

Slide

midwxst

Yeah, yeah, oh
Oh, oh
Yeah, yeah, oh
Oh (Buck, buck, buck)

Yeah, uh, I feel like I'm in the NBA, I'm finna lob it to Slump
Yeah, and if you got problems with Eric, you know we unloadin' that gun
Yeah, I get on the mic and I punch in, baby, I do this for fun
You know, I feel like I'm a taser, leavin' my opps really stunned

Yeah, shades on my face, I don't fuck with the sun
How you gon' talk but don't got any funds?
I feel like Tom Cruise, I'm finna stunt
We comin' for him, now he on the run
My pockets big, I ain't talkin' 'bout Pun
I got a sword on my back like I'm Trunks
This nigga pussy, I might take his lunch
I beat my opps to the punch

Chopper make him do the Nae Nae
Eric and Wxst, so you know this the gang way
He talkin' down when we hit him the same day
M- My niggas movin' the bricks like a LEGO
Chopper on me and it sharp like a cello
She fucked on me, now she stuck like Velcro
Shooter from New York, ain't talkin' 'bout Melo
I'm finna play with the kitty like Hello
Six hunnid rich as a bitch, okay
M- My niggas uppinn' the stick broad day
Spanish ho, she tellin' me, "Olé"
She eat me up like a chip, no Lays
The XD is hittin' your lip, your face
I get the money, it's no debate
Your money movin' real slow, it's late
Your diamonds not even cold, it's fake

Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha (Woah-woah)
Ha, ha, ha

I think my new bitch is tired of me
It'll be bad news if you slide on me
Tell that boy, "Back up", got the fire on me
Neck Uncut Gems how they shine on me (Uh-huh)
She tellin' me I'm the one (Uh-huh)
All these lil' boys is my sons (Uh-huh)
Up the chopper, I'm makin' 'em run (Uh-huh)
My shit be packin' a punch (Uh-huh)
Slump got a stick, we don't fight fair
My bro callin' on me, I'll be right there
If she upset, bitch, I don't care
Got a nice ass and some long hair
This the winner's circle, don't belong here
Made hella bands, been a long year (Long year)

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