

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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