

Look Alive

Plies

I'm just out in Houston fuckin' bitches and eatin' at Pappadeaux
Bad bougie broke bitches, swear to God I hate these hoes
Lot of niggas talkin' killer but ain't nobody dyin' though
Always like she know some shit, that lil bitch be lyin' though
One point six five, talkin' 'bout the condo
Fuck her when I want to, talkin' 'bout your main ho
These lil niggas talkin' crazy, make me pull the bag out
Grrrt, grrrt, grrrt, grrrt, catch you takin' the trash out
I don't need a pass, I flex wherever
I don't a bitch, it won't make me better
Summer '18, I'm so disrespectful
Flooded baguettes, that's a whole 'nother bezel
Stick hold a hundred, that's a whole lot of pressure
Hundred on me now, that's a whole lot of cheddar
Fuck her on cash, bet her pussy get wetter
She with a broke nigga, she don't know no better
Time to go to war, I don't care who know
When it come to the bag, yeah a nigga on go
Six on the wood mean a nigga on the floor
I don't chase bitches, yeah I just chase dough
You ain't got M's, can't beef with you
You ain't got shit, can't sleep with you
You ain't built solid, can't eat with you
Type of nigga shit can't be with you
All I do is sell out shows
Every time my brother went to prison, I wrote
Y'all niggas ain't gettin' no money, y'all trolls
Y'all niggas clout chase now more than these hoes
I just want a bitch who's gon' fuck me daily
I don't do shit free, nigga fuck you pay me
I just need a bag, I don't need no lady
Still in the hood, you can find me baby
Gotta keep it bangin' 'cause my buzz too big
Got a new man but she still fuck with the kid
I just want a bitch I can spoil right now
Flawed up on the young boy right now
I was in the kitchen hollerin' whip it, whip it
Snitch ass nigga better zip it, zip it
Real hustler gon' flip it, flip it
Sauce on a nigga, yeah drip it, drip it
Ridin' down Collin with the top let back
But they still up fire, they gon' bust my gat
I ain't gon' lie, I just want the racks
Everything that I spit, lil nigga be facts
Pinky ring thirty, ridin' dirty
Shit pop off, I'ma ride for my whoadie
For my lingo, bitch I'm sportin'
Pimp shit, pimp shit, bitch I'm boatin'

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Walk around right now in Alexander McQueen
Ho called right now, rollin' on a bean
Guess when it comes to the pussy I'ma fiend

She said I'm the realest nigga that she ever seen
Head to the jeweler, finna do my wrist
Bitch act up, I'ma do my bitch
Spent forty-two hundred, that's on my fit
I'ma chase that sack, that's on my jit
X a bitch out like tic-tac-toe
Your bitch ain't loyal, that I know
I don't want no pussy, I just want some head
I don't want no friends, I just want some bread

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