

# 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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My AP goin' psycho, my rollie goin' brazy  
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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