

## 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