

Intimate

OhGeesy

(Beat that motherfucker up, Quad)

Hey

I know you so mad, it's so sickening (Sick)
The way I'm shittin' on you niggas and I'm glistening
Real trap nigga, point me where the kitchen is
I'm a real nigga, you ain't the equivalent

Me and your bitch gettin' intimate, ayy
I'm that nigga that be hittin' it, ayy
Mike Amiri jeans, very limited, ayy
Very limited, ayy
Me and your bitch gettin' intimate, ayy
I'm that nigga that be hittin' it, ayy
Mike Amiri jeans, very limited, ayy
They very limited, ayy

I know you so mad, it's so sickening (Sick)
The way I'm shittin' on you niggas and I'm glistening
Real trap nigga, point me where the kitchen is
I'm a real nigga, you ain't the equivalent
I'm a real nigga, we just ain't the same, bro
Even if you got some money, fuck the same hoes
Bad bitches fuck on lames too, you ain't know?
I don't think it's a spot that I can't go
Twenty racks in my pocket, it's a bankroll
Give me that pussy, heard it taste like mango
Fuck her in the suite, used to hit it in the bando
Turn it to the side, I'ma fuck it at an angle
Make you do some yoga, pop it like a soda
Bread like a toaster, throw the rock like I'm Hova
Said, I'll make you do some yoga, pop it like a soda
Got one question, name a nigga colder
Ayy, bitch, I'm the snowman, I don't never hold hands
I don't want love, I just want me some more bands
Tryna stay low, duckin' feds and the attention
I don't cop chops if it don't come with an extension
Bitch, I'm the snowman, I don't never hold hands
I don't want love, I just want me some more bands
Tryna stay low, duckin' feds and the attention
I don't cop chops if it don't come with an extension, nigga

Me and your bitch gettin' intimate, ayy
I'm that nigga that be hittin' it, ayy
Mike Amiri jeans, very limited, ayy
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Me and your bitch gettin' intimate
I see 'em out, I'm spinnin' it
Real life, ain't no back and forth over the internet
Real Sprite, taste like Jolly Ranchers how I blended it
Real strikers, up and that gon' be the way I'm sendin' it
Had to pop another, I'm tryna tell you, I ain't feelin' it
Louis on my collarbone, you got to know I got it on

Wake up late and count up by my lonely
Yeah, big shit, she gon' take me by the OZ
Draw down, make you come up out your Rollie
Ain't shit change, still a hundred blicks around me
Ain't shit, bae, you should left me where you found me
Yeah, VS Cuban, bae, it's giving drowning
Yeah, four black masks hoppin' out the Audi
Stars in the Rolls, smoke it 'til it's cloudy
Yeah, a hundred broke niggas tryna doubt me
You can't get around me, yeah

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