

Woah

Lil Gotit

Woah, woah, know I get higher than you (Woah, woah)
Fuck more hoes then you (Woah, woah), I ain't got no points to prove (Woah, woah)
I got lot of exotic vibes, who will never approach you (Woah, woah, woah, woah)
I got lot of paid off cars, none are rented, ooh (Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah)
Nah, I ain't sayin' traffickin', but she work for me, who? (Woah, woah, woah, woah)
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Yeah, she know im a slime, run in my flesh, my genes
My shooters active, 30, it's special, no beam
My shooter's list they get that drop on your teams
Say you get money, you trappin', where are your fiends?
It's early morning, I count the colored greens
Tucked between it, shit, iron on me
That damn nigga broke, you can't know what I mean
I be around killers, nah, they ain't got no IG
Got customized drip, got fur that cover my knees
You take my chain, gotta bury me, ain't going out like no hoe
Get thirty-K just for a show, the cars you jump in get towed
You sellin' somethin', where your post?
And I'm going straight to the moon and you know

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Woah (Ooh, ooh)

Fuck is you doing little boy?
Yeah, you know we hood, I'm makin' the noise
I'm YSL, we makin' all the noise
We cause a mess, we killin' all these boys
All of my shooters, they tatted on face
I got that money, they can't chop a wraith
Going for Keed, what the fuck do you mean?
Cannot forgot bout her Cartier frames
I'm a big dog, who cannot be tamed
In the Hellcat, I can't stay in my lane
Can't feel the noise, I can't feel the pain
Headshot the brain, can't think
We ain't livin' up to think about her
I get your main hoe just to show it weared out
I got every fuckin' shoe, I'm drippin' out, yeah

Hit her from the back got that hoe screamin' out, ugh

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