

You think you wylin'
You think you stylin' on me
Boy you ain't even a challenge
I ain't worried about you boy
More worried about the down payment of my Audi
Pull up to the show we get violent

Infatuated by the cultivation growing inside your mind
The best of times, can't find no one like mine
I see them blind, I hear the streets
I feed them rhymes, hoes defined by their sign
Cause they can't think for themselves, never try but ask for help
From my demeanor to way I walk, the way I speak, make her weak
Apparently she told me, nobody compare to thee
One and only slowly bounce your titties for me
Don't put me in the homie zone, I'm tryna give you chromosomes
I don't sleep at night I'd rather write
Do what I gotta do to get my money right, despite
The boys and girls that wanna see my fall
Now that's a lot of people that don't wanna see me take off
Well like that girl I'm gone

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One for me, two for you
She got bush like W
Push the whip like foreigners do
Spend some euros on your euro
Baby maybe, lately, I been feeling strangely
They talk sideways
Pull up to my face and act straight with me
I write a verse, while I beat my meat
YUH
Just to let you know your pussy not much worth to me
YUH
What's worse than that? Them boys behind your back
YUH
The same ones in the front, calling your phone like, "Where you at?"
I need some help, I need some hoes, I need some money
I need new clothes up on my back, spot me something
Tell me why I haven't seen you in awhile
Pussy boy, fuck your friendship I don't want to reconcile
Bitch

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