

You have no heart!

CG

Yeah, yeah, nah

Balenciagas, yeah, I don't gotta tie 'em  
It's a party, man, you not invited  
Smoking this gas, got me flying  
She told me that I'm perfect timing  
I'm like, "Baby, why you lying?"  
I can't trust nobody else  
That's why I always just keep to myself  
I walk in the spot, they like, "You are the man"  
Your shawty want me, that bitch is a fan  
She told me that she don't got a man  
I don't even care, I focus on bands  
I'm with Rio, yeah, we heaven sent  
27, yeah, we making bands  
Off the pixie dust like Peter Pan  
Shawty hit my phone when she land

Yah (Ay)

Girl, what you see in me?

Smoking this reefer, I'm making this greenery  
Fucking your bitch and she say that she needing me  
Don't wanna talk, let's just skip all that speaking, please  
She seen I'm running my bread, getting money  
Hurting your feelings, go cry to your mommy  
Designer your outfit, but making no money  
Said I'd fall off, but I'm up now, that's funny  
Manipulate women 'cause bitches so dummy  
Shawty so mad and she said that I'm mean  
Walk with a limp, yeah, I carry a beam  
Talk all that shit, but you hide through a screen  
You don't know  
You don't know  
You don't know  
You don't know, okay

I'm making money, your bitch acting funny when she get around me 'cause I go  
t the cash  
You said that you from the hood, but you are from the suburbs  
You already know that's cap  
I was down bad for a minute, but now I'm going up and never coming in last  
I'm in a SRT yeah, I'm switching these lanes, you can never go too fast

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