

Joseph & Mary

Lil Tracy

Yeah, hold up
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
M-M-Marvy (Ayy)

Okay, she suck on dick like she wanna get married (She wanna get married)
But I'm not fucking that bitch, we like Joseph and Mary (Jospeh and Mary)
Too many racks, this shit getting scary (Shit getting scary)
I don't not rap, so please don't compare me
To these niggas that want clout more than they want the bag
I'm finna move out of my house into another pad
These niggas still sleeping on couches, what the fuck is that? (What the fuck is that?)
Feel like Future, walkin' round in Gucci bucket hats

I woke up this morning, I look in the mirror I'm glad to be me
Then I run up my racks for whole fucking day then I go to sleep
Boy you fake as your diamonds, you fake as a btich, boy you need to decease
Yes I'm fly as a pilot, my diamonds legit and they wet like a sea (Let's go, let's go, okay)
I'm with Bans in this bitch we got freaky hoes (We got freaky hoes)
I like when the pussy be tight like a cheerio (Like a cheerio, woo)
I like rocking expensive materials (Materials)
She put the drugs on her tongue, I'm like, "Here we go"
I know they mad that I'm happy
I was fucking your bitch, you was playing a game, I can see why that made yo u unhappy
No kids, but she calling me daddy
Why you keep talking about me, I'ma put your ass right in a caddy

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Money on money, hundreds on hundreds, woah
I ride around with that cutter
Young nigga straight out the slum
Hundred racks in the Goyard
Just a young nigga, I get to the money, I break the bank
Say you robbed me, that shit there cap, that shit no way
Hit from the back, I pull out, bust all on her lace
These niggas broke as fuck, I see it in they face
They know how I come, I'm so 10F1
Me and Tracy like blood, we got millions
We straight out the slums, get flyer than slums
Good girls like nuns, I shoot up the club

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