

Roadrage

Lil Tracy

Yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah
Ooh-ooh (IOF)
Lil Tracy

I can't look at you the same way
I'm on the highway to hell and I got roadrage
Just let me know one thing
How do you love me but keep pushin' me away?

That's what she asked me
Swear I never a girl that was so nasty (Let's go)
She tried to suck my dick, right in the taxi
Steady goin' through my phone, now just relax, please
She ask me how many hoes I got, like, do the math, please

Do the math, please
Baby and minus you, equals nothin'
She say, "Fuck you", ooh, it's Ashley
I said, I only love you and my rackies
Don't go, baby, don't leave
Baby, I know, that you can't sleep
When I'm not, by your side
I'm sorry, please, don't cry
She like Chanel, yeah, yeah
I do myself, yeah, yeah
She is a Barbie off the shelf, yeah, yeah
She is too hot, I'm finna melt, yeah, yeah
Broken glass on the floor
You say you're done but you want more
Don't be sad, I'm right here
That's what I whispered in her ear
She don't care what they say about me
She know it's cap, 'cause she know the real me (Let's go)
All black Porsche, and it got two seats
There's room for you and me

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