

## Clueless

LUCKI

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