

It's The Plug (Plug)  
JAY1, JAY1, just did it with sauce  
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Listen (Woo)

Look at that browning, lookin' all curvy (All curvy)  
Figure eight and the back come perky  
JAY1, I been a badboy from early (Early)  
I don't wanna hear nothin' 'bout certi'  
Bros in the bando, whippin' up Shirley  
Your jiggas in the club, all burnin'  
Look at that wasteman, lookin' all girly  
Fuck it, reverse it, bill it, then burn it

Money bopping whilst the gyal watching  
Everybody's lookin' at the kid (Okay)  
I look around me, only sexy bitches  
Clock a baddie lickin' up her lips (Alright)  
Sexy mama, really done a mazza  
Tell her "Buss it up and do the splits"  
Got your baby mother in my crib  
But I don't really give a shit  
Uno, uno, baby, I'm uno  
Got pengtings calling me "Papi"  
Like I'm in a movie like Chulo  
That big back's lookin' humongous  
And I haven't got time like Hublot  
So step into my bedroom quickly  
Come, we get frisky  
Baby, come lick me  
Yakka, yakka, throw it like frisbee  
Made a half a milli' from "Brudda, I'm joking"  
I got a young call from Mapz  
And he said I got a booking in Poland  
That's one big house in The Midlands  
Look at my mother, lookin' all cozy (Okay)  
That's twenty-five bags for a booking  
Fuck off, JAY1's doin' it bossy  
Please just tell me, what are you smoking?

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Br-Br-Browning, lookin' all curvy (All curvy)  
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Blueface, baby (Yeah, aight)  
I don't have a min' to waste on wastemen (No)  
Say how I feel, they say that I'm hatin'  
New generation, real is fake (Huh)  
Fakin' is real, I will never sell my soul for a deal (Never)  
Fill up the banks like Uncle Phil  
Before I learn how to cook a meal, bitch, I made a mil' (Ice)  
I fuck with my chains, she get the chills  
Buffalo ass, I pay her bills  
She only wear heels, my house in The Hills  
I fuck with the weed, she fuck with the pills  
I just robbed a nigga (Give it up), I do not steal  
But I keep the steel, it could get real  
Get popped like a pill (GrRa)  
Out on bail with the gun in my belt  
My bitch in Chanel but she ain't Chanel (Chanel)  
Packin' a mil' (Gone), everything sell  
Still doin' well, "Blueface fell off," I couldn't tell  
Ha-ha-ha, send 'em to voicemail  
You-you-you have reached the voicemail box of (Blueface, baby)

Bill it, then burn it  
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I got one bad B in the passy  
Two in the back and a stack in the boot  
I know you don't get no jawns (Nope)  
Brudda, just stick to the truth  
And if I was low like you are  
Then I probably wouldn't buy no Loubs (Okay)  
And you could never reach my height  
I'm on the top floor doin' up views

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Mmm, JAY1, JAY1  
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