

Ain't Enough

Loe Shimmy

(Simo Fre just killed it)

Oh-oh-oh, uh

Oh-oh (Andre, run it up)

Uh, love this bitch, for what, get drank and mud it up (And mud it up)

Bitch, my trap house jump, how else I ran it up? (How else I ran it up?)

Uh, I keep poppin' 30s, 10s just ain't enough (The 10s just ain't enough)

Fuck her like I love her, I'm just feelin' lust (On God, bitch)
She tryna go another round 'cause one just ain't enough ('Cause one just ain't enough)

I made a killin' off these 'bows, I'm up three hundred plus (I'm up three hundred plus)

I don't play with opps, I swing 'em 'round and leave shit in the dust (Don't play, I swing 'em 'round)

Every time I creep, don't make a sound, I'm tryna get shit touched (Every time I creep, don't make)

Know I'm cummin', grip her hair, girl, why you runnin'? (Girl, why you runnin'?)

Uh, know I'm havin', buy you what you want, ain't nothin' (Buy you what you want, ain't nothin')

Niggas playin' tough, I up that switch for muggin' (I up that switch for muggin')

Uh, fill my cup with drank, drop bags, my killers huntin' (Drop bags, my killers huntin', uh-uh)

Shit ain't nothin', trappin' in my sleep, my left wrist, it ain't cheap (Yeah)

I'm so slimy, croppin' niggas out, you know I play for keeps (I'm so slimy)

Got her cryin', I done went too deep, got French tip on her feet (Ooh)

I jump out the Jeep, get low and creep just like I'm Pistol Pete

Customize the bitch like GTA, I bought her ass and teeth (I did)

Bitch, I'm super rich, I bought six acres just for Mama Z (I did)

I still keep my switch while I'm on papers, bitch, I'm goin' out P (On God)

Post up in my trap house, serve my neighbors, yeah, they love the Z (Yeah, they love it)

Uh, love this bitch, for what, get drank and mud it up

Bitch, my trap house jump, how else I ran it up? (How else I ran it up?)

Uh, I keep poppin' 30s, 10s just ain't enough (The 10s just ain't enough)
Fuck her like I love her, I'm just feelin' lust
She tryna go another round 'cause one just ain't enough ('Cause one just ain't enough)
I made a killin' off these 'bows, I'm up three hundred plus (I'm up three hundred plus)
I don't play with opps, I swing 'em 'round and leave shit in the dust (And leave shit in the dust)
Every time I creep, don't make a sound, I'm tryna get shit touched (I'm tryna get shit touched, nigga)

Yeah, yeah
I'm tryna get this shit, shh
Uh