

Used2This

Lil Tecca

No, I can't stand her, switchin' hoes like switchin' the channel
Don't be wishin' for shit you can't handle, yeah
Block your number, I got handles
I know she was tryna fuck with the star, yeah, that's probably if I let you
I know she was tryna fuck with the squad, so I'ma send her to the next dude

Know you not used to this shit, oh my God, camouflage then
If she wanna fuck with a star, hold this gas and roll that up, damn, yeah
Know you not used to this shit, oh my God, count it up, then
If she wanna fuck with a star, hold this gas and roll that up, damn, yeah

Move like a ghost when I'm in the town
She on my phone when I'm in L.A.
Like, "What you on?" Like, "Where you at?"
"I'm 'bout to pull up and show you something"
You should know shit, I ain't on that
I know it that she let him tour that
The bullshit, no, I ain't for that
Phone on DND, thought I ignored that
I gotta TEC, you don't wanna shell
Pullin' up, smellin' like gas and Chanel
Don't even know if they wishin' you well
Smile in your face, they wishin' you hell
Not leavin' a trail
Can't tell 'em a secret, nah, they tellin' the tale

How many racks? Add that
I run to the racks, no backtrack
The lame shit, yeah, you can have that
I know all the reasons they mad at
I know what you bad at
Shawty, too bad, I bagged that
I'm in the lab, can't chat back
And you on some shit I can't stand, yeah

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yeah