

Which One

Jazz Cartier

Ay, ay, ay
I can't, I can't, I can't
Ay, ay

Which one?
Gucci, Louis which one?
Two bad hoes, can't pick none
Rari, Lambo switched 'em
Then I skrrrrr, pull up on the curb
They like, "What's the word?"
Always coming first
I wake up like, "Which one?"
Gucci, Louis, which one?
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Okay, they call me Koozie baby
Hair we be lookin wavy
My girl don't talk
Look how she walk
It's like she from the 80's
Last night she pulled up in that BMW
And left it in the Mercedes (I see you)
I've been the one you niggas lazy ballin like McGrady
I pull up in the free skill
Don't freak out, no hand out, my nigga don't reach out
You got an issue with a flirt nigga speak out
I'm the big beast in the street now
I used to be a little bo peep
Till my daddy got a jeep
I was ridin' on big wheels (big wheels)
Nowadays I can't sleep through 7 in a week
Can't say I'm not a big deal (big deal)
My kick back looking like tip drip
Getting to the money, can't sit still
Please do not come with excuses
If I can't use 'em, they useless Koozie

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