

Yeah Yeah

Lil Gotit

Codeine, molly help a nigga think, yeah
Washin' off my diamonds in the sink
(DMC, you global now, nigga)
Hood Baby, ain't shit sweet
Bitch, I put you on the plate, my niggas gon' eat (Pluto)

Catchin' vibes in a purple mink, yeah, yeah (Uh)
Codeine, molly help a nigga think, yeah, yeah (Codeine)
Take the drugs 'til I can't blink, yeah, yeah (Take the drugs)
Poppin' Adderall, sippin' drink, yeah, yeah (Pop out)
Lights off, no TV, bitch, I'm geeked, yeah, yeah (Lights off)
Can't take another loss from the streets, yeah, yeah (Ayy)
Maybach coupe on fleek, tall like a Jeep, yeah, yeah (Woah, woah)
Some of these bitches speak Spanish and some Japanese, yeah, yeah (Woah, woa
h)

Came out the gutter, get throwed
Fuck on your ho 'cause she throwed (Woah, woah)
Sipping on lean, I'm getting throwed (Woah)
Try my best to overdose (Woah, woah)
Made three pills get ghost
Speedin' up my heart (Speed up)
Two-doors and four-doors (Pluto)
Fill up my garage (Woah, woah)
Make these diamonds shine again 'cause I know times was hard, yeah (I know)
I just lit the average one up, turned her to a star, yeah
I took a trip to Mexico, my hustle took me far, yeah
Pushin' up marshmallow coupe, now I feel like a god, yeah
I went to space, had a coupe in the stars
Man, I had to walk out and baguette it
I told my young niggas go real hard
They came back with a new presi'
How you came out these trenches?
How gon' starve and then try to forget it? (Can't)
Ran my M's up, I'm counting it up and I ain't sweat it yet

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Don't give a fuck 'bout your folks (Woo)
Hood Baby do what he want (Hood Baby)
I go hard for these ceilings
ABG, YSL G.O.A.T.'s (Brr)
No, I'm not generic, I got on baguettes and [?] machetes
Fake my death, Makaveli, I'm livin' my life, my family won't tell it
Suited and booted, we met up with all foreigners, no, you can't tell it
I'm making two guns with two gun barrels like Belly
Wouldn't wife you, not [?]
She getting real mad, she actin' real jealous
I want all the lettuce

Interfere with that lettuce, my niggas gon' stamp it (Hood talk)
All kind of talk
I pulled up on curb [?] kept me a bar
We let that bitch frtt
We pull up with birds and snakes on these hoes
Walk with them K's on our shoulders, Lil Haiti
We headshottin' shit, we ain't grazing
In the booth gettin' top from an Asian (Let's go)
Wanna book a show, hit my agent
Niggas ain't playin'

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Cartier watches, Skydweller the Rollie, shit, I pay a load
Don dada, the shottas, they ridin' with me, I'm touring right on the road
The money I pay for my watch, it came from the trap, it came from the stove
Yeah, you droppin' salt on me, I'm in LA with your ho
Oh-oh, heard what y'all do on the real
You livin' with your friends, oh-oh
Yeah, they soak drip like sponge
'Cause my rockstar drip is up
Balling like Pistons, nigga
You still on your pivot, nigga
On a dirtbike in the hood poppin' wheelies, nigga
We slimy as it gets
Nah, ain't no dummy, yeah, I went legit
Finally got diamonds and finally got rich
Double-R truck what we landin' in
Done made some money and family
Blamin' for the talk, get knocked off
I'm tryna feel the breeze
Talking 'bout your top dog, know I eat Pedigree
Yeah, yeah, Slimeball

Woah, woah...