

(I love you, Cash)
Ha, uh, ayy, Redeye
Redeye, nigga, in that Redeye
Yeah, uh, yeah, nigga keep playing, we gon' chop him down
Uh, nigga done took off in that, uh-huh, yeah

All these hoes on go
Yeah, but this the life I chose
In that Redeye, it's not slow, uh
FN bullets go through doors
That boy lame, yeah, he can't come around
He try to reach, then we gon' blow him down
And these niggas, yeah, they act funny now, but I got too much money
now
Ha, ain't it funny how, huh, his ho top me down
Yeah, then we walk them down with Dracos, them hundred rounds
Ks with suppressors, won't make a sound
She like how I'm flexin', yeah, but I don't do no textin'
Hope that she get the message

Yeah, uh, yeah, I hope she get the message
Hope she get the message
Hope she get the message
Ayy, hope she get the message
In that Redeye, and it, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh

AMG coupe and it only fit three, she wanna pop a bean, yeah
I don't pop no beans, but I'm just sippin' my lean, yeah
She wanna eat the team up (Ha)
Told that ho, do what she do, but watch my lean cup (Uh-
huh, uh, yeah)
He wanna be like me, I know, uh, 'cause I-
'Cause I fucked his ho, and they on their own
Uh, keep that on the low
He wanna be like me 'cause I- yeah

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