

Frontin

OsamaSon

(Ok, let me hear your tag)

I know you frontin', you don't gotta hide nothin'
I know I fucked up sometimes, but not for nothin'
You know you fucked up this time, it ain't no runnin'
Pants full, throwin' racks, and they still comin'
Came from nothin', you know I came from nothin'
But they still do me wrong, yeah
We in Poland, and they all singin' my songs, yeah
Need a couple more racks just to go and move on, yeah
I can pour up some more lean
In that whip, I'm duckin' police
Said you was the one for me, well, we'll see
Said you was the one for me, well, we'll see, yeah

Lambo' key too big, it can't fit in my jeans, yeah
Sayin' what you know, but we gon' see about it
Bitch, keep on blowin' my phone up, I'll think about it, huh, y
eah
This ho wildin', she got plenty bodies, wait, too much bodies
And she tryna stop me, you what I do, they copy
These pages tryna mock me, I pull up with the mob, bitch
Yeah, I'm with the mob deep, we got sticks, no hockey
Tryin' to catch a body, tryin' to catch a body

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