

Woah aye, woah aye
Woah, woah, woah, aye
Woah woah, woah woah, aye

90's Stacy Dash I need her
Bougie bitch, that bitch told the gang please don't speak to her
You minor league G, speaking in a league with us
Bitch mind your bee's knees, you ain't hit a stain with us
Aye tell that priest please I'm a different demon
Bitch take a breather you gon' need one
I'm the one boo
You do the math, pop a half if you want to
I'm going fast, I'ma crash cause I want to
Bitch it's a hot one on a sun and bitch ain't nun' new
When everything look the same where to run to?
If I OD before we fuck I'd love to haunt you
That bitch'll drive herself insane 'cause I want to
Aye Mr. Reaper, it ain't my time, what you want, dude?
If you ain't pressin' me 'bout lying, bitch, that's on you
I'm way out here, I'm buying lean but I don't want to
I might just take that nigga pint he make the wrong move
Please make me a believer I need purp
New addiction growing, now my knees hurt, freeze her
Sneak another picture, bitch I see ya, cheese bruh
Talking bout Obey boy this Supreme bruh, where he from?
In my glory stance, cameras flashin' she love it
Niggas watching boy I'm bout that action, so cut it
What are Trues, these cargos are Palace it's nothing
On the road, just got back from Dallas they love me
That bitch said don't bring 'round Javon cause she fucked him
I just bought a.40, gave it to Dee cause that's my guardian
I can't show my face, I don't want them to see me
Bet that bitch can't take it on, I'm faded, I'm so greedy