

# Still Wavy

Jay Critch

Shit

A grand slam, this a curveball  
I put the wiki-wiki wax on my surfboard  
I could bring the city back on my surfboard  
I let you niggas piggyback on my surfboard  
I left the people with a wave and they ain't even know  
I let 'em use the studio and they ain't even blow  
Even booked some nightclubs to pay me for my flows (Pay me)  
I put the love, they ain't even show  
See, I knew that you was never mistreated in the past  
I want the truth, beat it out your ass  
Damn, baby cheated in my stash  
But it never really mattered, she needed the cash  
It was just a couple dollars, three to four hundred  
See, I ride my own waves, I need it, never want it  
So what you say? Complete it in the summer  
Niggas be jizz on my sneakers, keep 'em comin'

Cop the GT Porsche, she drive it off the lot  
I make a bitch detour, my ride to the top  
I hit the club, niggas hungry, then sit down, yeah  
I want the top, solidified spot  
Only wavy-ass bitch you can find me on  
I can make this shit sound like an R&B song  
I can make it 2Pac and some Jon B. on  
Come on, yeah, come on, yeah, come on

Ayy (Hey), young nigga greedy for the cash (Cash)  
I'll trade the Buick for the Benz and speed it right past (Skrtrt)  
You know a nigga always good where you seein' me at (Seein' me at)  
I never needed the attention, just needed these bags  
I'm on the block movin' the O's, I needed these packs  
That money turn niggas to hoes, I seen it in the past (Seen it in the past)  
And everything a nigga know, I seen it on the ave  
Hood Fav, came from bands in the mattress (Hood Fav)  
We trapped in the cold with no jacket  
Took some losses, ain't give passes  
They talkin', they use me for captions  
They wish I'd fall, but we still live in action (Still live in action)  
My Harlem bitch stay tryna hold on a ratchet  
Double-R truck, countin' up all the bright bills  
And they never get it, so they don't know how the light feel (They don't know how the light feel)  
My diamonds is shinin' like my shit came with a light bill (Came with a light bill)  
Said she got it done, but this shit feelin' type real  
These niggas not one hundred, these niggas is type real  
Tell all of them niggas get gone with the iffy shit (Gone with the iffy shit)  
)  
One false move, shooter draw, he ain't missin' shit (Draw, he ain't missin' shit)  
Lotta clean money, some dirty, what's the difference? (Some dirty, what's the difference)  
And I had my back to the wall, but I'm gettin' it (But I'm gettin' it)  
Money was talkin', we the only ones listenin'  
Brodie bring that pack to your door, he deliver it

Had to make it back through the storm in my Timberlands (Hey)

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