

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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