

PREE

Jazz Cartier

Why you boys love to pree me, love to pree me
Waste man wanna be me, when you see me
And your ting call me habibi, she my baby
Love how I keep it greezy, this shit is easy
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Jacuzzi

Told my momma keep her head up, I won't let up
My city needing me to step up, gettin fed up
Broke niggas love to pop off, get your bread up
Missed calls from my old bitch, I don't sweat her
I'm just really scared to go broke
At 16 a nigga had to sell Dope
I wanted Cuban links and a gold rope
Cause people love it when you shine, when you down they go ghost yeah
Fast Forward, now a nigga cashin' went up
Copped chains now this bitches trynna back it up
Put that potato on the tip don't let me mosh it up
I want the rari but that shit just wasn't fast enough
See I love it when the squad paid up fuck a pay cut
Always on the road but a nigga keep his fade up
My hoes barely wearin make up but they made up
Never graduated cops come than we play dumb

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I just wanna chill with my bitch count my bread
First I dropped the DOA, now they really want me dead
See cuzzi doesn't hate I just do me instead
Ya'll should follow my steps (yeah) till y'all niggas get left
Man it's been a long time since I seen the city I've been outta town
Makin' plays, catchin' k's, never outta bounds
Tried to tell'em they never listened
That's just how it goes
Got a cellar in my crib where the dead bodies go
The wrong words can be detrimental
I've been negotiating deals so I never settle
I got keys from OGs who be down in Flemo
And you still rocking fake chains I must've missed the memo
You wanna shoot, well I got the treatment and the pieces
Momma told I should pray more I need a reason
I've been in the trap all day schemin'
I've been in the trap all day schemin'

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