

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