

James Dean

Nic D

Can he really spit though?
Does he really hit those?
Can he really sneak in?
Can he really tip toe?
Does he ever get cold?
Does it ever not
Come back ten fold?
Does he ever run low?

They want my number
Come to the numbers
They think that I'm fake
And I'm wild
Cause they been stuck in the same place
They just get caught tryna save face
Yeah they been stuck tryna maintain
Heard you on the radio sounding like in-between April and June
It's a Mayday
Payin' no mind to what they say
Makin' promises you can't keep
Heard it was make up, it's make believe
I guess that maybe it's [?]
Keep eyes on my come up, they training
They got a dollar then changed teams
Then spend it all on the same things
No 'mount of nothin' can change me
Feel like a giant, I'm James Dean

Can he really spit though?
Does he really hit those?
Can he really sneak in?
Can he really tip toe?
Does he ever get cold?
Does it ever not
Come back ten fold?
Does he ever run low?

Heard it was up to me, I guess it's under me
I already won by a landslide
You wearin' your pride like you never take it off
Boy I can tell by the tan lines
Said there's just some things you can't hide
Watch where you step, could be landmines
They wanna get bigger, the fantasize
I guess that they just a fantasize
Spend most of your days tryna catch a ride
I just tell them boys to wait inside
If you put in the work, all it take is time
I guess they got some trouble tryna take their time
Man, the love fake, it's lousy (uh)
Want what I know, then they outie (uh)
Pick it up quick, it's bounty (uh)
Upside down, I'm frowning (uh)

Can he really spit though?
Does he really hit those?
Can he really sneak in?

Can he really tip toe?
Does he ever get cold?
Does it ever not
Come back ten fold?
Does he ever run low?