

Forever

Loe Shimmy

I can't believe she fucking on this nigga, and he ain't got no money
Mom, my bad, I can't hit church today my sack drop on a Sunday
She held me down when I was broke
She fucked on me when I was bummy
She said that nigga bringing dark clouds but Golden make it sunny
He know I'm up I got them bucks, so I can give you a lil' cash
If you get cuffed, you get a truck, and I might buy you a lil' ass
What the fuck I'm fucked up the way that pussy make it splash
I got bitches, but I'm stuck so I might buy this bitch a bag
You get Rollies, you get Carties, you get diamonds from lil' Golden
I fucked her like a dog, now he mad, his bitch stolen
I got diamonds in my teeth I get to talking she gon' notice
I got Cubans bussed down I'm fly as fuck I'm real sporty

Raw bitch held a nigga down you gotta make her smile
Pussy fire and that head fire we might make a child
Gucci bag and a Louis bag gotta get her style
Street nigga, hold a nigga tight 'cause I've been living wild

She so bad bought that bitch Chanel just to hold my switch
Call me 'Dad', I'ma fuck for hours once I bite the glitch
Spanish model scratch it off the list, AP on her wrist
Pussy head and water left me drenched, Man, ain't have my bitch
Wait a minute minute
I'ma die writing it
What you wanna spend it?
Hundred on my semi
I be quick to send it
I'm a big lieutenant
Tryna bag a sentence
Eat it till I'm finished
Come when you ready

Coming when you ready
Know this shit get deadly
Slummer shit, the medley
Play a piece I'm faded
Put it in her belly
I know that hoe ready
Give her mani-pedi
And I give her feti
Trap house, it get deadly

I've been up a hundred plus ain't nothing new
Brand new present on my wrist It's Nipsey blue
Them niggas better not play I spend thee bands to hold they crew
They head like Chick-fil-A that pussy gon' wake up to you

Sucking on her friends just while I dive inside her
Got a hundred poles, and I just need new buyers
My left wrist on froze I think I need a fryer
T my wrist keep burning now that nigga tight

Aye, raw bitch held a nigga down you gotta make her smile
Pussy fire and that head fire we might make a child
Gucci bag and a Louis bag gotta get her style
Street nigga, hold a nigga tight 'cause I've been living wild

I was fucked up at the trap I was rocking Dickies
Shoutout the plug, shut the city down I started selling chickens
Bae, you kept it real I'm up now, let's go get in business
I just had to cut them bitches off 'cause they didn't see my vision