

Hey, hey, hey
Numbers, all I know is numbers
Gyal love the way man flex
Never had a man from London
Two 'C's on my creps
Two 'G's on my jumpers
Look at them boy they're stressed
Be vexed if I was one of them brothers
Cause they ain't really on this

Summertime we roll up
Looking like A-Boogie and Mitch
Them joe boys waffling
Saying that they would've done that
And they would've done this
I was shooting my shot like Sterling
Bad b slept on me and now she burning
Blow racks like I ain't concerned
Italian drip pulling up in Germans

Feds hate when they see my face
Doing up skrr in an all black range
More time I don't need no game
Send location I'm doing up ways
I got 20 missed calls from Lucy
And a Snapchat mention from K
I just wanna see breast and booty
I ain't really trynna play no games
Running it up, stack on me weight like a ton, ton, ton
Gold around my neck like I won
Diamonds they shine in the sun, sun, sun
Got my tints down and my rings on, like I'm Sha Shabba
Where them fake boys, won't make noise
But they ain't really on this

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Mamacita you don't belong in the streets (oh no)
Come and kick it like its FIFA
Hugo Lloris you're a keeper
Bad girl, she a diva
Put her in coupes, now all of them other girls can't keep up
Told her come chill where the grass is greener
Paid in full like Mitch
Meet man boogie if you blast this nina
Could've hollered at Becky and Keisha
But I've got Lisa and maybe Christina
And the bands ain't blue like Peter
Look at them pinkies

Came from the mud she dig me
Big boys but they act like pitneys
Cause they ain't really on this

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