

Tarantino

LUCKI

(BrentRambo)

Only one credit at the end 'cause I did this shit by myself
She jealous that promethazine was my first love, I can't help,
uh

Codeine never get the best of me and I swim in it like Phelps
Just left Saks, I'm a glory boy, mismatch designer, no belt
Bitch gon' do what she do and I'm cool with it
Fast car, it's American-

made, but this the one with the cooling kit

Label can't make no niggas slaves as long as we recoup this shit

I'ma pull up, boy, I'm still legit

Just can't go with them pigs again, uh

I'm crying on my knees, I know I won't sin again

Ain't no part of my life cheap, that's just me and them hoes again

Something 'bout foreigns on south beach just makes me hate normal shit

Dress code, tell us to wear formal shit, we don't even know what formal is

I can't wait for no shit that I'm just born to get

I like most of the foreign whips, older, I might get bored of it

Tune her like my race track, know you gon' call my phone again

I can't wait for no shit that I'm just born to get

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Ayy, I'm just born to get it

I can't wait for no shit that I'm just born to get

Only one credit at the end 'cause I did this shit by myself

Hmhm