

# Ya Dig

**Matt OX**

I'm working on dying  
Hot sauce

I got bands no loan  
Did it all on my own  
I be rockin' 'Vlone', lone, lone  
I don't trap, I got two phones  
Yes, I know I'm on ten toes  
I don't bang with them, no no, no, no  
Get out my lane  
Look at my chain  
Look at my game, woah  
What is yo name?  
Get out my face, you not the gang, no  
Woah, woah, woah, oh, oh, woah, woah, oh

I got the bands and if it's on me  
Pull up, I'm ballin', your shoes gettin' creased  
I'm what your little bro wanted to be  
I got that smoke, coming for free  
Commas on me  
Commas on me  
Commas on me  
Commas on me  
Hundreds on hundreds, no green  
R.I.P. Gus, Lil Peep  
My diamonds is water on freeze  
New chain, new ice, ya dig?  
New ring, new bike, ya dig?  
Your chain is light, ya dig?  
Ya dig? Ya dig?  
Man, I'm so lit  
Got hunnid racks, no deal  
Man, I'm under fill  
Roadside hunt, no kill  
I don't really care how you feel  
Whole game on mils  
Whole game on mils  
Free bro, outgoing mils

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