

Ayy, I still drink-, I'm a-
You, ayy, ayy

I still drink syrup on the regular
Devil at the door I thought about lettin' in
I still never choose y'all over medicine
I'm a dumb jock, five thousand on the letterman
How I make junkie look elegant?
'Tune don't like nobody and he yellin' it

You can ask "How much for a verse?", but it's irrelevant
I think all you niggas flat and I'm prayin' you get back
In Sky-ami in the Bentley, I still ride and be attract'
It won't be the shit the biggest, crush you ever in a
Niggas think they own yo' soul if they helped you in the past
She think I'm a , she don't sell it but it's cap
I sent money back home, I thought I made it off that
I ain't even know what was comin', it's niggas who sold they soul for that
I can like I know shit 'bout money but I be speakin' what's on my mind
What I be takin' for what it is
I can't even feel my face, know my-
I can't even feel my face, know my heart pumped nun'
I make
I got richer because I'm stubborn
And I still can't fake 'cause it'll embarrass the ones that love me
If it ugly, they'd probably go and risk it all for me
I be hopin' they relate but your life way too different from me
And I still can't-, ayy, ayy, ayy

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like that