

# Tew Much

Pell

I tell a bitch yield  
You doing too much  
If it's really real ain't gotta prove it too much  
Fuck how niggas feel  
I'm trying to turn this shit up  
I had to quarantine myself 'cause I was moving too much  
Now bitch yield  
You doing too much  
Always hit my phone like I ain't doing enough  
Always hit my phone like we ain't screwing enough  
I'm trying to make a hundred million watch me run this shit up

It's Mr Edgar Allen Poe up  
Sipping brown like it foldgers  
Always the one that's litty  
But rarely the one that's toe up  
Wake up beside a goddess  
All My sunrises look gorgeous  
Might dip before I eat breakfast  
But bacon what I leave home for  
It's for the hunger, not the taste  
Want it, need it  
Andale!  
Still I remember the days  
I was afraid  
They'd never fuck with the team  
Guess I'm never going back  
Now they want to be attached  
Hitting my phone  
Acting like a nigga owe em  
Before I hung up I told em

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It's up, like Pixar  
3, 2, 1 liftoff  
Taxing what I'm packing like  
Like I had to get a zip off  
Shorty mad attractive  
But she acting like we involved  
Stay Honest with lil mama  
While she lying through her lip gloss  
(I mean) Rather chase what I can't see  
Than be comfortable  
Know your past is your past but some  
Shit inexpugnable  
So I dip right back to cali

Where the weather is wonderful  
Only rolling white boys  
Call me token non fungible  
Brothers make some slight noise  
Thinking they indestructible  
Til I drop a couple records  
Then they change where they coming from  
Y'all dick hop like its double dutch  
Nutty buddy y'all fucking up  
I be dolo that's solo  
And slow my place like I double cupped  
Look  
Usually I'm doing too much  
But from the way they show love  
Thought I ain't doing enough  
These bills ain't bout to pay themselves  
So I need more than I want  
NOW Before they tell me how to feel  
I tell a

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