

Matcha Wit Harry

Larry June

Back on my pivot
Time waits for nobody, if you want it go get it
Lately I been in my feelings
But shit I'm plottin on millions my nigga let's get it
Next week we in Denver, Montclair for the winter
Three hunnid dollar dinner, this ain't really nothing different
She ain't never had a friend like me, but now it's done, gone
Gave baby back to the streets
Another flight OT I got checks to get
Six figures tucked off just incase of shit
You told the bitch she can't strip, tryna' save the bitch
I'm poolside with it and my juice expensive
Roundtrip flight just to cop some gold
I don't hang around, I just cop and go
If I tell her too, she on the flight for sure
I let her get the number, to both of my phones
I'll call you back baby I'm out eatin' some pho
She like "June not the Benz, drive the 5.0"
The game is cold, my heart is colder
In high school we was weighin' them O's up
I don't care about being known as the best rapper
I'm looking online, might cop the newest Aston
And gettin' out the game was like tryna stop doin' dope
That's prolly why I still stay in contact with all my hoes
I only sip 1942 in my living room
Baggin up merch like bricks all paid in full
Why these girls all in my DM, I'm tryna' settle down
Ain't no waitin' till tomorrow, Imma get it now
Out in Alameda eatin [?] with my main bitch
Pulled up in the drop top [?]
Bitch I'm the greatest, my Airmags the latest
[?] sent them to me last week, and I thank him
Just think about it, did it all no label
Signed to Warner Brothers for a minute but I hated it
But soaked up the game, got a lot of knowledge
Treated it like I had to go to college
I think they only made 500 of these bottles
Put it in my kitchen, nigga I'm a stylist
I think they only made 1200 of these models
ASC McLaren, same one as my pops