

Cook that shit up Quay

Fifteen thousand dressed in gear, yeah
Diamonds lit, no chandelier
Poppin' shit just like a pill
Shawty bad, she dressed to kill
Space cadet nigga, floatin' every time I walk in
Hundred thousand nigga, stuffed in these Balmain
Young nigga having pull just like a drawstring
All gas, no brake, bitch I'm in all lanes

Pull up in somethin' that's foreign, these bitches weren't ready
Pop me a Addy and take off like I'm in Andretti
I want them pesos, dineros, and I want that fatty
Pop out and I just surprise a bitch like confetti
A foreign bitch, she shippin' shit that is illegal
Sent her to school just to be my paralegal
Me and Quay tight like a fucking keyhole (that's my dawg, yeah)
Fifteen hundred just to walk on all these creatures

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Fuck up the scenery, killin' the industry, niggas they envy me
Bitches, they diggin' me, know I'm a specialty, I got the recipe
Cook it up in your face like I'm Betty C
I leave the States and they knowin' my melody
Killin' shit, don't give a fuck about sympathy
These bitches dogs, I'm feeding them pedigree
I had the fresh, I was bound to get felonies
I had the raw, had to scale, this the better me
Money keep flowing like I'm in the Medellín
She made that dick disappear like Bermuda
All of my bad bitches they be some cuckoos
Fuckin' your mama, she teach me, she tutor
I had to work my move, had to maneuver
Diamonds by Elliente, bitch it's scuba, don't let if fool you

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