

It's Whatever

OMB Peezy

Oh, I swear it's whatever
Yeah, yeah, I swear it's whatever (Dubba-AA flex)
Yeah, I swear it's whatever (I need to talk to Mike Laury)
(Hello? It's Mike Laury)
Set, set, set, set (This is the sound)
I swear it's whatever, I'm clutchin' whatever
You ain't talkin' money, she fuckin'
Fuckin' whatever, she fuckin' whatever
Yeah, yeah, look

I swear it's whatever, I'm clutchin' whatever
You ain't talkin' money, she fuckin' whatever
You on it, we on it, I swear it's whatever
You on it, we on it, I swear it's whatever
I swear it's whatever, my nigga, my nigga
We flockin' together, shit sound like a feather
Put a yacht on your neck, put a bust on my bezel
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Just let me know and I can put it together
I feel like Gates, you niggas ain't on my level
My name hold weight, your shit like a feather
I ain't stoppin', got my feet on the pedal
And I just went and put a scope on my chopper
My lil' youngins squeezin' whenever
Care to take your granny to the doctor
Nigga try to run and I'ma hawk 'em
I been lovin' guns since a toddler
Pop a murk in with no offer
But if he drop it, he know I got him
Promise I am not the one to follow
Make your mama grab you by the collar
Lil' boy ain't even off the porch
When you feed yourself, we can holler
When you be yourself, we can holler
Ain't you tired of followin' your friends?
Ain't you tired of followin' your partner?
Whole life fakin', you pretend
Still gotta ride with that Glock and pray they don't take me again
Can't let no nigga take my life, bitch, I'm thuggin' to the end

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I swear it's whatever, we pullin' up, send the location, we loadin' that dual
lly truck
I forward the addy, my young nigga shoot it up, and that boy sober, ain't bo
oted up
I'm poppin' this shit over here, but it look, see
I want a nigga think this shit sweet like a cookie
Please go ahead, roll a nigga like a Tootsie
I lost my life, I'ma twice what the devil almost took me
I'm still standin' strong, nigga, I ain't goin' nowhere
I'm shootin' for the top, bet that bullet go in your hair
I told him not to go there, had to leave him cold there
Now they comin' in, gotta go and clean the floor there
I came in drippin', told the bitches pay attention, nigga, neckpiece hittin'
Seven chains on, drank, all you gotta do is listen
Trey the set boy, you know I swear to God that them a listen
Shoot 'em in the living room, leave 'em dead in the kitchen

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