

Fuck
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Now you wanna text, you type like lil' twin
I don't got no fuckin' munyun, I got a Gen
You troll me, I'm not entertained, that's the end
Come to Minute store, fuck is you sayin'?
Told to spin, he talkin' 'bout "It depends"
Fine shit peep, how she buzzing me in
Call the hotbox, let my cuz and them in
Lil' twin mad as-fuck, he got a ugly lil' friend
Nigga tapping it now, lil' buddy, we win
Nigga think I'm broke down, just the begin
Let me hit the zaza, let me see twin
I come from the country, we selling pecans
I run into some fine shit every weekend
"How you get your hair like that?", nigga, these free-forms
Hit a lil' za', lil' za' got me reborn
Still fuck fine shit, don't even need Trojans
Blicked in the Uber, a young nigga armed
Late for the meet, I ain't set my alarm
Minute store trap spot, this shit like a weed farm
Fine shit don't want me to skate, she like, "Where you going?"
Keep dropping hot shit, I'm already knowin'
Nigga tie down lil' twin, we already won
My shows gon' being going crazy, my shirt gon' get torn
You said you had me a blick, could've sworn
12 keep on gettin' in my way, what they doin'?
Man tryna get me munyun, I ain't goin'
Everybody got a blunt, everybody blowin'
Everybody got a fire, everybody armed
I don't even think I'm there, I'm already knowin'
Go to my mom house, eat some corn
Twenty-one and up, let me come to your dorm
I don't even feel like goin' up, I'm just goin'
Start a moshpit in the crowd, it's a storm
Come to field, nigga, come to the farm
I think this the real, when this shit got me real geeked
Touchin' on my arm, let the fine shit feel me
Pick up the front, where your partner hit a wheelie
Roll me some za', finna' drop that Triller
You tell them what you do, you not getting realer
Visit the store, you see hella young niggas
I'm kinda' popular, I'm not tryna post out
They ain't even know who I was, but they know now
Nigga clout-chasin' my name when he post now
I ain't know my clip was halfway, add more rounds
Nigga want me to help make plays, need four pounds
Sometimes I gotta see his face, I joke around
Lil' twin dropped, I'm tapped in with yo' sound
Switch up my lo', I be changing the trap around
Blickin' around, when you talk, you cap down
Nigga ain't even have to ask, I pay him out
I fuck with the new Gen5, this a black nine
You've should've told me to pop out, I done sat down
12 really be scared for real, don't back down
"What kind of hoodie you wearin'?", this the black kind

I don't know shit, you know I got a bad mind
I ain't go to sleep, I ordered me a hash-brown
Hit me some za in that Triller like last time
Last pack I done ran through it
Nigga went up and lil' twins knew it

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