

# Irish Goodbye

Lil Tecca

I walk in the spot, make that motherfucker go  
Irish goodbye, I been tryna lay low  
Got a lot on my mind, bitch, I spend it in the store  
And you not my kind, you ain't tryna make the oath  
L.A. or New York, I be fuckin' with the coastal  
New ZIP code, shawty want a new postal  
I been on my shit, made it flip like I'm supposed to  
You ain't tryna get rich or get richer, I don't know you

It's one life, I don't got the time to spare  
I know shawty bad, I don't got the time to care  
When I spin to the bank, I fuck with the teller there  
I like your hair, now let me get them ends  
This shit'd be different if you seen it through my lens  
I don't like no fame, don't want another chance  
In my biker Balmain's, I ain't even rock the flares  
In a brand-new whip, that shit make you stop, stare

I don't even know what you go through  
I don't know where all that go to  
When you dolo, nigga, you don't lose  
Everything you know, it's just old news  
I don't even know what you go through  
I don't know where all that go to  
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