

# Together

PeeWee Longway

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(SwagDot)  
Hold on, Swag, whatever I said, you gon' what?  
Do this together  
Ayy, man, Longway and Swag on the beat together?

I keep hearin' voices saying get it—  
Every time I hit it, she think we go to—  
All my racks, these bitches in my pocket, stickin'—  
I trust my niggas, I don't put trust in bitches, so we stickin'—  
Won't fall out with bitches, we gon' fuck 'em together  
I don't know why these bitches thinkin' we gon' go together  
We were fucked up in the trap, then me and my dog went up together  
Baking soda, fish scale, mix that shit together

When it rain, me and my Glock together, we don't need no umbrella  
.223s, I make that bitch go bang, no beat, acapella  
Chrome Heart jeans, I'm steppin' in Christian D's, I put that shit together  
Just me and my dog, don't need no extra co-de, we doin' that shit together  
Uh, I can't bust a nut unless she bring two hoes or better  
Uh, I'm one of them rappers that's trappin' and rappin' and puttin' them bri  
cks together  
Uh, I'm one of them rappers that's trappin' and rappin', got bags and bricks  
, et cetera  
Uh, walk in your trap, take over your trap, make a money bag bitch go federa  
l  
Back to back Lambos, they look mad blue when they Neighborhood stickin' to—  
Told her blow on the dick like a bowl of hot soup when she tryna get back—  
When you fucked up, nothin' but the scale and the glass bag, tryna get this  
shit to—  
Hundred round drum for you and your man, yeah, y'all can get this shit to—

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I keep on hearing voices in my head, they tellin' me get it together  
Them bitches wanna pull up consecutive times, I told 'em to pull up together  
My homie got bodies consecutive times, I sent him ten pounds in that letter  
I had a dream he broke out a thousand times with two letters stacked togethe  
r  
I pop a bean and break her spine a thousand times, then pass her to slime  
I sent the pack across the county line at least a thousand times  
Got these blue Benjamins, I send a bounty for mine  
Murder, we do county time  
She fell in love, she thinkin' valentine  
Longway just stuck on her mind  
I get the mills and spend it on wheels and I put in overtime  
Fill up the Birkin with blues, she feel a lil' better  
The bitch fresh, thicker than—  
Told her to eat up the dick like an edible  
When I wan' fuck, I need two hoes to—

Just me and my Glock and that dick and Beretta  
When I get that stick, we gon' shoot to-

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