

Psycho

Michael Ray

Damn my AP goin' psycho, lil mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody, with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Come with the Tony Romo, for clowns and all the bozos
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Don't act like you my friend when I'm rollin' through my ends, though
You stuck in the friend zone

I tell that four-give the fifth, ayy
Hunnid bands inside my shorts Dechino the shit (Ayy)
Try to stuff it all in but it don't even fit (Ayy)
Know that I been with the shits ever since a jit (Ayy)
I made my first million I'm like, "Shit, this is it"
30 for a walk through man, we had that bitch lit
Had so many bottles gave ugly girl a sip
Out the window of the Benzo we get seen in the rent
And I'm like "Whoa man, my neck so goddamn cold"
Diamonds wet, my t-shirt soaked
I got homies, let it blow
My money thick won't ever fold
She said, "Can I have some to hold?"
And I can't ever tell you no

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I'm hittin' lil' mama, she wanna have my babies
It's fifty on the pinky, chain so stanky
You should see the whip, promise I can take yo b...
Dolla ridin' in an old school Chevy, it's a drop top
Boolin' with a thot-thot, she gon' give me top-top
Just one switch I can make the ass drop
Uh, take you to the smoke shop
We gon' get high, we gon' hit Rodeo
Dial up Valentino, we gon' hit Pico
Take you where I'm from, take you to the slums
This ain't happen overnight, no, these diamonds real bright
Saint Laurent Jeans, still got my Vans though
All VVS, put you in a necklace
Girl, you look beautiful tonight
Stars on the roof, they matchin' with the jewelry
Whoah, whoah, whoah

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