

Typing

Jay Critch

Aye
Jay Critch Hood Fav
This shit too fucking easy man
Aye
Aye
Look

I put my life in this shit
Buss down worth more than ya life on my wrist, boy
I know she like all this shit
We could spend some time but I ain't wifing that bitch
Now I'm litty, she be texting and typing me shit
I want all the money, I want every type of this shit
In ya city and I only got one night in this shit
Shooters with me, let it off and then they wipin this shit

I got right with the trips
Made another play I think it might make a flip
These bullets so bit I think it might make 'em flip
My Brodie don't rap but he still might make a hit
And I'm hot, I been pouring up this wok takin' sips (lean)
Ain't worried 'bout the opps it's like they block don't exist
Baddies in the club, a hunnid shots in the ven'
I'm with [?] see a hunnid shots in the clip
He be acting tough I know he not with the shits
Since I ran it up it ain't no stopping this shit
Woke up in the store like yeah I'm coppin this shit
Tell 'em mind they business I'm on top of this shit
I gave her the dick and she on top of this shit

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