't get no Fendi
I know they wish they could stop it and end me
Already know these niggas they plottin' and envy
I come from a block where they not so friendly (.30)
Poured her dulce, yo, she gettin' tipsy (She gettin' tipsy)
How I gave her dick, she gotta tip me (She gotta tip me)
I'm precocious, I'm ridin' with Fifty
Countin' blue hunnids, R.I.P Nipsey (R.I.P. Nipsey)
R.I.P Aggie, came a long way from a Levis baggie
'Cause she look good, got her bag, I'd shag it
Runnin' right back to the cash like Madden
I was so broke had to get what I can
White Moncler, the Michelin Man
He was talkin', we ran into the man
Wish y'all homies did when shit hit the fan
I need more money, less court dates
Bags so big, throw it up and make the floor shake
Ass so big, fuck around and make the floor break
Girl, I'm in a rush, gimme head, no foreplay
I'm makin' plays, I don't watch what the haters say
Shoot a crossover, hit him with the fadeaway
Shoot a crossover, he drummin' like 808

Don't even know what the fuck that I made today
Niggas ain't want' see me eat, but I made a play
And then I racked up a play for the team
Niggas frontin', shit is not what it seems
They got followers, they ain't got no green

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