

NFL

Lil Uzi Vert

I'm tryin'  
Woah, I'm tryin'  
Woah (Woah)  
Ah, rah

First week went 'bout ten on ten (First week went 'bout ten on ten), yeah  
Big body, I feel no pain, I just spiked my soda like I'm in NFL  
Bitch, don't call my phone (Ooh), you heard I'm doin' well (Well)  
I don't give two Fs, like a Fendi belt  
Whippin' up these babies, I need ten a child  
Man yo' bitch, that's yo' bitch, not my concern, bitch (Not my concern, bitch  
h, 'cern)

Fuck with me, oh, you don't like me? What the verdict? (Verdict)  
What up? Huh, yeah, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi Verty (Verty)  
Yeah, bustin' my phone out my pocket, I better have my 30 (30)  
Yeah, I got my chopper on me, and it movin' so sturdy (Sturdy)  
Yeah, if he wanna talk about me, I don't hope that he wordy (Wordy)  
Yeah, we put that shit to his brain, and we turn to a surgeon (A surgeon)  
They never opened up the casket 'cause he was closed curtains

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I am in love with the lean, I was involved with the ways (Yeah)  
Before I got all the say, she ain't even do what I say, yah  
I wanna pour me a four, better yet, pour me a eight, yah  
I wanna pour me some more, matter of fact, I'ma be late  
Too much lean with me, that Wocky got me Wock'd up (Hey), yeah  
I'm just tryna see if she wanna fuck me right here, like damn, yeah  
I'm just tryna pop this little molly on Santan, yeah  
I can't even beef with no nigga, pull up Trans AM, yeah  
I am so anointed, but they think I'm still Satan, yeah  
She is so annoyed when I'm bringin' my toxic friends, yeah

Molly (Oh)  
Molly (Ah)  
Molly (Ah)  
Molly (Ah)  
Rah

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