

Over

LUCKI

Aye, aye
I need purple darlin' aye
Aye, aye, aye
Back to me
Aye, aye
Back to roots, yesterday
Back to me
Aye aye aye, aye aye
I hear purple callin' aye
Woah, aye
Aye, aye, aye woah

I hear purple callin' aye
Ignore purple callin' aye
Now my stomach whilin' aye
I need purple darlin' aye
I like tints I don't know who wanna hurt me darlin' aye
That's my kin, for the right price he'll hurt me prolly aye
I ain't dead, but my picture on the shirt he salty aye
I miss Tech my plug got me sippin' dirty Quali' aye
Homie chill bro, she'll fuck me, she'll fuck you
Aye woah
And Ima fuckin' lie that's what lust do
Aye woah
And later she might cry that's what drugs do
Google all my sins because there ain't nun' under the sun new
Recordin' everything because I'm no dummy to trust you
And I take the bottle 'cause I know just how the plug do
Aye, aye
I don't wanna die but I don't feel like fightin' aye
Fakin' like I'm sober 'cause I know she like it aye
Pickin' all my poison gotta mix 'em right, aye
I don't wanna die but I don't feel like fightin' aye

She'll fuck me, she'll fuck you
Ima fuckin' lie that's what lust do