

Yeah, uh, the Benji's
Don't know why, but she sound like, "Oh my God"
I just hopped in the 'Rari, bitch like, "Oh my," uh
Said, "Oh my God" (Hahaha, Nick you're stupid)

Them blue ones, I be countin' Benji's
I got your ho, yeah, tryna be my friend of me
Her nigga my enemy, he wan' be an angel
Hop on the scene, everybody better lay low

Pull up to your party with my bitch, we left with two hoes
And we get it crazy, baby, pull up, left with two more
If I don't do nothin', you know I count them blue notes
Don't fuck with too many niggas, I might just hop in that two-door

Baby, don't let me get that, don't let me get that
Don't be mad 'cause your bitch let me hit that
Lil' nigga, you know you ain't with that
You shootin' my shot, you a brick-brack
I can't see all these niggas, they too low
I can't wait to hit it, that's a new low
Yeah, baby you know (You know, you know)
We get big bags, I advise you should know, ayy
Woah, baby, I advise you should know
I know your nigga can't do it like this
Say I got ice, I got two on my wrist (Two on my)
Your shorty, she on my body doin' tricks
Keep talkin' that hot, you want me to blick

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