

Show Of Hands

Metro Boomin

Take his chains, shorty, leave your mans for me (Can I trust you?)
Grab this cam, shorty, OnlyFans for me, uh
By a show of hands, who want a fatal? Throw them hands
Told me, "Show a Benz," just play your card, don't show your hand (Uh)

Necklace gave me shoulder cramps
Pinky ring your show advance
I just sent a telegram
Grandma, your boy the man
Necklace gave me shoulder cramps
Pinky ring your show advance
Bracelet, Rollie, both 'em dance
A half a mill' on both 'em hands

I'm a trap nigga, better watch your ho (Uh)
Ain't no bap, nigga kickin' in your door (Nigga)
Yeah (Woo), Chrome Hearty, I just bought the whole store
I blew her head up, now they call her the "GOAT"
Turned the swag up, her last nigga was broke
Bought all them bags for her, can't fit 'em in her closet
She can change the 'fit up least 'bout three times a day
Ain't use a condom, we fuck three times a day

This bitch so pretty, I wanna skeet it on her face
I done took the Adderall just to count up my cake
I'm goin' Bugatti shoppin', fuckin' up this paper
First time I smashed it, I was highly sedated
It get past 3 a.m., I'm way out of my mind
Cost three-eighty and it barely got any diamonds
Skeleton, faded, spent a rack on it
My lawyer gon' eat the case, that's what these racks for

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A half a mill' on—

Verse one
Call up Pluto, Metro, should've put me on the first one
Niggas swear they bitch the baddest, I just bagged the worst one
Niggas in they feelings over women, what, you hurt or somethin'?
I smash before you birthed, son, Flacko hit it first, son
Still don' trust you, it's always us, never them
Heard you dropped your latest shit
Funny how it just came and went (Ha-ha-ha)
Money long, but you know I gotta keep it trim (Trim)
Her waist small, but she ain't slim
They call me "Flacko Jodye", but I'm him (Grim)
Ain't shit change, bitch
Upgraded a lame bitch
Stay up in your lane, bitch
My wrist a plain jane, bitch
She fuck me 'cause I'm famous

And they don't speak my language
But bet she know my name, bitch
A stainless 'cause I don't trust a thing, bitch (Why don't you trust me?)
Fuck on her tongue, but really I just hit a lick (Lick, lick)
No more Balenci' (Uh), I'm gettin' really tired of Rick (Tired of that shit)
Cough up a lung (Lung), that Bloomin' new Biscotti hit ('Scotti)
First of the month (Uh, month), I'm livin' in your head rent-
free (Boominati, nigga)

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I'm a trap nigga, better watch your ho (Can I trust you?)
Ain't no bap, nigga kickin' in your door (Nigga)
Chrome Hearty, I just bought the whole store
I blew her head up, now they call her the "GOAT"
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Bought all them bags for her, can't fit 'em in her closet
She can change the 'fit up least 'bout three times a day (Uh)

Fuck keepin' this shit hip-hop
I wanna see a fuck nigga bleed out (Nigga)
(I knew we couldn't trust them)
Everybody's doin' it down there
We really, you know, we was the ones that originated it in the first place
So we gon' stick to the script
They'll leave our style alone 'fore we leave it alone, know what I'm talkin'
'bout?