

Buckle Up

Kid Buu

Woah, yeah
Kid Buu a demon
Woah, yeah
Woah, woah, woah, woah

I put the [?] right into a Porsche
She wanna ride with me, tell [?]
I'm not a Christian, I'm rocking Dior
She telling me, "Baby, I wanna be yours" (Yeah)
Damn, sorry, lil' baby, I'm changing my hoes up like clothes (Woah)
Yeah, damn, lil' baby, I'm changing my hoes up like clothes (Woah, woah, woah, woah, damn)

Changing these hoes like my clothes
(Woah, woah, woah, woah, damn)
Changing these hoes like my clothes
(Woah, woah, woah, woah, damn)
Changing these hoes like my clothes
(Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah)

Yeah, I'm really on it
All these loose diamonds on me, you'd think that I lost 'em
Flexing 'bout them VVS's, all my diamonds flawless
Living in a night life, vampire, no coffin
Feeling like James Bond when I'm in the Austin
I was pitching base, but I never played for Boston
Broke boy don't get no racks, boy, I get it often
Feeling like Kyrie Irving way a nigga balling, yeah
The way a nigga balling
Make my opps fall even though we still in August
Feeling like I'm at Saks when I'm in my closet
Mix the perkies with the xans, now I'm feeling nauseous

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