

Yoppa

Lil Mosey

Pull up in yo' city, then I hopped out with a flare (with a flare)
My nigga roll with me, if it's beef, then we go bare (bo, bo, bo, bo)
Roll up in a Beamer then I skrt off wit' a Lamb' (skrt, skrt, skrt, skrt)
I got all these racks, so I'm flexin' 'cause I can ('cause I can)
Gucci on my feet, and I'm with my nigga, JD, yeah
Run around with toolies, got a yoppa on me, ayy
Margiela on his feet, I got Louis on me, uh
I blow all that gas, I be sippin' on the lean

Yeah, 30 'round my neck, my jewels water like saline
And my life be movin' fast like I'm in a movie, ayy
We don't fuck around, so we holding .223
And I'm on the fucking xan, I just mixed it in my drink
I sip on the lean and my big homie OG, yeah
I got 20 shooters, they gon' wet you like saline, yeah
And I'm wit' lil' Fendi, that lil bro, he's flippin' key, and
My jewels like water and I'm sippin' on codeine, yeah

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We smoke gas like the bag, ain't no turnin' down (down)
Jane sad, purple rain, crippin' in yo town (crip)
Players goin' down, ayy, where he stay? I need him now, ayy (rra)
I call up them Feezies, they gon' smoke him like a ounce (word, word, word, word, word)
Bitch-bitch I make the trap bounce, what you need? I got that
Nigga tried to rob me, best believe I shot that (that's on my mama)
These niggas ain't killers, they the one that's gettin' shot at (shot at)
They snitchin' and I copped that, made me put some top at

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