

Mocking It

JAY1

(Nostalgia)

Like

One text I'm sendin' out, then I'm essin'
I'm chillin' with my niggas, I beg you, girl, bring your bredrens
A couple bitches in Malibu, that's the setting
I've known you 20 seconds, the fuck you talkin' 'bout weddings?
She's backin' up her booty whilst I play with the coochie
And I ain't into all that actin' but we're makin' a movie
And my baby never lackin', told her, "come here and do me"
And now my Willy Wonka spazzin', let it spray like a Uzi

Calm down, I beg you just cool off
I pull up to the dance and I'm lockin' it all off
And I don't really fuck with them niggas, they're too soft
They never shoot a shot cah I save it like Buffon

The floor be shakin', her back be bubblin'
I'm writin' them lyrics, I'm gettin' that money in
I'm big in my city, the bitches are lovin' it
Hey Jay, calm down G, you're mocking it

I love the way you're twerkin' babygirl, just come and bruck it
Step up in the club and show these bitches why you bossy it
And if you ever hate on my baby, you musta lost it
You're wishin' you can touch up my sugar girl, I just touch it

Drippy, saucy, sexy, mad
She buckin' off a badman, I boss it then bring it back
And if she pass the test then I'll cuff it and never dash
She step in lookin' saucy, I love her, yeah that's my
Gang

Calm down, I beg you just cool off
I pull up to the dance and I'm lockin' it all off
And I don't really fuck with them niggas, they're too soft
They never shoot a shot cah I save it like Buffon

The floor be shakin', her back be bubblin'
I'm writin' them lyrics, I'm gettin' that money in
I'm big in my city, the bitches are lovin' it
Hey Jay, calm down G, you're mocking it

I'm gettin' dinero, I'm chasin' the Lizzy
My flows are magic like Harry Houdini
I'm big in my city, the bitches are lovin' it
Hey Jay, calm down G, you're mocking it

One, two, bhad B step through
Came in, no one's lookin' at you
Talk shit, but I'm doin' what I do
When you dickheads wouldn't last if I put you in my shoe
One, two, bhad B step through (Swish)
Came in, no one's lookin' at you (Bang, bang)
Talk shit, but I'm doin' what I do
When you dickheads wouldn't last if I put you in my shoe

Like
Calm down, I beg you just cool off
I pull up to the dance and I'm lockin' it all off
And I don't really fuck with them niggas, they're too soft
They never shoot a shot cah I save it like Buffon

The floor be shakin', her back be bubblin'
I'm writin' them lyrics, I'm gettin' that money in
I'm big in my city, the bitches are lovin' it
Hey Jay, calm down G, you're mocking it

I'm gettin' dinero, I'm chasin' the Lizzy
My flows are magic like Harry Houdini
I'm big in my city, the bitches are lovin' it
Hey Jay, calm down G, you're mocking it

You can't mess with my niggas, we're too litty
Spend racks when I step out, that's no biggy
Take a sip of that Henny and now I'm tipsy
Beg you calm down, how you stuntin' with 2.50?

And if I see it and I like it, then I'm coppin' it
And if I'm jumpin' on the track, I'm probably bossin' it
And how you talkin' 'bout the sauce? You're probably lost in it
Started doin' music in Coventry, now I'm mocking it