

Why you gotta be so messy?  
Diamond Rolexes  
Time of the essences  
I don't respond to her messages  
You take long to get dressed and shit  
We end up fuckin' off ecstasy  
Smell the weed from door  
Creed on my clothes  
You was eager to go  
Two weeks later she screamin' on my phone  
Like leave me alone, what you needin' me for?

This Sprinter got too many seats (It do)  
In your city for a night, let's meet (Come on)  
Been bookin' these flights for these freaks (Okay)  
My travel agent laughin' at me (What's so funny?)  
iPhone 11 on sleep  
P.Y.T., T.L.C.  
I bet you don't know what that means (You don't)  
Me and lil babe we gone creep (Okay)  
Left a lotta shells in the streets  
Make me raise hell and pull heat  
Now you can't inhale or breathe (You can't)  
The judge wanna nail my feet (On God)  
I gotta keep her nails on fleek  
She was here before the mill like Meek  
Packs landin' in the mail every week  
Put a bag on the alarm in the room before we chief

The Benz came with too many keys  
Position, she assume it for me (She do)  
If ain't love, what could it be? (What is it?)  
Ripped her jeans when she got her knees  
She call me dad but I ain't got no seeds  
Fuck the bag if it ain't got no C's  
We can chill, no photo please  
Just chill and roll that reef

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