I need a sign
(Who made the beat? Apollo, ho)

Let's not jump to conclusions
I need a sign, hey
Let me know if you clueless
I'll drop hints in my music
Let's not jump to conclusions
I need a sign, yeah
Let me know if you clueless
I'll drop hints in my music
Don't you jump to conclusions (Conclusions, conclusions)
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Jump to conclusions (Conclusions, conclusions)
Don't you jump to conclusions

My bitch jumpin' to conclusions But every time I bust another bag, I buy her new shit You just a nigga on the side she be goosin' I understand, bruh, her pussy go stupid I ain't give birth to the bitch, but I'm her father I got a full team, she ain't the only one on the roster I approach the bitch, then I coach the bitch She say you talk too much, you gave her motion sickness Who said, "Give me," got shot? She gave me top She put the money in hand, fuck a safety box And she finna bail a nigga out if I get knocked Why are you jumping to conclusions 'bout what a nigga got? Every single bitch I call mines got my back You the nigga on outcalls, she don't call back I dropped my nuts and built my own court, where your balls at? Amanda always tell me please 'cause I'm all that

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One, you listen to your friends again
Knowin' in the end, you leave, they up in my DMs
For two, we heard about those that assume
You make an ass out of you and me, don't jump to conclusion
Y'all be on three-way makin' this a cheat case
Turn into some DAs, judgmental for keepsakes
I got four meetings lined up, you eating my time up
Talking some more jive stuff, code out of conduct
My homie like, "What up, fire?"

Your bitch be on you tryna bleed you like the one-time My sixth sense show me options on the frontline So if you jumpin' out of pocket, it's an upside, on God

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