

Two-a-days keep me straight
I pray you'll come running back to me
Stay that way, never change
I know I'll end up back in your arms

Sticking to the mission, bounce up out my business
Slidin' past my old friends, surprised they ain't miss me
If you 'bout these bitches, if he on these niggas
New friends every month, my life looking like Springer
Dancing with Selena, whole lotta truth around, whole lotta heaters
Too many pretenders walkin' 'round out here
Whoa, whoa, whoa

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Two bitches on me
For three days, it's OD
Four wheels, gold rims
Five bands for the whole fam
Six weeks outta town
Seven ways it can go down
Eight thots, nine thoughts
Going in my head, ten toes down

Hand in her purse, get paid like the first
84's scraping curbs, what I drive is absurd
See my cup got me slurred, keep that fire on me
You know them young niggas purge
Ten on this block, with this chop, make it burn
Know I'm straight up out the Christ but my bitch from the burbs
S.P.I.D., all these fiends I done served
Bae, I sip lean, fuck you mean I just slurred?
Mane

Would you run away if I go?
Tell me something that I don't know
Would you run away if I-
Would you run away if I-

Why you blushing?
You blushing
I look good too, right?