

Queso

Lil Uzi Vert

Woah
Woah
Some rock star shit
Lil Uzi Vert
Ayy, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

My bitch Spanish, told her twerk, then she hit the salsa (Salsa)
You need twenty, thirty, forty, that's how much it cost ya (Cost)
Mixin' up that perico, spread it on the table
My plug good, he mix the yayo, queso, queso, queso
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My plug good, he mix the yayo, queso, queso, queso (Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi)
Queso, queso, queso, queso, queso, queso

Money, carat, diamond necklace
Thousand dollar checklist
Bitch, I'm flexin', we start sexin'
Now that bitch so restless
Panamera Rari, forgi, bitch, I'm young and reckless
My chain got on praying hands
'Cause my life a blessin'
We start smokin' in the dams
Now I smoke a section
You is not allowed in the real nigga section
Hundred dollar salad, fifty dollar dressin'
Money, pussy, sober, they can't smell stressin'
Daylight, hoes is whippin' lotus
They so poker, built like joker
Glock no holster (Pistol burning)
Pockets on Al Roker
Lean or soda, what you holdin'?
My bitch golden, her ass swollen
Gucci Jones and why you foldin'?
Your bitch hatin' on my homies

Queso, that be that queso (Yeah)
That queso (Yeah), that queso (Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi,
Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi)
Hey, hey, ayy, yeah, hey, yeah, yeah, woo

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My plug good, he mix the yayo, queso, queso, queso (Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi, Lil Uzi)
Queso, queso, queso, queso {Yeah, yeah}, queso, queso (Yeah, woo, oka y)

Fuck your man, bitches wanna fuck with Young Khalifa (Okay)
'Cause I got that sauce, I be bunkin' through your speakers (Alright)
Married to the money, fuck her once, then I don't need her
Big booty Latina, twerkin', while she roll my weed up (Okay)

All my niggas on, Lil' Uzi hit me for a feature (Brrt, ayy)
Never trust a broad, ya'll some unstable creatures
Chevy get the call, I'm in Cali', we should link up
Back when I was young, servin' strong in-front the teachers (Okay)
Now I'm much older, prices way cheaper
Came a long way from that Motorola beeper (Alright)
Movin' state to state with just an iPhone and a Sidekick
Upgrade the room and get a flight for my lil' side bitch

Know I gotta get a flight for my lil' side bitch, mane
Man she talkin' 'bout she don't smoke
Young Khalifa hand her a pound, that'll have her ass get high in that thing
(Ayy, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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Queso, queso, queso, queso, queso, queso (Yeah, woo, okay)