

(I'm working on dying)
Ayy, ayy, ayy

Me, you in a straight, that sound like a love story
Stress you out, didn't mean to
Taught you never leave the sunroof open and make it see-through
Taught you when they proud they still gon' hate no matter what we do
Taught you all off rappin' money really grow on trees too
I know it's all my fault, please, but you know how much I need you
All that playin' with my heart and mixin' with niggas wanna be like me too

She like all my throwaways and ask when I release
Make a hoe my protégé but pretty girl can't get geeked
I'm in the bity, can't get no sleep, aye
Boy, how you fat, you don't even eat
Bitch, I'm scared, have you seen me high?
You would use that shit to get under me and learn enough to lie
Got some bonds with bitches stuck with me, they knowin' I ain't even lie
You'll fuck off, make lean excuse
Colors 'gon show 'em and you bleedin' the proof
You don't even miss me, I'm just that lit
Heart so pure, how you get that sick
You the one that taught me love me more and buy another bitch
When it rain, Tune, it really pour and I'ma make it mix
In my veins, Faygo in my pores, Roxy 106
Not in vain but I need the lord, walk me through gettin' rich

Aye, aye, she'll fuck off, make lean excuse
She saw me on TV with the juice, aye, aye

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You a superstar, they gotta pay whenever they see you
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