

Okay

PeeWee Longway

Yeah, Longway
Young Mister
Big Mister
Big Blue M&M
You dig?

I'm a grown man, don't play with me, baby, don't lie to me, lie to your mama, okay?

I hit that bitch in her back and I snatched out her bonnet, she told me to nut on her face

Still in the trap with the zaza bag with the profit, I make sure my mama okay

Sprinter got so many flavors, we might do a popup and charge two hundred an eighth

Two hundred racks on the Rollie, okay
Please don't play with the money, okay
Everybody with me, they havin', okay
Everybody with me stay dabbin', okay
Hit from the back and I'm grabbin' her waist
Doctor Miami can't fuck up her face
Pretty lil' bitch go buck, take her crazy
Seven grams sprinkle, we'll take one-eighty

Thief on a pill in a Bentley Bentayga
I got some racks, I can go buy the Raiders
Still got a play like they meet me on Bailey
Hate how you doin' what you want like a waiter
Bullets gon' hit you, we don't do no grazing
Don't think it's okay when you play with that paper
Too many make it, then come pull a caper
Don't hear nothin' but blue when they go through a phase
I'm from the south with gorillas and apes
Come to the back, I might front you a plate
I fuck with slime like free all the snakes
She like, "Longway, you fine, you losin' that weight"
I get the bales and lift all the weight
Burn up the trap and I move out of state
Beat up the dough and I get out the way
Fill up the sack with a hundred a day
I get the bags and I punt from the Bay
I run it all up, put that shit in they face
Told you, lil' bitch, that I'm stuck in my space
Suckin' and fuckin' or get out my face
I'm in the coupe, that's like three hundred K
I got the juice with the blue thirty-eight
I'm on the boot, can't feel my face
Balmain boots cost me thirty-eight

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Posted on the backstreet trappin' the weight
Please, lil' boy, just stay out the way
It's a grown man biz, need to stay in your place
This Saks Fifth drip, got expensive taste, okay
Dior the two red shots, okay
Bitch tryna shoot her shot, okay
Twenty-five racks, these one of one Yes
Sprinter got flavor like new Kanyes
Contract bid like I play for the Braves
She wanna fuck Wicced, she gotta behave
I don't know a surfer that could ride my wave
I could get rich like three hundred ways
Soon they catch on, I'ma switch up the place (Okay, okay, okay, okay)
Hundred round drum, got a switch on the K (Okay, okay, okay, okay)
In a race for them racks, gotta be first place
Stay down in the trap, I'm just stuck in my ways
The strap in my hand, don't go on my waist
I spazz in this bitch like my weed been laced
The pill kicked in, you can see it in my face
In a race for them racks, gotta be first place
Pocket full of blues like I just cracked Chase
Racks on demand, okay, okay

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