

Punchy

Jay Critch

Mm-mm

Ayy, shit get dusty

(L Boy)

Ayy (They did him dusty)

(Ayy, Tony)

Uh (Hey)

I might still finesse like no, you can't trust me (No, you can't trust)
I don't trust you, bitch, she like she can't trust me (I don't trust you)
That lil' ho too dirty, no, she can't touch me (Nah)
And this money dirty, made my hands dusty (Made my hands dusty)
If they playin' dirty, do they mans dusty (Do they mans dusty)
Got the bag and fumbled, you too damn clumsy (You too damn clumsy)
Double cup too dirty, this shit damn dusty (Lean)
Shooters still gon' score like no, they ain't rusty (Boom)
Sittin' in the trap, I got my pants dusty (Got my pants dusty)
Thought I was up with some grams on me (Grams on me)
Only had a few bands on me (Bands on me)
Type of shit of the damn punchy (Yeah)

Servin' Xans, had real custy

Nike Tech had me real comfy (Nike Tech)

Selling gas, walked right into the classroom like he smell musty (Static)

And a nigga went and ran it up real fast on 'em, but I ain't Russian (Run it up)

Ice on me got the hoes crushin' (Ice)

Old friends comin' back 'round like, "Yo, bro, let me hold somethin'" (Let me hold somethin')

Nah, bro, you can't hold nothin' (Hold nothin')

I'ma spend it with my day ones (Yeah)

I'ma spend it with my main brothers (Yeah)

And I told you that my day comin' (Hood Fave)

They ain't believe until my chain bussin' (Ice)

Spanish bitch kinda look white, but she ain't Russian (Hey)

I done really went and hit juugs, had to stain somethin' (Yeah)

Niggas hate, it don't change nothin' (Nah)

Niggas hate, it don't stop shit (Stop shit)

Don't get the wrong picture, we're really paint brushin' (Boom)

'Member days I ain't got shit (Got shit)

Hood Fave get the block lit (Hood Fave)

Ball monster like Loch Ness (Thirty)

On the wave, we was plottin' (Thirty)

We ain't really have options (Damn)

Now it's all straight profit (Profit)

Pick a bitch, got options (Baddie)

Pick a clip, got options (Boom)

Shit jumpin' like mosh pit (Mosh pit)

Had the shottas go shoppin' (Shoppin')

Let it off, it's a mob ting (It's a mob ting, hey)

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Shooters still gon' score like no, they ain't rusty (Grraow)
Sittin' in the trap, I got my pants dusty (Got my pants dusty)
Thought I was up with some grams on me (Grams on me)
Only had a few bands on me (Bands on me)
Type of shit of the damn punchy (Yeah)