

Fast Car

LUCKI

Aye whoa I can't fuck witchu
Aye
Aye whoa I can't fuck witchu
I'm gon' aye
I can't fuck witchu
I'm gon' win her on, aye
Aye, woah

Ima gon' win her on
She here til' the mornin'
We can't fuck witchu
Bitch ignore the truth
She gon' put them on
Might just want them on
Took my shirt for proof
I'm a addict truth
Purple magic, poof
Nod off actin' new
I won't lie to you
I'm these other dudes
Bro just cut her loose
She just not for you
Who imagine bein' gone in a fast car
Aye, never hear a no cause she's a sad broad
And I get a cut cause brodie tax frauds
Uber Pool her home if she half job
Niggas talkin' reckless I could have y'all
Percocet for breakfast this my last time
Every single text looks like a jig-saw
Dash boy Escobar
Jumpman cut him loose
OG prayin' for em
He a demon too
Tell one lie to me
I'll get rid of you
Hoe too nice to me
Think I'm sick of you
Who imagine bein' gone in a fast car

Whoa, aye, aye, whoa
Who imagine bein' gone in a fast car
Whoa, aye, whoa, aye
Whoa, aye, whoa ooh
Aye woah, aye aye