

Mane, hold up, tell me how you really feel
Grippin' on the wood grain in the Coupe de Ville
Drippin' stains, swervin' lanes, actin' bad, grabbin' cash
In the Frenchies, bad, representin' south of the H-Town
Bout to ball at the mall, call it Galleria
Hatin' niggas from a distance, call it like I see it
"Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am", they always glad to meet ya
Stuntin' up in Pappadeaux's, they always glad to treat ya
Sexy papi though, starts down with that shiny grill
Lookin' out of his tinted window, I know it's something like (What's the deal?)
So throwed, ridin' slow, my clique jazzy, yo' clique hoes, ew! Wouldn't touch 'em with a 50-foot pole, even Pepé Le Pew said no
I'm a playa, I don't let nobody take my shine
I get mine, you could feel me like my [?] around
We gettin' down all the way till the sun come up
Sippin' all the purple all out the white cup

How ya like me now cause I'm real?
How ya like me? How ya like me now cause I'm real?
How ya like me? How ya like me now cause I'm real?
Touch down, piece and chain, fool, shiny grill

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Huh, you know I love it, mane
Uh, you know I love it, mane
Yeah, love it, mane

These fickle, fickle niggas holdin' out for a pretty penny
You swallowin' the truth and now you wizzin' like it's Henny
I'm "run, Forest, run"-ing and my instincts be Jenny
Jenny Craigin' on them boys, I cut the fat and keep the skinny
Here's a skinny on them motherfuckers that get caught up
Yeah, you tryna be the man and ya pushin' ya luck
And you frontin' like we homies then you call me like I owe thee
What about the shit you owe me like the time I spent with yo' ass for free?
You really think I'd waste my time with you?
Building a business relationship if the shit gon' sink?
Nigga, that's how you really feel? Nigga, that's how you think?
Think again next time ya come steppin' to me
Cause I wasn't put on this earth to sing back up for you
Especially if you gon' be selfish and not come through
And I told yo' ho ass partner "Go fuck off" too
So we know why I don't fuck around with you
And I hope it burns in yo' stomach cause Lizzo on the rise
And I won't respond to yo' e-mails like "Duh", surprise
And I don't hold grudges but, boy, ya cut off
And, I mean, you got a little bit of talent but that's not enough
Awwww maannn

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