

Don't Trip

JMIN

Yeah, yah, aye
Yeah, aye, yeah

Don't trip too much
I spill my guts
Chain smoke them blunts
I don't really do much
Keep that little thing tucked
I ain't talking big bucks
But she know I run it up
Keep that little thing tucked

You count two two three I count five
Switchin' lanes hop in that suicide
No DMs with your hoe I don't lie
You a little bitch you ain't down to ride, yeah
I just want tats on my face, yeah
I don't wanna fuck just want face, yeah
Call my second phone, Kevin Gates, yeah
We pourin' up the fo', it's every day, yeah
We sippin' lemonade, pourin' a fo in the deuce
Hoe I got you mad my diamond [?]
But I could get you paid, livin' it day to day
Fuck your conversation

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I been on the xaxanies and the percies hit me slow
Trippin' on some bitch my homies told me she a ho
But I'm screaming fuck that try me imma bust that
I stay with them big racks I ain't never trust no ho
I be on the road so much I'm never be at home
Gettin' to the bag I can't ever let them know
I flex my ex, yeah

Ridin' around I stay with my bro we pour a pint of that tec

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