

Mood Ring

Pressa

I moved out west for the winter smoking CBD
Need a crib so big that we on MTV
I've been minding my P's and Q's
Yeah I'm just doing me
I get paid by the letter like A, B, C

These are the nights I'm the real me
I need a day I get home, I need a day off my phone
I need a night, where everything's right
We don't get in trouble and nothing goes wrong
Man this feels like one of those
The kitchen island like a ship wreck
But it's okay now that we grown
Austin used to be my wingman
Cole used to be the DJ
Lip sync all the verses, freestyle on the replay
Back then we had freetime
Now we're driving on the freeway
With nobody in the shotgun
I'm about to have a me day

Tie my shoestrings, count my loose change
Add that up and then we do things
Money green inside my mood ring
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Money green inside my mood ring ay ay
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I'm good, you not
If it's money don't change my brother
Or change the hood, good block
If lil shawty wanna fuck on a nigga bet she would, lil thot
Got a pound of weed and gas go store buy woods
Give her love and loyalty
Still look back nigga don't need a real wood
Tell lil shawty to suck on my balls she looks at me crazy
By the loook I hit in the club I can tell you keep on gazing
After party way more crazy
We pulling of in brand new Mercedes
Just like Jasmine had a son, just like Brenna had a baby
Big body yacht no baby boat
Big booty chick no skinny hoe
Gucci, Louis, Prada baby clothes
Tryna be richer than Brady yo
All these publicists doing articles
She buy a car with no card no
She lives faster than a Lamborghini but she don't even know how fast it goes
My foot on the pedal, I pick off the petals
I know that she love me but I love me better

Don't look at the weather it's gon' be a good one
No matter whatever
I spit with words and make sure they clever
I load up the beat then I put it together
Yeah they call me Quill it's light as a feather
I made a to-do list in case I forgot and I couldn't remember

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