

Ooooaaahhh Ah

JID

I need me a fat blunt
Smoke something
Humble as a mumble

Long day at the office and when I get home
She find some bullshit to pick out, trip on
Talking about who this chick that just sent a pic to your shit
phone

I know who she meant, but I act as I don't know shit
I don't know shit holmes
That bitch on my dick, that's probably why she sent a pic
My chick don't know 'cause if she did, she would trip
And tell her friends to come and get, come and get, come and ge
t
Come and get, I don't know shit
She don't believe me so I'm leaving
Tell my niggas to grab a bag of weed
But that don't make sense 'cause 'bout a hour and thirty minute
s later I'm hollering "baby, please, baby"
You son of a bitch
You gone piss on me and tell me it's rain
What, do I look like a lame?

Fuck, you just always, fuck
Nagging and whining
She always nagging and whining
Yeah
I told her just stop nagging and whining
Nagging and whining and crying