

Now

Larry June

Aye, look. Peep game though. Real nigga don't gotta show too much, nigga. I might come through in a low, in a 'rrari, nigga. Sippin' Fiji water, nigga. You know I'm sayin'? Livin' life though

Word around town, I got them bands right
Word around town, I bought that Benz right
Word around town, I got my shit right
Word around town, I got that big ice
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now

I was sittin' in the trap, thinkin' of a plan
If I can get this hoe crackin', I can buy a Benz
But back then, it was hard for me to touch a band
'Cause on the low, that lil' hoe wanted a boyfriend
Took a trip to the A, yeah, I took a chance
Got there, went broke, I was like, "Damn"
Had to sleep at the airport, I'm like, "Damn"
Sun' told me not to fuck with that ticket, man
I gave it a few months and the bitch blew
For a nigga with a whip and some nice shoes
And that's when I found out that she wasn't cool
But I let the bitch beg, I'm a damn fool
That's one of the bad things that money can do
And all money ain't good, learned that from you
And now you wanna come back, bitch, you ain't cool
I got shit to do
Bitch, keep it movin'

Word around town, I got them bands right
Word around town, I bought that Benz right
Word around town, I got my shit right
Word around town, I got that big ice
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now

I might go to Puerto Rice to chill out
Next week, I'm thinkin' London, this shit real now
I'ma tryna make a couple million for my kid now
When I heard Corky [?] died, I was like, "Wow"
Hot-boxed in the whip, yeah, I'm in the clouds
Run up on this 650, and it's goin' down
Holla at my OG, he fronted a pound
Then, I shipped it out of town, watch that money pile
I be ridin' by myself, 'cause these niggas dirty
I got a hunid enemies and a hunid Dro
I got a hunid backwoods and a hunid blunts
And a hunid bad bitches tryna get it from me
I said, "Excuse me, bitch. Why you playin' with me?
I don't wanna talk, if you ain't talkin' bands with me
You should fly to Miami and get a tan with me
And maybe you could eat lunch on the sand with me
Before we take this any further, ma, explain to me

Are you on some groupie shit? You actin' strange to me
Do you like smokin' weed? I love those trees
We can chill by the ocean
Okay now, look- look- look ma, what's hannin'?
I don't wanna be your boyfriend, that's tragic
I might wanna come over, chill, eat a sandwich
Please, no cameras, no Instagram action
You do it for the lights, you know I do it for the cabbage"

Word around town, I got them bands right
Word around town, I bought that Benz right
Word around town, I got my shit right
Word around town, I got that big ice
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now
I got my shit together, so you choosin' now