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It was 6 o'clock in the eve, we thinkin' 'bout goin' H.A.M
Shots of New Amsterdam
And Key was rolling the trees
A couple shorties came through, shoulders cold as the breeze
Added a liquor shoulders increases a couple degrees
We chillin'
We laughin, We feelin'
Immaculate pad is full of some batches and bitches
Lookin' for bachelorette to doc the dab master
The ought of a first impression
I cracked a joke and she smiled and we got right back to the session
We vibin' to Mrs. Badu
Open another a bottle
Them hoes was a couple 7's and now they lookin' like models
Comfortable in her skirt
Shoulders had mellowed out
Drinks was startin' to work
Shorty was still sittin' but hips had started to twerk
Shorty twerk
Work
Shorty work
Now peep how shit change when shoulders start to relax might lead to deep st
And necks and arched backs might keys and key-chains
Get left
A text
In all caps that said
"Aw damn I left it"
And I be thinkin' to myself
"Aw damn my sessions" [x3]
Fool
We wasn't doin' shit
Sittin' in the crib
Niggas came through, fucked around and made it a session [x3]
Bring a bottle
Bring some tree
Bring some shorties if you fuckin' with the free
Or be a boss, nigga bring all three
The other night you would swore that we blew up
All my peoples 'round me, all this liquor on the table I was drinkin' till I
threw up
Bottle in my hands told my mans pour me two up
Dapper niggas here, dope, V-Necks and crew cuts
Reset
We blew up, no recess
We too close and too Free
No deals not even close
Not even pull hoes, No Bruce Lee
More Ryu, we kicked it
Had golden and purple and light green prescriptions
Then rolled 'em and burned 'em, it might be the symptoms
That got me afloat, fool
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We wasn't doin' shit Sittin' in the crib Niggas came through, fucked around and made it a session [x3]

Bring a bottle
Bring some tree
Bring some shorties if you fuckin' with the free
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FTMG, bro