

## 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