

# Twisting Our Fingers

Lil Gotit

(Yo Pierre, you wanna come out here?)

Yeah (Young Sex)  
Twisting our fingers (Yeah, yeah)  
Just blew a hundred bands man  
I'm geeked up and tweaking (Lay it down)  
Bentley two seater (Bentley)  
Somebody call up Lil Big  
Young spider done ran out the reefer  
Spider got too rich to see you (Yeah, yeah)

Turbo the same, my bitch in a Bugatti  
I done triple with my cups, I been drinking on yuck  
I told the bitch gotta leave the lil nigga  
You wanna be with us, leave his ass in New York  
If my Balenci yellow, I call it the woop  
Bitch this Louis V, Virgil, we playing pu putt  
The lil' bitch and my dog but I bought her a pup  
I done told her and I tore up, she stay in a (Woo)  
Hasta la vista, she Costa Rica  
Why in the fuck do I gotta do a feature? (Why)  
I'm in a new Pana' coupe with uh huh (Aye)  
I let her roll up this loud like a speaker (Aye)  
She told the lil' bitch the baby, she got way to close, turn into Mad Max (Mad Max)  
New coolant system, with the drum- (Got too hot)  
I had to sprinkle it with red jet (Red jet)  
I went and went on a rampage (Yeah)  
I put on ice, guess I'm ice age (Brrr)  
I told my bitch have a bright day (Bright day)  
I told her kidnap the right lady  
I let my main bitch invite ladies (Yeah)  
Peppermint patty, my coupe is a rabbit  
Rose gold on her phantom, my bitch is the baddest  
I drip with Montana, the house that I'm building a palace

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Spider got too rich to see you (Keed talk to 'em)

Somebody call him, please hit the weed man, I need some reefer (Please call him up)  
I gotta ride with the Glock in my hand, I know that it's up, up, up (Up, up, up)  
Fellas not lacking, I got some bands and they wrapped up in plastic (Slatt)  
I fuck that hoe on the couch, not the mattress  
Don't fuck with Lee, almost caught me a felon  
Spent me a nickel on a coupe like I'm Philly (Woo)  
Why is a thot playing? Tried sticking my dick right in (My dick right in)  
I'ma get chauffeured in a 'Benz (Slatt)  
I'ma rock Cartier lens (Cartier)  
Hit from the back, she screaming (Uh, uh, uh)

They send the drip right in, so you know I'm rocking Staple Pigeon  
First you gon' thank me, cause when I throw it up, they gon' hold a pedarim  
I can go all night, yeah, yeah, girl, get your friend (Uh, uh, uh)  
Keed talk to 'em (Keed talk to 'em), you know what I'm saying (You know what  
I'm saying)  
Shoot up your mans, no, no I don't care bout your momma crying (No I don't care)

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Spider got too rich to see you (Hood Baby)

I'm in that Spider (Type shit)  
I need some Percocet, call the Percocet man  
I'm an all nighter, what they going for?  
I'm flicking that blick like a lighter (Type shit)  
Niggas be peasants, rats and roaches, I cannot hang with that cycle (Nah, now)  
Chains on my jack' like a biker (Chrome heart)  
When they know that shit trend, they some biters (Woo)  
Yeah, F&N kid  
Couple M's up, I done handled that bizz'  
Brazil body, I done bossed up the bitch  
Ran it up and kicked them boys out our mix  
Couple hundred, I insured my wrist (Baby, biggest trim)  
Forever tweaking (Nah, now)  
I'm fucking capri sun, I'm clutching that glizzy, this bitch lemon squeeze (Nah, now)  
Ain't no Netflix and chill, I'm just pope living, that's for many years (Type shit)  
Upping all the ammo, brrrt, caught the kill (Yeah)  
Wockhardt, then time to pop a seal  
Watch out for her head, yeah, she like a deer (Nah, now)  
Thotty Gotit, I can't keep up my pants  
Having munyuns, I done got an advance (That's a fact)  
Living like pope and just stick to the plan  
Me and young Spider Top Chef in that pan (Free Wyda)

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