

# Thoughts About My Ex

Lil Gotit

Lace up my boots and go put on my skis  
Stand to my P, I been walkin' the beat  
Me and my dog poppin' fresh out a leash  
Less racks on me, my family gone eat  
This how it's gotta be, came out a property  
I ran my diamonds up, now they acknowledge me  
Straight out of college, that pussy the freshest  
Come to my car baby I'm teaching lessons  
I light the fire, the tool  
One of the hottest, ain't nothing to prove  
24 mil' on my brain like I'm Uzi  
Cartier Chanel, this ain't no Gucci  
Trappin' these bennel', the perc approved  
Hit 'em with benneli, trill if he moving  
House on the hill, this watch costed a crib  
Stop round my ex, ain't fucked in a year

Girl what you want, you can charge me the bill  
Don't call my bluff when you spinning for real  
Cook up like Amu, I came out of Philly  
Yeah I be cheating, but I need some real  
They stay with me you gone pay the fuck up  
I chill with these thotties, no they are not cuffed  
She gone leave me the racks like the bando it's stuffed  
Boy is a feeling the same just like love  
Can't be my homie if you fuck with them niggas  
You know they will get you, that shit kinda sus  
Backstabbing niggas, get hit with some chiggers  
That scope on the stick and I came out a bus  
He pussy he wait 'fore he fly  
I hold a bankroll, fuck a grudge  
Waiting for the sun to shine  
And they know I came for whats mine

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