First Draft Pick

Monaleo

Aye, Leo
I want me a first draft pick
I like me a nigga with money (Nigga with cash)
And I like me a nigga that's funny
When I call I need him to come running (Come here)
Need a nigga to tell me I'm stunning (You pretty)
Who gone wipe him a nose if it's runny
If a nigga can not do all of the above ima kick his ass out like I'm punting (Get the fuck out)
I do not like a nigga that cheat (Bitch)
Ima give his ass back to the streets (No cap)
Set him up if he thinking shit sweet (Uh huh)
Send his address then go out to eat (Mmh)
Need a nigga that's packing that heat (Fire)
Need a nigga to rub on my feet
Need a nigga to send me some tweets
But I want him to keep it discreet (Shhh)
I do not like a nigga that lie (At all)
Ima pop his ass dead in his eye (The fuck)
But I'm not gone block him just yet cause I still got some questions I wanna know why (Wassup)
And he better not say the wrong thing (Why not)
If he do then that nigga gone die (Mhm)
Ima put his ass right in the sky (Mhm)
Must not know I'm the wrong bitch to try (For real)
Rule # 1, don't trust a word these lil niggas say
These niggas lie all God damn day
But if a nigga play ima pull up where he stay put the chop to his face
And his ass better pray (On God)
Rule #2, understand none of these niggas are for you
You need to watch what the fuck they do
They gone come out the blue with a bitch you never knew and you won't have a clue (Huh)
Rule #3, learn how to let these fuck niggas be
Learn how to trust what the fuck you see
If he don't treat me like a queen ima make a damn scene and I said what I me an
(Uh huh)
Follow these rules
Make these niggas treat you like a jewel
Never let a nigga try to play you like a fool
And if a nigga do we gone do his ass cruel hit his ass with the tool (Bitch)

Whew, that was exhausting
Did you like that mama?
Yeah but I think you can go a little harder
Alright, Let's try it again

If I get the drop on a nigga he fucked (For real)
He must be a frontal cause he getting plucked (Lil bitch)
If we catch you lacking bitch you outta luck (The fuck)
Call his ass lightning cause he getting struck (Mcqueen)
We ain't fighting fair bitch you getting snuck (Lil bitch)
We gone slide in a van or slide in a truck (Uh huh)
I'm smoking on gas this bitch got me stuck (Froze)
These lil bitches hate me they know that I'm up (I'm up)
And I can't take my foot off these lil niggas throats (At all)

I'm really the shit I ain't tryna gloat (Uh huh)
He coming correct he know I'm the goat (For real)
He know that I'm living the shit that I wrote
I'm texting him back, I'm giving him hope
He say I'm addicting, he calling me dope
I left him alone, now he gotta cope
He asked if I love him I told his ass nope (The fuck)
And he loving my vibe he tryna elope (Uh huh)
He know I be chilling cause I'm from the Mo (The 4)
I'm clean than a bitch, just call me soap (Tisa)
These bitches my sons I show them the ropes
And I'm going up positive slope (Quick)
They all on my tip cause I'm finna blow (Mhm)
They counted me out now they digging my flow
"When can I get a feature" shit I don't know (I don't even know bitch)

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