

i told u

midwxst

Huh, all talk for what? He got a gun, but he won't shoot nun'
I-I-I'm tryna run up my funds, they want a problem, but can't find none

I'm drivin' cars that cannot be spun, I got some hundreds that's on my thumb

So many times you hit my phone, how many times did that bitch rung?

I told this girl I miss her, she told me, "I can fix you"
So many niggas turned they back on me, and I can list you
Remember, I can diss you, not in my mind or picture
This chopper might just hit you, sing out just like my sister,
yeah

You try to say I ain't change my ways, and you tryna tell me that I need space

Don't try to run back to me, too late, interior red like some damn Kool-Aid

I hit and run like it's GTA, I'm locked in, can't miss a beat today

I barely slept, can't even eat today, rolled up a blunt, finna geek today, yeah

Yeah, huh, yeah, huh

Yeah, huh, yeah, huh

Yeah, huh, yeah, huh

I'm tryna numb my sorrow

I wish there were memories, occasions I could borrow

That I can steal from friends and family so I don't feel sorrow

Yeah-yeah, I'm finna numb that shit, huh, hundreds, I thumb them quick

Had to put Rick on my bitch, told Skai, "Pull off in that whip"
(Skrrt)

Slidin' down Sunset, bitch, and my window stay with the tint
My parents ain't raise no bitch, oh, yeah

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