

Red bih, we in the Audi A7
She suck my soul, I wrap the coupe in 7-Eleven
The birds out, done made it hot around the way
Fuck it, guess in other words, we need another play
Grind and never sleep, jit, you be on some weak shit
I be on the paper route while niggas out here leechin'
How the fuck you havin' and you stay on Section 8?
Be the same nigga in my trap beggin' for a plate

And the same one to slime you out and really do you snake
I gotta watch the envy, I know a lotta niggas hate
That's why I move different, can't catch me hangin' 'round the fake
I'm up 8 a.m. on the road, I'm on the paper chase
I'm probably in the 'yo late night cookin' up with Chase
But after that, I'm back on I4 mergin' in my lane
Bust it down and sell them thangs, we ain't baggin' up no eight
How the fuck you call yourself a plug, you ain't even pushin' weight?
Niggas know we get it in, niggas know we get it gone
I got all type of flavors, what you need? Hit my phone
I be fresher than a bitch, she call me Mr. Put It On
You know that bih a groupie ho, she love to sing all of my songs

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Niggas wanted a piece of my cake, I ain't even have one
You only sellin' grams, lil' jit, you is not a plug
He thinkin' he a thug, but he do nothin' with his gun
Bitches all up on me, wanna stick with me like gum
I came outta jail and bought a gun on the same day
If I ain't pickin' up, I'm talkin' money with Lil DayDay
Ayy, I'ma get the money and just bleed the scene
Ayy, if she hold me down, I'll buy the bitch Celine
I'ma hit a lick before I get a job
I'ma hit a lick and hit my lil' bop
I should probably ran home, but I'm out here tryna find a knot
She suck my soul in the parking lot, she a-

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