

No Mistakes

KILLY

Shoutout my cousins and my slimes mane, yeah
I'm rockin' different seasons slides mane, yeah
What the fuck do you mean if I marry you I have to marry your gang, Nessly?
Ayy ayy, ayy ayy
Woo

No mistakes, no mistakes
No mistakes, so much cake
I ain't training for this shit but I keep it on my waist
I took her to the crib broad day, had to blindfold her face
No mistakes (yeah), no mistakes (yeah)
No mistakes (yeah), no mistakes (yeah)
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I got Jesus feeling, I'm feeling Serena
A two door coupe, two cuties in Cupertino
Been seeing signs like I'm five miles from a casino
The most loyal one in my gang can't help me run in my g note
I'ma ball
If I marry that bitch she gon' have to marry my gang and that's law
Look like a football team on top of the cake
One cheerleader, Publix thought I made a mistake
Them hundreds ain't worth saving, them twenties toilet paper
I fucked an up-and-coming bitch, she think she going places
I sip so much they think I'm sick as an ebola patient
I kicked her out, you love her up, I'm lit like decorations
Fuck you Nessly, I'm tired of your fucking shit
There's no way that this could be what you wanted
They thought it was a typo, all I talk is commas
Yeah yeah

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Fuck the fake shit
Fuck the snake shit
No conversating
Overnight sensation (me, me, me, what)
Rock it up like we the matrix
Me mistaken, that's a fabrication
High stakes, win the race
Chandelier (on my neck), Versace plates (cost a check)
New faces, did initiation
Head shaking, spot faking
I look away quick if a brother break shit (snakes)

Didn't say shit, she know her placement
I don't do relations
Marry me, you married to the gang bitch

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