

Buttons

Lil Poppa

Is you living or you balling
I don't even know what to call it
I just wanted it I bought that shit
Go and ask shawty she'll tell you bout it
I send her back keep your deposit
Cause I ain't even thinking bout that bitch
Oh show now I'm lit
Oh so now I got them on my dick and I ain't even got a hit
Is it the Cubans make him gliss the percs and lean me sick
Can't even lie I need to detox I can see it when I piss
Can't even lie I need a vacay this bitch wanna trip
Say Jesus rose on a third day on a fourth I took a sip
They hit the spot on Thursday that shit fucked up the year
Say if they land on a Friday we gon' make it disappear like

Shawty wanna pop a pill she ask me what it feel like
Keep on asking how we live I told the bitch this real life
Diamonds cold enough to cool my cup yeah that shit real ice
Sauce her up fuck it take her boss her up it ain't nothing
I might not floss enough it ain't really cost me much trust me nigga
Don't bring all them hoes with you if all them hoes ain't fucking
How you want war with them young niggas and all they guns got buttons

Ok you know the sprite muddy
You know the ice flooded
Now you know the price high that shit gon' run you bout thirty
No I can't pull up right now cracker hot it's still early
Quelo twenty four hour chef no matter what he still swerving
Fuck it nigga we still swerving it's been years I'm still hurting
Don't think the pills working we still lurking trying to get him real worse
This bitch a head doctor but I think that I need a real nurse
We talking expensive pain I'm wasting lean on my designer shirt
My brain say go to church but I'm insane I pop a perc
On all these drugs with Q3 but if they swing know we alert
Shit in my veins and that's since birth
Go against the grain and that's a curse
Hot like propane and I'ma blow up nigga
If you on put out the flame nigga better cool me down

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