

Zero Degrees

Matt OX

Wake up, Filthy

Thousand dollar jeans, and I spent it on a Balmain
They gon' know my name when I'm walkin' into Barney's
Had to chase the bag 'cause I heard the money callin'
Heard the money talkin', they like, "What it costin'?"
Drippin' with the faucet and the Prada walkin'
Chasin' guap like Sonic, too much in my pocket
Too hot like a rocket, want it, I'ma cop it
My drip, you can't copy, Yola do the shoppin'

You can't be a friend of mines, you can't be a friend to me
Everything I'm wearin' mines, VLONE on my Polo tee
And my neck, zero degrees
Spent a check, on some jeans
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Then I spent the rest though
And I'm lookin' at yo' neck though
All them fake diamonds lookin' like a plastic window
Bet you actually afraid to test those
New drip, new cars, new whips, new broads
New chain, no flaws, I rock, Dior
I'm OX, you not, I'm OX, you not
I'm OX, you not, I'm OX, you not

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I'm working on dying