

Glide

Peach Tree Rascals

Don't tell me what the fuck to do
I'm not into the life you chose
I'm followin' what the greatest do
I've got nothin' left to prove
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Let me ride in the night time
Let me shine when I want to
Let me take two more shots
Then maybe I'll talk to, you
I don't really go out much, queen
I don't really think doubts a, thing
Drama go up then I go, away
Talk down never see my, face
If a friend change up, never was one
If I hit your line no plus one
If she pay me gotta be a hunnid
Talkin' bout a hit song I want one
Want 2, want 3, want 10
They see me out like damn
I came up showin' love
Now I don't see it back
It's cool though, got no kudos
No dope, got mine from pluto
I kick my vice, I lose those
I aim for Mars no Bruno

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I got my baby waitin' somewhere in the 209
I got a pistol with some bullets if you fuck with mine
I got no hatred in my system why you got to lie
Everybody love to talk, nobody love to work
Fuck all them weirdo guys

I, got my weed and company, I don't like to see police
I cannot be what you want, all I want to be is me
So take that shit to the bank and laugh with it
It's set in stone like an affidavit
I get sick by practicin'
My dream come true, my dream come true
By goin' hard when I do
Everything, my life has molded into all this proof, proof
So call my mom, you can ask
Why I want you oh so bad
Why you call me when I'm sad, it's hard to call you back

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