

(This is a dopamine boys exclusive you little bitch)

Heard the phone ringing, so I had to skip the test
They heard the gun singing, so they had to hit the nest
Yeah, the ringing in my ears, made me run upset
Yeah, they talking down on nett, but they don't know who's next
I told st47ic that he got it, that boy gotta flex
I was missguided, tryna level up the net
But I'm with zero in that track not a scat
And if we see fucking scat then yeah we shooting at that scat
Deadlow, yeah, you acting like some cats
All my brothers big dogs, ain't no pussy in my trap
Why these bitches pussies looking like a trap?
I ain't tryna lock in, yall had no motion
Too up, too drunk, my brothers got motion
Too up, too drunk, we keep potions
We keep pushing, witch gang chosen

We keep motion, pouring up the potion
Fuck the emotions, fucked your bitch I'm going
Your bitch was sucking on my dick and she was throating
Tooker her to my place, where the fuck we going?
Shut up bitch, you ain't gotta fucking worry
And when she talk to me, she talking bullshit
When she lies, she say sorry
Told my own stories, you you don't you phoney
Choppa in my jeans and you know got some storage
Ya I'm fucking fucking horny, call my fucking phone b
Jumping in that pussy, dive, got some courage
And the trap got some motion, pour up the fucking potion
Give a fuck about emotions
Aahh...
You can hear the sirens blerring, off a perc, vision blurry
I can't motherfucking see shit and I'm chillin up in seychelles
And its smelling like a seashell