

Fidget

Lil Skies

Uh, uh, uh
Yeah, yeah, aye, aye, aye
Based1 got them bands, ho

The whip don't got no keys, I press the start and hit the gas and go
She just wanna fuck with me, I hit that ass, she drop it low
Drop a bag, I spend the fee, the opps, they really wanna know
Is he really cashin' out or is that young nigga broke?
Fuck with me, you can get robbed, you can get poked
I just walked inside the club and I was dancin' with my pole
I don't really trust nobody, I can never trust a soul
I walk in, I'm poppin' tags, which one? Eenie minie moe

Oh yeah, oh yeah, I'm ballin'
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, she callin'
These niggas, they broke, walk in, they stalling
I got the bag, I spend it, I'm balling

Yeah, niggas know that I'm all in
Walk in and I'm spending a bag (Oh yeah)
Lil shawty, she know I'm glad (Mhm)
Walk in and I'm making her mad (Okay)
I was making the broke niggas sad (Uh-huh)
I don't really wanna do nothing (Nothing)
And I'm really fucking on this ting (This ting)
And she know I got big dreams
Walked in and I'm sipping on lean (On lean)
Mixed the ice with the cream, yeah
We do not fuck with the opps
We puttin' them niggas on FOX (Pew, pew)
I pull out the boys on the blocks (On the blocks)
I do not know who you are
I really rock out with guitars
I really do hang with the stars (Yeah)

Okay, my car is fast
I see you, I'm swerving, I'm drivin', I crash
These niggas be hatin', I'm on it, my last
I see you, I'm coming, I'm running I blast

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I'm in it, I had to go get 'em in it
I had to take me a minute
I had to take me a pill
I'm high, she know what to do
I'm doing this shit for the thrill
I really don't get no chills
I really got houses on hills
I really be chilling with Bill

I had to go get it
We selling whole midgets
I told them don't fidget
I'm really trappin' in here
You cannot come in here
We shootin' like John Deer
We do not show no fear
We do not trust anybody
I'm feelin' like John Gotti
I had to get out of there 'cause I know these niggas gon' stop me
I'm drippin' like hell, Wasabi
Flexed up, I stunt in like a posi
We ain't really shootin' no fear
Lil' shawty got lips, I'm glossy
And she suck me up in the lobby (Yeah)

It's a lot of weed to roll up
Why you askin' questions shawty?, I just wanna fuck
Count a lot of money, nigga you can't add it up
What is trust?, get that lil' bitch some dust

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