

Messages

Matt OX

Ayy, yeah, Matt OX
Yeah, ayy, ayy, yeah, yeah

Messages, yeah, I check my messages
She been textin' me, she been trippin', man
Think I'm chasin' her, but I'm chasin' bands
Ay, you not my bro, yeah, you not my mans
I got Saint Laurent, all up on my shades
And I got the Benjis, all up in my bands
All up in my pants, I've been hustlin'
They a bunch of lames, I can't hang with them
And I treat your main like a side chick
I've been runnin' up, they've been takin' flicks
She ain't bang with me 'til she saw my chain
On a new level, in a new lane
When she look at it, all she saw was ring
Fiji on my wrist, watch the diamonds bling
Watch the diamonds sing
Yeah that's how I do my dance
If you're talkin', catch these hands
Make it out of the badlands
Spittin' fire on the damn track
If I got the mic, I never lack
I don't sleep, I don't take naps
I'm just ballin' with my squad
Yeah I swear I love my brothers
We gon' make it to the top charts
This is only the damn start, yeah

Only the damn start
Messages, check my messages
People textin' me
She been textin' me
Messages, check my messages
People textin' me
She been textin' me
Check my messages
Check my messages
Messages, messages
Check my messages