

Big Wheels

Kevin Abstract

Big wheels on top, my
Heart rate don't stop, you
Might as well call the cops, fame
Turned a nigga to a opp, I
Been down so low, seen the floor
Turn both doors into echoes, echoes, echoes, echoes
My niggas ain't see no more cash
I got rich way too fast
My mama still work at Sonic, nigga
I didn't even finish college, nigga
Got a lot of guilt inside of me
My niggas back home ain't proud of me
They think I'm a bitch, just queerbaiting
Quit being a bitch and quit hating
Y'all pump faking, I'm a power bottom
Like a Free Mason, y'all stuck playing
That's complacent, I'm cum chasing
My niggas back home got fundraisers
So self-centered, I'm amazing
Took a nigga years, got dumb patience
Dumb dumb parents who I been saying
Should've shook them niggas off like some dumb braces
Running from nothing, in a hunnid or something
Tell my baby I want him to keep me up when we fussing
Under the sheets where we touching, I keep his work just to function
I can't hear him or nothing, further, my nigga, we jumping