

That's OK

Joyner Lucas

Niggas feel me from Miami to Chicago
London to Morroco
Niggas claim they rich but I'm the brokest nigga I know
I just play the lotto
Gangstas wanna ride doe
With they guns out tryna plot like blat, blat, blat, blat, fuck your problems bitch
I'm plottin like a psycho
Bitches call me boppo
I like all my pussy with some good head on the side doe
Mercy, mercy on me, with no Murciélago
Bitches blow me like a trombone
I got shawties on the side doe that's OK (that's OK)
I get hoes and that's OK (that's OK, that's OK)
Bitch I'm broke and that's OK
(that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK, that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits)
Niggas feel me cuz my team is so colossal
London to Morroco
Soon as I get rich I'm off to Mexico for tacos
She just wants some combo, but I ain't got no time doe
I just wanna grab that gun and blat, blat, blat, blat blow my mind out
Bitch could trip and that's OK
She ain't shit and that's OK (that's OK, that's OK)
Oh bitch I'm different that's OK
(that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK, that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK)

They say he stuntin hard for a nigga with no job ye?
When he get that car get that necklace get them broads ye?
He think he a star sign them posters up and movies shows and late nights at the studios
and fuckin all the groupie hoes (g-g-groupie hoes!)
Drinkin all the henny gettin faded huh
I dont drink no vodka but Moscato thats her favorite huh
Two Murciélago's in my driveway with the baddest chicks
They callin me they daddy pimp and then I woke up mad as shit
Hopped up bout the bedroom turn my motherfucking swag on
Supercallaniggaristicesexpeallamagnum
Double cups and twisted think I'm trippin bitch n that's OK
Pray for me if that's the case someone go get pastor mase
They say he wild for a nigga with no burner ye?
Man he pretty down for someone we never heard of ye?
Then along came Joyner his subordinates don't get heard in ye
I usually don't get turned up yeah
But this is [?]

Niggas feel me from Miami to Chicago
London to Morroco
Niggas claim they rich but I'm the brokest nigga I know
I just play the lotto
Gangstas wanna ride doe
With they guns out tryna plot like blat, blat, blat, blat, fuck your problems bitch
I'm plottin like a psycho
Bitches call me boppo
I like all my pussy with some good head on the side doe

Mercy, mercy on me, with no Murciélago
Bitches blow me like a trombone
I got shawties on the side doe that's OK (that's OK)
I get hoes and that's OK (that's OK, that's OK)
Bitch I'm broke and that's OK
(that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK, that's OK, that's
OK, that shits, that shits)
Niggas feel me cuz my team is so colossal
London to Morroco
Soon as I get rich I'm off to mexico for tacos
She just wants some combo, but I ain't got no time doe
I just wanna grab that gun and blat, blat, blat, blat blow my mind out
Bitch could trip and that's OK
She ain't shit and that's OK (that's OK, that's OK)
Oh bitch I'm different that's OK
(that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK, that's OK, that's
OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK)

They say he pretty fly for a nigga that stay single eh?
All my bitches whack now I'm back on christian mingle eh
Puffin on them cancer sticks I know it turn you off n shit
But all I do is stress and I can't get the devil offa me (o-offa me)
Stomping out the haters with no tims on
All my insta crushes wanna keep me in the friend zone
Now it's back to hustlin got no cable or no water
So I'm selling all the cars I stole I might just sell some bars I wrote
I'm from outer space different species of reptilian
Supercallanigggaristicesexpeallalien
Flying through the atmosphere, cruising on you that's OK
Pour some liquor back and pray for all the soldiers passed away
They say he made it for a nigga that ain't stopping ye?
Made it out the hood ended right back in the projects ye?
Wish a nigga would try to get me then I'm plotting
Yeah my [?] with flawless stones and diamonds yeah

Niggas feel me from Miami to Chicago
London to Morroco
Niggas claim they rich but I'm the brokest nigga I know
I just play the lotto
Gangstas wanna ride doe
With they guns out tryna plot like blat, blat, blat, blat, fuck your problem
s bitch
I'm plottin like a psycho
Bitches call me boppo
I like all my pussy with some good head on the side doe
Mercy, mercy on me, with no Murciélago
Bitches blow me like a trombone
I got shawties on the side doe that's OK (that's OK)
I get hoes and that's OK (that's OK, that's OK)
Bitch I'm broke and that's OK
(that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK, that's OK, that's
OK, that shits, that shits)
Niggas feel me cuz my team is so colossal
London to Morroco
Soon as I get rich I'm off to mexico for tacos
She just wants some combo, but I ain't got no time doe
I just wanna grab that gun and blat, blat, blat, blat blow my mind out
Bitch could trip and that's OK
She ain't shit and that's OK (that's OK, that's OK)
Oh bitch I'm different that's OK
(that's OK, that's OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK, that's OK, that's
OK, that shits, that shits, that's OK)