

Easter Pink

Loe Shimmy

Ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh
Ooh

Bitch, I need your love, so why you leavin' me?
I just popped a G6, now it's beatin' me
From the trenches, what they see in me?
Street done turn me cold, don't want no love, but I need
But I need it, but I need it, but I need it
My soul bleedin'

Get shit gone, I'm a fuckin' beast
I'ma send em all
I sell fetty pills to the priest 'cause I'ma just tryna ball
Heart so broke, it show goin' and up that score
I keep takin' these drugs 'til I can't no more
She let me dive inside, I'ma take her soul
I keep switch by my side 'cause I can't go, I just can't
Money all on the floor, Easter pink
Bodies under my belt, up my rank

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Back against the wall
Don't even care who winnin' with me, go against them all
Dive inside, she runnin' from me, make her touch the wall
This life ain't easy, poppin' Perkies like it's Tylenol, ooh
Top flight, high fashion when we relaxin'
I'ma walk down with the switchy just like Michael Jackson
Spend a twenty in Givenchy, just was rockin' PacSun
I can't tell who really with me, I just hope they blastin'

I just know they go against me, then this shit get tragic
Before I ever get some sleep, I gotta feel my mattress
(Can't be out here laying around I got to get up I got to, I got to go get it)

Over bands, my dog had caught a charge, ain't even seen him ever since
Go on the streets and I'm the same behind the fence
God, could you bring me some more pain? If it's meant (If it's meant)
If it's meant (If it's meant), if it's meant, if it's meant
Hot box the Cullinan, it's smoke and it's stars in the air
Where the love went? I can see the hate still there
My biggest fears is when I fuck off and I make you mad
That you won't take your time and fuck anything with a band
Before you fuck a stranger, you should fuck on my brodie
They killed my nigga, got me full of anger and some more P (P, ooh)
I'm rich and dangerous, gotta keep a banger and a Rollie (Rollie, ooh)
Money don't keep 'em loyal, you can give them every penny
From payin' these niggas bonds to buyin' these bitches Fendi
Fifty K in my denim, this mine, can still be pretendin'
In church with that ratchet on me, at war with a Patek on (On me)
She know that she get left she don't treat me right

Stop the complainin', just hop on a flight
One question, girl, is it pink as my sprite?
One question, girl, I got one question

One question, girl
One question, girl, I got one
One question, girl, I got one