

Fuck
Shit
(Bitch)
(Why am I not good enough?)

They done fucked up, let us touch some money, now we touchin' hunnids
Niggas act like they want smoke with Fast, but they really don't want it
We gon'—, I got this shit put up like Trump, this shit make you jump
Bitch, I got zaza in my blunt, bitch we rollin' runtz
'Post to have your blick inside the car, yo' shit in the trunk
Pussy tried to stomp on luh S5, fast gang get you stumped
I had the gang out with some hoes, they tryna' get me drunk
Bitch, I can sell a junkie snow, got free gang for her
I bet we bring out fuckin' sticks, bet we bring out blicks
Broke ass nigga got COOGI on his fit, I still rock Off-White fits
Bitch I might walk down with my blick, do walk-downs in my drip
Pussy, I was somewhere else with blicks, somewhere else with sticks
I'm in the hood with dirty shit, I can't fuckin' miss
Caught me down bad, on these drugs, I couldn't catch my plate
Promise I might run down in disguise, so you can't see my face (Why am I not
good enough?)

Pussy boy won't trap inside my hood, you know we buckin' plays
I might drive down in a horseshoe, with lil' smash gang (I can name opioids)
Wocky got me on that slo-mo, bitch I'm fast, gang
Lil buddy caught the quickest kill ever, he havin' fast aim
I might dunk the clip, 30, it got a rusty spring
On this side, we got attachments, we got lazer beams
Tryna' drop down with your money, run down for your bag
Lil gang gon' find out he got paid, now he ain't got no cash
12 tried to snatch me up, but they missed me
Uh, pourin' drugs inside the juice, shit got me pissy
I really OD on these drugs, shit got me dizzy
I might hop out' backseat, slime wheels, taxi
Ha, you want zaza from the trap, bitch we taxing
You won't buy them nigga' waves, just come join the Fast
Bitch I got zaza in my blunt, this some 1000 gas
She wan' eat my tats off my body, I ain't gon' fuckin' stop her (Why am I no
t good enough?)

Bitch I'm on these drugs bad
Lil' gang might text me when he got it, when he got the droppy (I can name o
pioids)
Niggas can't have smoke with Fast, too, we fuckin' stop it
They want lil' fast to calm down, but I'm steady poppin'
I spread the B-roll on my arm, this shit stupid sloppy
They wan' bring a villain out, so I'm poppin' out
Late night, pop out, za, they can't smell me, hit his car
Baby glizzy pop, this shit be loud, make a horror sound
Promise gang got hella fuckin' rounds, bitch we blow out pounds
Gotta get the bag, get the money, get the fuckin' guap
I just might wake up, scam a nigga, I just fuckin' pop
Pop out with that fast gang, that flash gang, it's fire gang

Promise we got, phew, phew
Promise I got, phew, phew
Fuck
Shit
Tisk
(Why am I not good enough?)