

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
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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