

Aye
I'm rotting on the inside
I know why, she know why
We know why, she know why
We know why, aye
She know why
Aye

Like where you came from the shadows in lightless rooms
So yeah I heard about ya'll type, you ain't know shit
Better waiting for ranch do em fore I want em done
Only care bout that speed while I do not catch this myth
Did half this tape sober, other half damn near unconscious
I been thinking I'll end up broke if I keep, listening to my conscience
Probably at me, you be sliding through your grease neck
And yo guard and put up a match up in your gas
'Kay you fucking tried to chop it like
Drugs and beverage
And two bitches
The situation, I think I'm overrated
I might drive really fast until I'm sober man
It's almost dark and I'm just reaching for the money man
I hope to never understand concepts of borrowing
I'm like oh shut up I can get rich I'm so wet
I'm like oh shut up I can get rich I'm so wet
So wet, aye - aye

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Like what happened?
You see me never speak
My momma say you always in your room
Just text to see
She thinking bout you
She got no fucking choice mama
Drop a song upon your birthday to fuck up your timeline
I heard you get to popping pills
Just fucked up with your new one
You's on my bank for that dingbat would've been too fun
Not addicted weakness
Woulda finish, when I finish counterfeiting
Talk to the bitch
I love you, fore she just butt out my lyrics
And I bet rotting on the inside
I know why, she know why
We know why, she know why