

ATL Jacob
Yeah, yeah

V12, gettin' head with no seatbelt
Put the sticks in the shed, yeah, we keep rounds
I went vert, put the green on my team now
Ran it up on every nigga that was in down
XO, FBG, my dogs, dogs
Fuck that next ho, finna break her wall, walls
Don't want my ex-ho, gotta tell her nah, nah
We havin' big racks, finna stack 'em tall, tall

We flyin' PJ every city, we some star, stars
We whip the foreigners, make 'em skrt like a go-kart
This that fat nigga shit, I'll take your main broad
This that rap dope, yeah, I got that rap rope, yeah
Please don't get it twisted, bitch, go out the backdoor
And I don't fuck her on the mattress, that's where racks go
Put the birds on the backstreet, got them birds
I got NAV with me, bitch, he go berserk
See, I'm a king, I can't snap a fuckin' verse
I love the pain, got me poppin' all of these Percs
I asked her have she seen a Rollie with baguettes
I'm in Guap Mode, finna fuck her, I don't mince
I keep that .40 on me, better not test
And, yeah, I'm on lean, I might wreck

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I got me like seven motherfuckin' checks, dog
Smokin' cookies, got biscotti in my chest, dog
I rap my life and watch these motherfuckers' heads nod
Christmastime, I'm puttin' molly in my eggnog
I just flew a bad bitch out for the weekend
Said she like my songs, she heard I'm signed to Weeknd
Forgot her name and I can't find her in my recents
Avianne water, my chain in the deep end
If you not my brother, then we cannot be friends
I expect that you gon' ride out when we beefin'
I bought the mall and now I'm ahead of the season
Got killers itchin' to shoot, just need a reason

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Tarantino, yeah
Guap Mode
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