

I GET IT, TWIN

LUCKI

Ayy, ayy, you're probably staying this for the day
(I'm not no lame, though, shout out to Samsson)
You're probably in Miami with some niggas in your face, I get it
t
You pricy, my fist a different world
You're pricy, I brought the suburb out the city girl, can't for
get it
You probably want your get back, 'cause you're hurt
But you know if you do it then it's different, then I probably
won't forgive you in your heart
But I know you, and you gon' play it smart
I can't help it that I love you, it's a flaw

I made it, I just spent like fifty grand on codeine and differe
nt bitches
I can't give up on my mans, so I'm sneakin' to the trenches
Bought a house and chilled for mama, baby sister know 'bout Ben
tley
Free my brother, fuck your honor, ayy, ayy
Even though she ain't even fuck me, I got it right back
We ain't runnin' out of money, so ain't no bounce back
Got a sold out show in London, a Stone-y Island jacket
Rememberin' when you was for me, I wonder what happened
Man, ayy, ayy
Heavyweight pockets, feather weight glizzy
She pretty made 'cause her mama
Got a star, thinkin' I'm Hendrix
Pour that shit straight out the bottle, measurin' for bitches
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Man, ayy, ayy
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