

Galore

Jose Guapo

Uh, that's what I'm sayin', yeah
CashMoneyAP
Fuck goin' on?
Not this shit? [?] gone?

I'm not a yes man, sip Hi-Tech man
You talkin' reckless, fifty K on a necklace
Pop me a Xanax, I hope he don't panic
And she got a fat ass, ridin' on spandex
I drip, even when it's still a drought
These hoes some [?], they just lookin' for some clout
I like them lips, so you know I want the mouth
All this weed and all this lean got a nigga fallin' out

Roll up a backwood and go on and face it
I'm extravagant, can't fuck no ho that's basic
I shop at Saks, ho, I don't shop at Macy's
Just wanna fuck, ho, I don't want relations
Two cups stuffed, jumpin' outta space ships
And it's a big sprinter, so you know its [?]
This dirty mud, are you sure you wanna taste this?
I take drugs bitch, ho I might just lace this
Ho look at my diamonds, rose gold bracelet
I believe in God and I don't fuck with Satan
I just need me a pint
And pour it in a two liter, hope I don't faint

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I been fuckin' on these dancers for a long ass time
If you wanna fuck me, where you going? wait in line
Gotta pour a duece of better, nigga we don't drink [?]
I ain't runnin' with the sheeps, nigga I'm runnin' with the lions
Mix some codeine, I'm a codeine fiend
Talkin' promethazine, nigga I'm talkin' promethazine
Pent house floor, you know I got my feet up
Fuck niggas on the ground, they can't see us
XVL we all bosses, ain't no leeches
I got caught with lean in school by my teachers
Yeah, Balenciaga sneakers
They know they on an ether, these bitches wanna freak us

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