

Ouija Board

Pressa

I hate fiends, and friends, and foes
Bando scary like a ouija board
Says she never been Dior
Pull up in something she ain't seen before
Real niggas don't need the Lord
Why the fuck would I keep her for?
I hate fiends, and friends, and foes
Bando scary like a Ouija board
I need a new bag fill up the bag
Feds on the way ready to trap
He got nobody but he saying slatt
Hit up his block hit up his cap
Gucci the shoes, Gucci the sweats
Gucci the sweater, and Gucci the hat
Lil' nigga gun in the class
I told my engineer yo' bring it back

She can't feel her face soon as this pill kick in
My junkie complaining 'bout the traffic he got four children
I still serve the junkie and the old women
One took out the pipe and give him autism

I be with it
Put it in the pyrex can't see it
Chef 29 like I gotta be the best
Mom said that the lean gon' be my death
I got Shanaynay for my main bae
Lean and perc on the same day
Baby girl, I ain't feeling the same
New AP and I'm still late

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She said oh so you're from London you like tea and crumpets
Where I'm from real bad man, real fuckin' gun man
Checking the crack, I turn on the tap, I whip up a batch the magic went poof
Come hit my trap and ask all the cats if it was all cap, they'll tell you the truth

Ask about my traps get like Ouija boards
I come from freezing foes
Hit your block like the Dior

Bad bitch like Rita Ora
My shooters Christian Dior
I got what she looking for
The trap still boomin' north

My trap's moving all alone like a Ouija board
Every time I pull up don't you know I need you more
You look good in Dior
That's what I bought it for
I done spent another mortgage on my Audemar

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