

(Ok is the hardest, I swear to God)

Jump over that fence, yeah, met this bitch off Insta'  
You be doin' all that, girl, I cannot defend you  
She think she all that, I can't lie, she a ten, ah  
Okay, okay, run me back, I swear that I'll go in, yeah  
Geek up off them drugs, make it home, do it again, yeah  
Ten times wasn't enough, I had to go and do it again, ah  
Lil' bitch is a dub, I can't fuck with you again, yeah (Yeah, y  
eah)  
Pull up, Bentley truck, this bitch can't fit all your friends,  
hah (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, my score hit  
Flex, I'm like "Oh shit," lil' O, they kicked the door in (Flex  
)  
Puttin' up numbers like '98 Jordan  
I'm so sorry, that I'm still pourin' (Yeah)  
Couple homicides, when I pull up, get to pourin' (Boop-  
boop, boop-boop)  
And I'm in that 'Vette, ridin', you can hear the engine roarin'  
Go dummy, you know that I go retarded in that coupe  
Joke 'bout it, you know that I'm addicted to them blues, so fun  
ny

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(Ok, let me hear your tag)