

## LMK SUM

Lawsy

Lawsy, pick up  
You want to fuck on me, let me know some  
Seventeen in a holster  
Two bad hoes in my, yeah  
Two bad hoes gimme throat, bruh

That spliff, when I'm trynna roll up  
Wasn't a hit, he trynna pour some  
Top shelf, trying to smoke some  
She said we fucked, then I don't know her

Walk in, I'm smelling like loud  
She ain't sucking dick, then bitch get out  
My lil' bitch pull up with pounds  
Yo bitch said she want my child

Lil' bitch I smoke by the ounce  
I fucked yo bitch up in yo house  
She finna fuck, then kick her out  
I'm gon' break her back in

Like damn, that ass is clapping  
Wipe his nose, just like a napkin  
Roll him up, then pack him  
Bitch, I'm at where the bag is

My hoe see you and start laughing  
Bitch, go up and down like Mac ten  
Glock in my jeans, that's why I'm sagging  
She want bring that pack in

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Yeah bitch, tabs what I pop bitch, it's racks over thots  
He a rat, bitch he gon' talk, it ain't shit to get him  
It ain't shit to get him popped

Yeah, do you ride around with Glocks or not  
I get high as astronauts, I light that blunt, lil' bitch I'm blasting off  
Talking shit, I ain't gon' laugh at all  
Y'all broke, bitch we laugh at y'all  
That hoe she get passed like ball

I turnt up, lil' bitch I'm passing y'all  
Get no hoes, you don't get no cat at all  
I ain't gon' stop, until I have it all  
That's yo bitch, she ain't got no ass at all

That's yo blunt, I don't want to hit it

In my bitch, don't want to quit it  
At yo function, want to leave it  
This not a coupe, but it got chicken

Up a bag, but I want millions  
Yeah, my pack could stank a building  
This Pakistani hash, the type of weed that got me feining

Sipping by the liter  
In my Tesla got my feet up  
My bitch got margarita  
Eighteen karat from Brasília

All my gold came from Atlantis  
All this lean get dropped in Fantas  
All these fancy cars and mansions

Aye, I get bags, my bag from Hermes  
And my bitch the baddest bitch  
And she wear designer purses  
I get gas across the ocean  
Up the bag, won't let you hold sum

Still pour gin in mango loco  
And I'm balling like it's Hoco  
Hella trues, I feel like Sosa  
Bought the three, I want the roadster

I'm about to sip, I need a coaster  
I make racks and love to hold them  
Got new money, got the older  
And the Tesla dual motor

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