

Runnin' around, this shit don't stop
Runnin' around, this shit don't stop
Runnin' 'round, this shit don't stop
Runnin' around, this shit don't stop

Huh, I don't know where I'ma go again
I stretch bands like accordian, huh
They want beef, Mongolian, huh
I gotta see, see sonograms, huh
Tryna tell me I got a son again, no
I don't wanna rock Vetements, huh
I don't wanna use condiments, huh
I got sauce, lil' bitch, yeah
I got sauce, lil' bitch, yeah
I got sauce, lil' bitch, yeah
I wanna fuck, lil' bitch, yeah
Why your boyfriend a bitch? Yeah
Put his ass in a 'Wood, yeah
I go split that shit, yeah
I'm on top, lil' bitch, yeah
We on top, lil' bitch, yeah

I can't even focus on what's comin' or what's next
I can only tell you how much better I'ma get
I'm not talkin' tutu when I'm spinnin' an address
I'm not talkin' cuckoo when that shot land on your head
Okay, wow, spazzin' out, let me get a breath
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Runnin' around, this shit don't- (Ugh)
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I caught my Z's in a Hyundai
Now I'm up late night on a runway
When I touch me a bag, it's a fun day
Need a bitch that's soft, not mundane
Hit a different type of lick, I'm like John Mayer
Nigga puffin' up his chest like Moncler
Made a quick phone call, it's a gun day
I'm a dweeb, but you don't wanna go there

Woke up, skipped God on a Sunday
Woke up, geeked up on a- (Yeah)
Woke up, geeked up on a Monday
Need head, eatin' pussy on a Tuesday
Givin' out my, uh, on a hump day
Thursday, treat that like a slump day
Friday, get smacked on a- (Yeah)
Saturday, same shit, not a new day

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What is legacy?

What does it mean to be remembered?

Treat this day as if it were to be your last