

(Hella Sketchy)

Bitch you know I'm saucin', yeah I do this often (Yeah)  
Think that she the one, bitch, you know that I got options  
Diamonds on my neck, yeah, they drippin' like a faucet  
Pulled up with a Tec, when you walk proceed with caution  
Pull up (Ugh), hop out (Ugh), yeah I'm in my bag (Straight up)  
Said she, loyal, but she busts it for my mans (Yeah)  
Trappin' and finessin' on the daily (Yeah, yeah)  
Skrtrt off in that brand new Mercedes (Yeah, yeah)

Told that little bitch told her pour me up a pint (Yeah)  
Married to the money, I don't ever need no wife  
Freaky little bitch told her ride me like a bike  
Always with my dogs yeah I got 'em just for life  
Blastin' off  
In the Porshe and you know I just took the top it off (Top it off, to  
p it off)  
Had to leave that bitch, yeah, I just had to cut her off (Cut her off  
, cut her off)  
Dropped a Xanny in my Tech, now I'm dosing off (Dosing off)  
Yeah, I'm dosing off, yeah

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2-2-3, I let it blow, I aim out for your nose (Aye)  
Shout outs Sandwich, that's my brodie, yeah, he be my clone (Aye)  
Hit her once, pass her off, but she won't leave me lone (Aye)  
Runnin' the check, poured a lil Tec, do not hit up my phone (Aye)  
'Cause I'm flossin' (Yeah)  
Stay up on my grind like Eric Koston  
Get the bag, yeah, you know how we rockin' (How we rockin', bitch)  
With my brothers, now we really ballin'  
Yeah, we ballin', yeah

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