

I like this song
We love you, Tecca
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah

I just ran into your chick, ooh, she like that
Just mixed the Bape with the Simons, my bad
And you fell in love, so sad
You wish that you could go back to when she said call back
He came with that drip and left with a toe tag
I went to the mall, I walked out with more bags
They say a nigga heart cold, ain't talkin' polar
Send that boy to the stars, now he talkin' solar

And I feel like Chris Paul with the floater
Ain't believe I had that sauce, yeah, I had to show her
Remember when I wanna link, they ain't wanna show up
Funny how they hit my jack, see a nigga blowin' up
Hit my phone, say you popular, I ain't popular
Yeah, chopper hit him, have him singin' pop with us
Yeah, how you say you gang if you ain't pop with us?
And I remember all them times they ain't fuck with us
Yeah, fuck the opps, fuck the opps
I see right through these niggas, I see through they noggin
Boy, you beggin' for attention, you ain't really poppin'
And you can't hang with the gang, you ain't really gon' pop shit
And practice makes perfect, so the star, had to polish
And I only hang with day ones, you already know how I'm rockin'
If he talkin' bullshit, I don't even know why you talkin'
All these niggas gon' be fake, real man, I know how to start it

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And you fell in love, that's your fault
Got racks in the vault, in New York like stocks
And she showin' off her parts, he get smoked like a cart
And I know she wanna come and crop in the Porsche
That's like cryin' on a horse, your nigga a dork
I cannot focus, I might hop up in a Ford
And my memory real bad, I think I just ran out of storage
That's an opp right there, yeah, catch him, finna floor it

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