

Red Leather

Metro Boomin

So you thinkin' that you gon', I ain't gon'
Speak from my heart, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm one thousand
Yeah

I done turned a dancer to a trophy
I done balled with rings like Kobe
Never send a tweet with emotions, uh
She heard I sip lean, she got emotional
Codeine got my heart like opium
I can feel her heart beatin' when I'm huggin' her
Take me back to Kingston to see my ancestors
Pissin' on your grave in some red leather

Turbo Panamera, the seat bird feathers
Keep La on me like Carmelo
Don't lie to me, I'm on God levels
Forever's not long enough
If it's endless, what we doin'?
Either you a rebel or what we doin'?
Toast codeine, trap stars, what we doin'?
A few remain nameless deserve my dedication
I just want my movement like Larry Davis
Came from Amsterdam, had my head up
Screenshot bitches got me fed up
Playin' with the white for green like a Celtic
She ain't tryna share me, she thinkin' selfish
I just bought my young bitch some new Rosettas
Went to Tokyo, I had to hit the ghetto
Like to kick it with her 'cause she play soccer
Introduced her to some goons, nigga, and some robbers
Now she want that Bentayga and it's obvious
Real patience for them big faces and I got it
Still faded from the last night off molly
The ones work at Magic, work at Follies
I just left Onyx and caught a body
Fuck your wife at the back of King of Diamonds
Turn me on, she don't care I put my thumb in
Leave me all alone, I'm throwin' a party
How I'm gon' have commitment in this world of sin?
Try my best to love you in this world we in
Take another look at every foreign I'm in
End up with the bitches that I started with
I must've been on a pill when I recorded this
Had the stick in my hand while I was typin' it
I know I'm arrogant, but don't be trifling
I iced out you once and you got iced again
These guitars sound like Parliament
I just blew a check, baby, pardon me
All-black trim, dark burgundy
Keep it real with me, no perjury
Put them bags on her arm like weighed sand
Saks Fifth Avenue, she ran through eighty bands
Got your passport ready, we some aliens
Got my transporter up out my radius
Got my transporter, whip Mercedes-Benz
I could never give up on what we had

Abracadabra, make my side bitch better
Chanel trench, pussy taste like pineapple
I'ma stay down with you, but don't give me a headache
Lifestyle's radical, please excuse the medies
California housing, gettin' better with my veggies
Audemars, Richard Mille came in a FedEx
Smash her like a grudge that I ain't never gettin' deaded
Sippin' on mud while I'm lookin' at my presi'
Presidential tints in the back, I done made it
Bitch, you better stay on your shit, you gettin' graded
Take you to a spa in Saint Barts, is you ready?
Whip the double-R with the stars in the headrest
Caught up with these broads, baby, did I change the address?
Times got hard and I fucked off your lashes
Everything real, I got my gold veneers added
Motherfuckin' addict, but I will rock a Patek
If your love was a drug, maybe it would be acid
I know I lost your trust, but I made you relapse
I gotta be on a pill to tell you how I'm feelin'
I tippy-toe and I dance with the devil
I'll take a whole boat out to Bahamas
Shorty ride for a real one like a gunner

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Forever's not long enough
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Toast codeine, trap stars, what we doin'? (Yeah)

Pluto got twenty girlfriends, damn, I'm doin' it wrong
Cut off all my hoes, now I'm only puttin' you in a song
Day one, shorty been with me from the playground
Hey now, maybe that's the reason I was playin' 'round
Runnin' like a chicken with his head cut off
Through the streets where the freaks love the red leather
On my shoulder blades, in my older age
See the error of my ways, but I'm still not totally over all the temptation
Why does sin give you all the sensation?
Yeah, I'm with Future up in Onyx just wastin'
A lot of money on a stripper education
Throw so much paper that we causin' the inflation
Now it's late and I'm gettin' impatient
Might run a train on a bitch, Penn Station
Nah, I'm playin', I'm just lit, gettin' wasted
And she whisper in my ear she wanna taste it
Damn, you makin' it hard for me
But I'm stayin' strong, I got authority
Willpower, when I dub a baddie, I feel power
Me and Astro 6'4", we the Twin Towers
Twin Glocks with the switch piece that extend shots
It's a metaphor for the boy when you in proximity
I can't stop right now, they're gon' remember me forever
My stories more clever, my similes was better
My energy was never on some toughest nigga shit
I was just a conscious rapper that would fuck a nigga bitch

I was just a college nigga from a rougher premises
Kept my nose out the streets, but I love to get a whiff
Of the action, with risk comes attraction
The blicks get to blastin', I turn into a track star
Wanted all the hoes, what the fuck you think I rap for?
I been tryna slang the same wood since Hacksaw
Jim Duggan, runnin' through the Ville in my Timbs, thuggin'
Now I'm with Young Metro in the V.I.P., bitches incomin'
Coppin' all this liquor for these hoes like we McLovin
Thinkin' to myself, "Could I really be with one woman?"
Hmm, I think so
But it's hard when you with your dogs at the freak show
Thinkin' I could bag Rubi Rose with a keystroke
Ego, ask yourself is that gon' bring you peace, though?

(Shit, I don't know)
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If it's endless, what we doin'?
Either you a rebel, what we doin'?
Toast codeine, trap stars, what we doin'?