

# SOFT SERVE

Laila!

Soft serve  
I'll serve it to you, nice serve  
Drive like GTA bitch, I swerve  
Hit you in yo chest, cough syrup  
Wassup?

These niggas like they cups full of syrup  
You can't sit here, it is reserved  
You gone get what you deserve, nigga

I fuck with bad bitches  
You washed up like dishes  
Come party crash with us  
I drive real fast nigga  
Just got my permit nigga  
This bitch dyed her hair, then she permed it nigga  
So she basically burned it nigga  
I'm not Tonya but go figure  
We cannot be boyfriend and girlfriend  
I don't even like your friends  
They don't know how to listen to women  
That's the problem, niggas be tripping  
Fathers talk to your children  
'Cause I don't wanna talk to them about shit  
I just like to talk in the mirror  
I used to dye my hair ginger  
Do you remember last winter?  
My Uber is a sprinter  
We ran out of ink in our printer  
So we can't print any pictures  
I cook good really dinner  
The 808 is the kicker  
I'm seventeen, sometimes it feels the world's falling on me  
I'm in a dream, back in the same place although I'm running  
What do I mean? Don't know how to explain what I'm feeling  
It's so extreme, but I just found a twenty in my pocket

All along, oh all along  
I just wanna be someone (Just wanna be)  
All along and all along  
I know I'ma be someone