

Silly Watch

Lil Uzi Vert

Yeah

Woo, woo (Let's go, Mario)

Woo, woo (Let's go)

Woo, woo, woo (Yeah)

Woo (Lil Uzi Vert), woo, woo, woo, woo, woo (Yeah)

Uh, I came in with a new 40 Glock

Fuck on your bitch, make that ho wanna Milly Rock

I'm with my boys, and no, we do not Milly Rock

Funny money, no, this is not no silly guap

Got a Richard Mille, this not a silly watch (Woah)

All this money make me wan' hit my Diddy Bop

Tell the teller at the bank, um, just give me lots (Hello?)

At the dealer, I can't pull this shit off the lot

Me and my boys, you know that we sharin' thots

I got niggas that be movin' the tan rock

That's the end of that, no, I cannot talk a lot

Man, these niggas out here, I swear they talk a lot

Drive-by on a rat, you a walkin' cop

Double-park, new Lambo' with no parkin' spot

Comme des Garçons, use my heart a lot (Blah)

Bend it over, little baby, just arch a lot

Yeah, she caramel, but I call that bitch butterscotch

Dove bars, yeah, they choppin' that soap a lot

Got my money, then I had to just flood the block (Yeah)

I'm the only one that fucked on that bitch

But I made that ho just cum and just neck the block (Ayy, ayy)

Yeah, I pulled up in my car, bitch, I blessed the block

We got shooters that's gon' pull up and X your block (Blah)

Woo, woo, woo, woo (Yeah)

Makin' money like a nigga don't need to drop

One eye open, 'Luminati like Fetty Wap

Microwave help me dry out the Redi Rock

Throwin' money, beat the pockets, got heavy knots

Gettin' guala, they don't know when the fetti stop

Every day my birthday, why the confetti stop?

She look good, but she wear Fashion Nova

Took her shoppin', put her right in some Vetements

Got a bitch, yeah, she live in New York

But I took her right down right in LA

Spent a hundred thousand right at the Beverly

Intersection probably where, um, the felons be

I'm on Rodeo, it ain't shit you could tell to me

And I'm on a boat, it ain't shit you could sell to me

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I was chillin' with the niggas you fear a lot
Highbridge, I was just right there on the block
What do they got in common with Uzi? (Yeah)
We get money and we fucked up just on your thots (Yeah)
Make the haters sit back and just, um, think a lot
I'm so lit, I could make your whole strip hot
Hit your bitch, yeah, she make me wan' body rock
Yeah, your bitch, she a thotty, old thotty-thot
Make her drop, then she gave that boy sloppy top
This Chanel, no, I don't wear no Baccarat
Went to Vegas, made some money off baccarat
Raf Simons jeans, they good for the pocket rock
I'm in Elliot, keep tryna get these diamond socks
Slidin' all on the ice like a hockey shot
Seventeen-five for a t-shirt
He got half like he pulled up just with a crop, woah
Gators on me, you can't catch me in bummy Crocs
I'm a hare all on my bike, bitch, I bunny hop
Hugh Hefner died, so I can't get bunny top
I can never die unless all my money stops
Fuckin' all on your bitch and I use a thumb a lot
When I do that, yeah, I make that bitch cum a lot
Countin' up my millions, you know it's up a lot (Yeah)

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Comme des Garçons, use my heart a lot (Lil Uzi)