

Census, what you cookin'?

Foreign baddies on me, shawty said  
"Tecca, pull up on me", she on read  
She don't even know me, give me head  
You could slide up on me, bring your friends  
Toast up if you pourin' it, toast up if you scorin' it  
For real, you need to pour up to get your confidence, for real  
She need to purify her mindset, yeah  
You don't really gotta cry, lil' bitch, for real

Put my ice on, give me confidence, for real (For real)  
Made lots of income, got me comin' out my deals (Yes sir)  
Don't wanna hear you complain if you ain't payin' no bills (No)  
Don't let them take your spot, there's a lot of girls that will

Tell me your secrets on molly (Molly)  
Racks in my pocket, like Polly  
All the shit you be starting to bother me  
Am I coming back? I don't know, probably  
When she naggin', I don't give my ear (No ear)  
Shorty start crying as if I care  
Truth be told she ain't goin' no where  
These bitches weren't there when I came up  
Shorty want me 'cause I'm famous (Famous)  
My crib full of lions, can't tame us  
She go down at the party, can't blame us (Yeah, yeah)  
Midnight slidin' on an opp block  
Chop make them dance, make them pop lock (Pop, pop)  
Bought it in cash when my card dropped  
I got some shit make your jaw lock (Yes sir)

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