

SO WHAT

midwxst

(wxstwrld, bitch)
(Come on Chenzo, yeah)

I don't want your cash, bro, huh, I got too much
She said I'm an asshole, huh, I said, "So what?"
Pull up to the studio, yeah, we gon' roll up
Can't fuck with no groupie, nah, nah, told 'em, "Hold up"
Huh, told 'em, "Hold up," huh, told 'em, "Hold up"
Shawty, what you doin'? Don't open that door
Do that then we shootin', huh, huh, top myself, ho
Bitch, I'm my own student, huh, huh
I make my best songs whenever I go through it, huh, yeah

Stay with the winnin' team while you niggas be losin'
She love my songs like that shit nicotine, yeah, yeah, yeah, she go stupid
Forgiato on the GLE, don't know which one I'm choosin'
Brodie got a lot of screws loose, you don't wan' see him lose 'em losin'

Huh, yeah, that's a fact-fact-fact
Gang got more sticks than forces in Iraq-raq-raq
Niggas chat-chat-chat, they just yap-yap-yap
I don't text-text back, I don't text-text back
I don't interact, no, I don't ever text-text back
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We got ARPs, baby, we got FMJs
We got everything for you for the holiday
I might buy a pint, yeah, bitch, from Chenzo, we like yin and yang
Half you niggas don't even fuckin' know me, no, I don't need to explain shit
'Cause I'm high, I got money, baby, and you know I'm rich
'Cause I'm fly, I got everything on, bitch, I wear that shit
That you can't do, could've known that I couldn't save her
'Cause she was ran through, real fans still bump that "Cantu"

Yeah, huh, yeah, huh, yeah, huh, yeah, huh, yeah
Turn me up, huh, yeah, turn me up, don't turn me down
What the fuck? Huh, yeah, what the fuck goin' on right now?
Chopper clutched, yeah, yeah, it's on the seat right next to—

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