

This N That

Matt OX

I be rockin' that, I be rockin' this
I'm young and too hot, I get that money quick
Diamonds on my neck bluer than a crip
I'm young and made it out, now I'm feeling rich
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Mason with that top, yah
I be on that block, yah
Pull up drop that top, yah
Diamonds never hot, yah
Young guy who shot, yah
All these girls they flock, yah
I run to the guap, yah, these haters 'bout to stop, damn
Ima flick that wrist (wrist), diamonds were like piss (piss)
All my sauces drip (what), Monte hittin' licks (damn)
Boy you best not trip, pull up like a crib
Mess around get hit, or you might get flipped
All my homies drop, pull up on yo' block
I'ma run it up, all these haters fake
Pull up on his face, my homies are chasin'
Chasin' to that bread, it's stuck in my head
My rubies, they red, Jumping out the trap
My homies they shred, yeah they copy this
Yeah they copy that, I need a new wave
Nobody can have, all my stacks are fat
And that is a fact, mess around get checked
Chilling at the rec, diamonds on my neck
At the park I flex, 'bout to get them checks
They tryna be like me, they might be obsessed
Haters get addressed, when I drop the guap
I'ma make a mess, they gon' get finessed
I do not rest, always been a clique
You just might get tripped, all my homies hit

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