

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?