

## Postman

Pi'erre Bourne

Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?

Yeah

I got a thicky with me, no Vickys on, go run and tell that  
I'm rollin' sticky weed, six thousand a pound, know you can smell that

Was runnin' laps 'round niggas all year long, I went and fell back

Mr. Postman, I wrap 'em and track 'em, I really mail packs

Uh, I can't stress about no bitch, I'm pourin' Trish in Simply  
(Nice)

I keep a loaded FN with me, that's in every city

Diamonds dancin' like they Missy, who the most consistent?

Private flights land out in Lisbon, I can't do commitment

Fenty slide right off her ass, then I'ma jump all in it

Nothin' came back on ballistics, drop that case, dismiss it (Gotta drop it)

Laughin' once we heard they packed 'em, they say it's sadistic

A hundred thousand wrapped in plastic, you know it's official (Yes)

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Bitch, I'm in the Navy, the feds only thing we run from (Yeah)

I can't love no bitch 'cause the players the ones I learn from  
(What?)

Shop with us, it's ten different flavors to fuck your lungs up  
(Shop)

Thousand-

dollar oversized hoodies to keep my gun tucked (Bah, bah, bah)

I can't go on no lunch date, I'm busy mixin' drugs up

Hit the road, gotta drive straight, I ain't tryna be in no drug bust (Damn)

I fuck that bitch and won't hug once, I still kiss my double cup (Yeah)

Brand new hundreds, they out the bank, count until my thumbs cr

utch

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