

Robin Hood

Jay Critch

Hey!

The bag came from the mud
Fuck that nigga he a scrub
You ain't balling, call us up
I remember selling dubs
I'ma go and pour it up
She got lost in my cup
Smoking cookie, you can smell it
The way I'm winning I think they getting jealous
I know some niggas that's felons
I did a lot but I never would tell it
Good drugs like a medic
I dozed off, getting high up to heaven
Talking money cause we got it
All we wanted was the profit

He got the pack, we gon rob it
Give it back to the hood like robin
I'm doing good, they can't stop it
My pockets full from the options
Pinky ring swing like it's boxing
Get the chicken, extra toppings
If she keep bitching I'ma block it
Niggas switching but we solid
I put that hoe on the shelf
If she ain't fucking I'ma tell her forget it
I did this shit by myself
Wassup with all these niggas asking for credit
I asked some niggas for help, they ain't have it
They ain't give me no credit
Now I got water, Michael Phelps
Lotta digits when I check out the debit

Came to the spot, made a movie scene
Shit on my wrist like 2 degrees
Fuck all that ice you ain't cool as me
These bitches bad need two or three
I get a bag then two and three
Popping a tag in Louis V
I had a pack in my Nudie jeans
Just came back from over seas
And I'm scoring so she holding D
Niggas snoring better go get some cheese
Touch down and I'm looking for freaks
Money come around getting more every week
Good loud, get it straight out the P
Hearing sounds when I'm smoking my weed
LA cookie but I'm way on the east
Pockets healthy and they having a feast
Taking it slow but I'm staying on go
Niggas won't come fool me
Most of these bitches be acting like hoes but that's what a bitch going to be
I put my left wrist on snow, right hand on the beach
Stack it like tetris, get the dough count it up with my team

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