

About It

Lancey Foux

Ayy

(Y.J. BEATS)

Good one this one

Good one this one

Good one this one

(Y.J. BEATS)

Baby, tell me what you know about this

I'm the king of my surroundings

Lot of cash, baby, yes, can you count this?

Lot of grub, little man, can you out this?

I'm the man, yes, I wear the trousers

My ex will tell you all about this

My next will tell you all about this

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Tell me what you know about this

Tell me what you know about this

Tell me what you know about this

Tell me what you know about this, ooh, yeah

Babe, I got what you need if you let me

Call me and speak, do not text me

This one lighty lives up in Bexley

Uni, lecture, then sex me

Yes, I got friends who pop pills and do coke

Yes, I got friends who kill and sell dope

Yes, I fuck models and actors from soaps

Caesar, yes, no, no, no, no

I surf the wave 'til I find a flow

Straight from East, not your average bloke

I'ma dive in her life and I make her say woah (Pause)

I like her, selling sonya of my Lyca

Lost my license, need a driver

Without a wife, I need a rider

I knew I'd be hot and they didn't listen

This one should pop when I walk in visions

Fathered a Zeus, I'ma get him christened

Need a beat, she review if I enter prison

Baby boy I'm a teen skum

Said she'd fuck me, hmm, believe her

Keep my mandem, my heart in the freezer

Put my sauce on her, on a skeezer

Baby buss all there's guns and roses

Bitch went and left me lonely

'Nough of my brothers and codies

If you owe one of my man, then you owe me

If it's for me, let's do it
Ride it, my pony
My saddle's waiting
Come and jump on it

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Tell me what you know about this
Tell me what you know about this
Tell me what you know about this
Tell me what you know about this, ooh

First of the, ooh
Six-one, ooh
Y'all don't see, ooh
Trap-star ooh
Fuck that bitch she go ooh
Tell me what you know about this