

Shh...

Gotta keep my voice down 'cause I know they sleepin'
Racks still stackin', every day still a weekend
House been jumpin' every night full of demons
Creepin', up and down the walls just like some creatures
You said you think, but do you really fuckin' know though
Smokin' on a O, so we callin' this the O-zone
Six bottles in the bag, two blunts in the roto
These moments last way longer than a photo
Keep it on the low-low, still ridin' solo
'Bout it while you bouncin' like mothafuckin' a pogo
Switchin' up, flippin' side to side, bitch, that's a no-no
I'm hidden while you flexin' bnb's out in Noho
I think it's safe to say around here that that's a no-go
Pro clubs, bitch, we ain't never rockin' polo
Whole show bumpin', after that we gotta go, bro
But they can't even see me through the tint of the windows

Twin rows back to back in that whip, hoe
In the sprinter, bitch, fuck a limo
Indonesian smoke for my kinfolk
It goes 'round and 'round like a syndrome
Bitch, we do what we do, 'cause we need to
Need two bottles of wine for my sweet tooth
Keep to myself when I really need to
These dudes, think that I don't, but I see through
We do

We do anything that we wanna do
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