

Countin

Lil Uzi Vert

It's that moon rock shit
You gotta mix this with some regular OG
Cause this shit be burnin' crazy

Countin' the money
Countin' the guap 'til I'm getting blisters
I say what I want, don't hold my tongue when I'm off the liquor
Don't care what she did, still go out and get her
Cause I'm on a mission
They say she did this, say she did that
But I'm still gonna kiss her
No no no, I don't care who just had her
Cause I'm gonna get her
No no no, I am not worried 'bout that
Cause I wanna get her
I do not care what she did, no, cause I'm gonna kiss her
No no no, I am not worried 'bout that
Cause I'm gonna get her

Charge her to the game, I am no beginner
Put her on my gram, yea I'm posting pictures
Girl I'm just saying I'll post up with ya'
Girl I'm just saying let me post up with ya'
I don't know if you sip drank, let me pour up with ya'
And we both do the same thing, let me tour with ya'
Girl you match my fly, that's the perfect image
And I ain't gon' lie, no, I'm gonna get ya'
I ain't worried 'bout who got you right now
Cause I'm getting to the guap, like right now
Cartier on a yacht, private island
Chanel, show the top, shawty stylin'

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Cum in a bitch and I go crazy
Spend all these racks and I go crazy
Leave out the parking lot doin' a 180
This how the lord made me
Drop the top and start sun bathing
Put her on a treadmill and then I make her run naked
Got all my side hoes frustrated
This the life I waited on
Seen a bitch from school, gave her number to a payphone
I don't know what you been waiting on

All that I know is that I waited long
I ain't waiting to get no lone
Provolone on top of provolone
Mobile phone on top of mobile phone
I don't know what you niggas smokin' on
Pull my closet got a upstairs
Mobile home on top of mobile home
I go to sleep with a rollie on
I start my car with remote control
Get so much pussy
I go to sleep with a condom on

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Fuck I'm the king of the city
I don't take a trip unless I got a bitch with me
I pull up wit pounds or I got a zip in me
You don't want no problems, my guys so don't tempt me
My niggas go bap bap bap bap till it's empty
Fuck 2 every night in 5 days that's a 10 piece
My bitch that I'm with that's a 10 piece
I'm pourin' that gin in a simply
You niggas so fake need assembly
I'm smokin' weed, fuck the penalty
Ridin' round in a old school, with 2 hoes and just little old me
Fuck I'ma do wit this money
But walk in the club and start stuntin'
Push all my old bitches buttons
Came up from nothin' to something
Tell her take the stick, don't run from me
There's some for you, there's some for me
So if we have this 3 some, make sure you cum for me
All that bullshit is up under me
Smokin' gas ain't no tumble weed
All of this cash that's another thing
Black and yellow like a bumblebee