

Panic

Jeremih

Pull up and dip through traffic
Blue lamb, blue magic
All of my bitches ratchet
Told that bitch don't panic
Iced out for no reason
Can't stop me too seasoned
Spent that block, too tragic
Told that bitch don't panic

Spin through it get tragic, cash app em the back end
My shooter start spazzin, he talkin' tough he gon' see when we catch him
Ain't no taggin, get litty whenever we at him
He drop the lo, we gon' spin through his addy
Shorty so uh, bad, nasty uh
Pop me a yerk and get active, she fell in love with the tags on my fashion
No round of applause when the guys get to clappin'
Nigga start brr battin', ain't fuckin' wit' 12 tell them crackas don't ask s hit
Money my language in love wit' my accent, big packs on me no baggage
In a pandemic I still made 100 no cappin', can't fuck a bitch if she average
Look at my status, ghetto bitch I keep a ratchet
He try to front we toe tag em

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Flower set diamonds they havin' a seizure, no I can't cuff on no treesha
Dippin' right after I hit it, I feel like I'm Jeter
Feel like it's cheaper to leave her, you think that money gon' keep her
Bag different, these racks get you lined like a ceaser
Earned my stripes, and I don't mean Adidas
I told eat her up, don't want a teaser
I got my feet up, money repeatin'
All this velveeta, shit got me cheesin'
I got my heater, movin' strategic
Run up, get hit up
No exit, we leave 'em (it get lit when we see em)
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