

Simple

Lancey Foux

(Stay Flee Get Lizzy)

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Please don't take man for simple, take man for dunce
Smoke ya like runtz
Smoke ya like dust
Lettin' off shots
My niggas screamin' "Trust!"
Rockstar wear, I been post punk

I'm lockin' off the dance
South side of London, south side of France
South side, on a baddy, yeah, she wanna uhh
You're tryin' too hard, but you can't be us
I'm on the phone to Virgil, new Louis Vuitton
I'm on the phone to Matthew, Givenchy and Mia
I'm on the phone to Sam Russ, I'm tryna build that up
Fuck a gun range, we test it in the park
You must've forgot, you must be mixing the Xans
Tired arse niggas, you ain't Michelin man
DJ Shank, got the disc in my hand
I got my whole hood on a different swag
I got this psyched-out trip
And she tryna drop a tab
Hot sticks in the Bentley
They think I'm Saddam
I'm 'bout to fuck the whole world up 'cause I can
Can't take man for simple, you're dumb, you're mad

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Look, I don't smoke no runtz
Free Yup out the can
He got done cah he in for lungs
Man fresh home, it's done
My crodie, my thug
Henny with the apple juice
Too long till I blown on bud
Bro step with the five-oh rusty
We ain't got no golden guns
My Browning good
But I'd rather a golden one
Play with bae, ain't the one
Mess with bae and get stung
Bro only deal with potent
We ain't got no shoddy nugs
Look, I still think that day
How the hell did you not get cut?
On the block I'm ****
Cah all them niggas get bun
I been talkin' dumb
Step on the mic and I'm havin' my fun

I been talkin' dumb
Step on the mic and I'm havin' my fun

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