

(BrentRambo)

Drop a fifty on that bitch like old Harden
 I get so high, I hide it from the camera so smart
 My favorite one gets jealous, but you got my whole heart
 I hit her before the threesome, since you think you so smart
 I'm in Houston, I feel like Ari, I just rolled a ho in Ghost
 There's niggas in the car behind me and they don't like when you get close
 I pop two Roxy, feel it, all that feeling, shit be finished
 I pray every time I'm in it, 'cause she's so bad for me, I'm sinnin'
 I mess with the laws of winning 'cause all my brothers, they right here with
 me

However you comin', I'm with them, we slimin' together or you slimin' agains
 t me

Man, ayy, ayy

I'm in a Hawk, I could've bought a Lamb', I wanna Fender this bitch a Bentle
 Y

I keep talkin' 'bout this shit I am, 'cause I can't stop livin' through them
 lyrics

I'm deadboylife on the 'Gram, so I be knowin' when they at the city

Okay, okay, but look

Ayy, two hundred K for two cities

I popped a green Hulk, she pretty

Trackhawk lost a trooper

Take that shit like bitty

I'm probably finna try to get higher, she probably finna try to get near me

I'm probably gon' sleep off drugs, I'm Tune, but Pluto with me

From Austin so not London

From Britain across the country

From model hoes to Onyx, make one of them hoes a mama

Pour every ten a bottle, still a good boy to my mama

She said, "Tune, I hate you, go mix codeine up with lava"

I just cut her off but I know I'm gon' miss the drama

Shit, sheesh

It's the truth though, you know me

Haha

Ayy, ayy, ayy

Drop a- ayy, ayy

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Man, man, ayy

Ayy, ayy

Ayy, ayy

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Hm, forever, haha
You know that