

Minutes

Jay Critch

Ayy, hood fave'

Uh, I compete with myself and I'm winning (And I'm winning)
Trap phone ran out of minutes, I could not ride fish bowl, go tinted (Drip)
He do not score, he don't get no minutes (Get no minutes)
Double cup came out the pint like Guinness (Lean)
I called the bank, had to raise my limit (My limit)
She got a bag, then I might go hit it (Hey)
You not involved, like, why you in it?
My shooter ain't shot with the .9, ain't timid (Bah)
Watch how you flex on the 'Gram before we pull up and swipe those digits (Watch how you flex, drip)
Uh, she get a brain, go psycho wit' it
She get a brain, but she not no dummy
Niggas ain't gang, they is not talk money (Nah)
Run up a bag, they like, "What's the rush?"

Fuck do you mean? We comin' from nothin' (Ah)
Weight on my shoulders, that shit got brush (Brush)
Paint his tee up, that boy got brushed
Paint his tee up, it look like Givenchy (Baow)
And I was a option but they wasn't wit' me
Hoes so angelic and she so smart
Whole 'lotta baddies and and they so smart (Smarty)
And if you see me, then you know I'm stitchin' (Baow)
I ain't have no faith, I'm back in the hood like R.I.P. Biggie (R.I.P. Biggie)
Uh, come get with me, I'm back in the city, the bankroll, hundreds and fifties (Bankroll, hundreds and fifties)
When I look at that TV flickin', my bro still doing the cities (Still doing the cities)
Ayy, and I told him that we need these milly's, 60 on me like Philly, ayy (Philly)
I don't like Instagram, yeah, he frontin' (He frontin')
I just did a lil' shoot for two-hundred (Two-hundred)
All them racks that ran out, like, what happened? (What happened?)
You'd cry if you seen all my taxes (Yeah)
I don't answer no questions, who asking? (Who?)
Shawty went to DR got her ass did (Ayy)
And it still feel the same when I'm smashin' (When I'm smash)
She like, "That's because it ain't no plastic" (It ain't no plastic)
Real nigga, can't be plastic, I'm in the Benz truck dumpin' the ashes (Hey)
Rest in peace, Nico savage, for you, I go a get bag (Nico World)
My life is a movie and I do the casting, so if she frontin', I'ma tell her to pack it (Tell her to pack it up)
You better stop actin'
If I send a hit, they deliver the package (Pack you up)
I'm getting backends (Racks)
Streets cold, better get you a matches (Ayy)
Thirty on me, let it off at the Mack (30, glaow)
The bankroll look like Big Mac (Big Mac)
Me and Brodie gon' split it like Kit-Kat (Split it)
Took that money, I'm not with the chit-chat (Nah)
I put her in the dress and she wit' that (Hey)
Have 'em poppin' a pill like a Tic-Tac (Hood fave')

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Watch how you flex on the 'Gram before we pull up and swipe those digits (Watch how you flex)
Uh, she get a brain, go psycho wit' it
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Niggas ain't gang, they is not talk money (Nah)
Run up a bag, they like, "What's the rush?" (Man, what's the rush?)