

(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 shi
t
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 ag
ain
Something 'bout foreigners on south beach just makes me hate norm
al shit
Dress code, tell us to wear formal shit, we don't even know wha
t 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 i
t
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
I can't wait for no shit that I'm just born to get
I can't wait for no shit that I'm just born to get
Ayy, I'm just born to get it
I can't wait for no shit that I'm just born to get

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Hmhm