

## Off the Dribble

Larry June

Alright, let's put these motherf\*ckin' headphones on  
Yeah, I'ma just go off the head  
Just record me right here, yeah

I'm hoping I can touch a hundred bands by tonight  
I'm lowkey stressing but I still bought the ice  
Bust another knot then I bought my son a bike  
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I'm always by myself 'cause I don't trust a lot of niggas  
Lowkey XD, forty in the kitchen  
I f\*ck with square niggas, I f\*ck with street niggas  
TM on the beat so you know this bitch a hitter  
I still gotta jugg for my motherf\*cking pints  
You thinking I'm your boyfriend, you must be sniffing nitrous  
Tools on the Beamer, got that bitch looking righteous  
Tools on the Beamer, got that bitch looking righteous  
Switch it up, off the beat, one time  
Damn damn damn, damn damn damn  
Run up on a nigga with the four five  
Keep going Larry, sock it to me  
Came up, noww they say a nigga changed  
I remember cold nights on the blade  
(f\*ck, keep it rolling, keep it rolling

I'ma just switch it all the way up)  
I don't know owe a nigga shit, I been working like a bitch  
I don't do it like to brag, but this shit here feel like ten  
I don't do no f\*cking xans, I like Beamers, I like Benz  
Twenty-five for the bag, one for me, on for the bitch  
Off the dribble, 'nother six  
Ho I need a money counter  
Call me Uncle Larry, leave her drippin' like a water fountain  
When I'm in Atlanta, pull up on my brother Sean Kelly  
I got plenty bitches, every time I ask her she gon' let me  
Hit it from the back, then she make me grab her some spaghetti  
Man the head so good I dropped my iPhone 7, uh  
Everything a nigga do you know it's f\*cking A-1  
Had a whole lot of bitches but I never paid one  
Took the bitch to Napa Valley, told her pinkies off the cup  
Plain hoody, Saint Laurent, eight-fifty off the jump, yeah, uh

Merry Christmas bitch ass nigga  
You know what I'm sayin', TFM  
Off the dribble  
Keep the change, ya filthy animal