

Triple Double

Jean Dawson

I don't smoke menthol (More-more-m-m-menthol)
Got confetti in my lungs (Confetti, in my, lung)
Got a broken jaw (Bro-ken-ken-jaw-jaw-jaw)
'Cause they won't shoot the one on one (Shoo-oo-oot the one, one)
And I'm a ball hog, I ball hard
I'm all net, I'm all boards
I'm no boy
I'm all gold, no glitter on me
I'm all soul, black Bowie with a lil' Kobe

I do better on my own
I do better on my own
I do better on my own
I do better on my own

It's hard to sleep when I don't dream
My eyes are red, staring at the street light

Pop-pop-papa say, "Stay on my tools"
Back to my P's and my Q's
I say, "Fuck all your Q and A's"
Stood on my own twos, they ain't on my level
My E and my Q
I put the G in the Q
Bitch, I'm a G and I'm cute
Parlay with Jean in the coupe
She can't name the name of my jeans and it's cool
I could just tell at the end of my school, my league, my level (Woo)
They ain't Ivy league so they more Irish Spring (Woo)
Clean, Imma come clean 'til I leather my leather (Woo)
Paint on my nail but don't rattle my feather (Boy!)
Don't throw and get killed, by that lil' boy in the kilt
Yeah I just bought a vest and upgraded my wheel, yeah
That's how I feel, for real, yeah
Boy don't get tilt, yeah
D-d-don't get your cat pealed
Fuck you mean, how did it feel?
Yeah, now how does it feel? For real

(Che-che-check)
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Big Karats on me, black girl, blond beach
Man of the year, girls in my ear, diamonds and pearls in my hair, yeah
Sitting sideways four vogues to the concrete
R-Ric Flair drip, right here, talk about Gucci, nine hundred pairs, they una
ware
Homie ain't my homie, don't act like you know me
Easy way to get your shit chopped (Get your shit chopped)