

## Six Speed

Pouya

Hey  
I'm back in a cycle  
Feel like a psycho  
Feel like I'm Michael yuh  
Don't look at my bread  
Don't look at my whip  
Take a look at my fico yuh  
I'm pacing and thankin' of robbin' of a bank  
With da homies I hang with  
These hoes wanna make it da bank or  
Da banquet  
Come hang with da gang get shady  
Drunk drive in a Mercedes  
45 on da hip daily  
Screamin' out fuck you pay me  
I ain't patient  
I gotta OCD  
Feel like I'm not controlling me  
Still them hoes gon fall for me  
Pussy that they offer me  
Is often not to luxury  
But lemme see what dat lick read  
Triple digits in the 6 speed  
Think I fall in love when that bitch hit me  
I might fuck around and buss her down  
And buy a Bentley for that  
Bitch while you was fuckin with dem lames  
I made my baby momma rich yuh

Baby play with my dick not my emotions  
Shed so many tears I think that I can fill an ocean  
We was coasting now we roller coasting  
Look inside my eyes and feel the pain that you put on me

I just pray to peep that you don't leave me lonely  
Thousand bitches but they can't do nothing for me  
You my one and only, I know you need some company  
So come on over, do you love me?

Do you love exposure?