

Murda on the beat, so it's not nice

Look, I've been old shit
She been on me, I be on her, give her that old dick
I don't even got shit else to say, text back like "Oh, wow"
Probably send you that purple thing, text like "Oh my"

She like, I been havin' problems with my old nigga I said you should come with me, I'll have the hoes picked up And some liquor in the back, so y'all can turn shit up If he call you while I'm here, say I'm your new nigga

She like "I know, I know what you on"
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Hit from the back, we on Tryin' to relax, be gone You ain't got shit, she ain't got shit, he ain't got shit, peon Still waitin' 'til the niggas see y'all My niggas all gone, free y'all Work niggas can't wait 'til we off Talk to my bitch, take T off I'm in the Bay, yellin' out "Yay" Niggas wanna play, pullin' up Mase' After this play, I'ma just pay Maybe one day, chillin' with Ghazi Pickin' you up whenever you down Feeling on me, touchin' my bone Thinkin' 'bout you, hang around me First FaceTime, then textin' your phone Now I'm on Junkie, niggas ain't gettin' shit from me Chillin' in High-rise, bitch wanna eat me like Popeyes Tell her like "Woah, now, I seen bad bitches before now" Now she like "Woah, now, talk that shit when it go down"

I heard you been havin' issues with your bitch, am I right I can fill in where she's absent, be your girlfriend for the night Me and you can be discreet when we around in the public eye You so stiff with them, but when you with me, you a different guy I'm like "Ayy, Shordie Shordie, come and tell me what you on" I know I got your attention, bae, tell me how I turn you on I'm so P, won't tell your bitch, but I might put it in my song And the friends, when he with me, I got the nigga head blown Yeah-yeah, what you on? So hair relaxed, but he keep goin' My heart so big, I killed like eight niggas at once Get a bottle, roll some runts and let's get drunk Baby, we just goin' steady, we just havin' fun

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Woah, ayy-yeah, ayy-yeah, yeah One more time Woah, ayy-yeah, ayy-yeah, yeah

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