

Tommy

Nettspend

How my feet determine, oh nah
And she was street slimin', I ain't know

Touch her toes, oh-oh-oh
Pour some more up
I suppose, uh
I, I know how my feet determine, oh nah
And she was street slimin', I ain't know
So we geek up and fuck, oh
I left for dead, but she made a pack for us
And she pullin' turrets, I think I would get blessed
And I won't let 'em bury me, said, "Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah" (Nah, nah)

My lil' shit dressed like she a tomboy
At a Gucci store, I'm like, "Where the Tom Ford?"
I try explore all the things, I wanted more
I try explain how I feel, but I just feel it in my core
AP Skele' on my fist, no Rolex
And I took a picture with you 'cause you earned it, uh
Ayy, pop that- (Lamb') ayy, pop that pill, you might just lose
your focus (Ew)
I'm in my bag, buy 'em back from my purses
I'm at Benihana, straight racks, looking for that fucking snitch
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Stick, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch)

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