

Casa López

Masego

Pay me no mind, I'm doing fine
I caught a vibe, I
Might do my thing, I'm finna slide
I'll be alright
Nigga just move lowkey
Motherfuckers don't know me
Motherfuckers can't hold me
Far back, I'm back in the front row
All different kind of floor seats
All different kind of mobs too
We ain't got too many opps tho
Not too many different colours with us
You can visualize it like a Ralph coat
Shop with niggas like it's Costco
Motherfuckers like to buy in bulk
We've been buying black
And we bought folk
We ain't do it for the hand clap
Motherfuckers get teed off the green
Fall right into a sand trap
We ain't even out the woods yet
Just stepped out the crib
Some of the Ojoe fresh good shit
I've been off the back wood shit
Feel like all my grass greener now
Tell these niggas start watching they own shit
Yeah I'm Anakin now, they panicking now
Attack of the clone shit
Who really want smoke
I'm giving out bong hits
Got them taking the long way to the crib
Broke neck, that head in the phone shit
Both legs, I'm pulling my own weight
Bowl legged as crooked as I could allow you to be
I don't play with that phony shit
Don't play with that two day homie shit
Play like it's a two-way contract
Everyday nigga my jacket don't only zip
Take it off and I'm throwing fits
Chi town nigga, bout cold as shit
Pay me no mind

Where he from
(Chi town, chi town, chi town)
Birth year
(91, 91, 91)
Where he at
(There he go, there he go, there he go)
Got em like
(Who)
Got em like
(Ah)
We lowkey
(Winning)
On God
(Ask the woman)
Endlessly

(Well rested)
Always been cool
Always been fly

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