

Nauseous

Jay Critch

(Great John on the beat, by the way)

Look, I came from the trenches, swear I could've lost it all
All I ever wanted was baguettes and Audemars
Know they wonder how I'm winnin', I done took too many losses
I don't like people, broke bitches make me nauseous

Baby, I got racks, I spend it, I make it back
This some real rap, no mumble, I'm sayin' facts
Yeah, all I ever did was drill, steal, and trap
Been up in the field, you get killed if you lack
Yeah, shooters on call, we do this shit for practice
I know they love how I'm drippin', they tryna match it
All blue hundreds, I'm cripplin', my money matchin'
Opp get to trippin', we flippin' him like a mattress
Runnin' through this money, I know you wish you was here, huh
Go buy some Cartiers just to make it clear
I know they don't really love me, they switchin' like underwears
(Nobody listened, now they all wanna hear, look)

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Late nights and my shooters spinnin' 'til they nauseous
Great white sharks up in the water, you a dolphin
Them niggas said it's on when they see us, so then we offed 'em
They fiendin' for clout, but we fiendin' to give 'em coffins
Every time I'm out, I get money, I do it often (I do it often)
And they still playin' games, they takin' losses
I had to go and take all my pain and do some boss shit (Some boss shit)
A nigga think he touchin' my chain, he must've lost it (Hey)
I'm doin' better now (Better now)
Brodie locked, I'm screamin' let him out (let him out)
Got me feelin' like I let him down
But we could never drown (Never drown)
Got it poppin' like the kettle now (Kettle now)
Fuck these bitches, I won't settle down
You know they get around (Get around)
If you ballin', then you gettin' fouled (Gettin' fouled)
They be talkin' what we been about
Ridin' with that (Boom, boom)
Ridin' with that sit 'em down
Foreign bitch, I flew her to the towns (To the towns)
I get big amounts

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