

Galaxy

Quavo

You know, know
You know, know

This the feeling when I get when I cop the Mercedes and I wanna splurge on my lady

Hundred racks and I got it all cash and I came out the trap and they look at me crazy

I'm dripping like I'm finna go to the Met
I hit it and she stole my gallery sweats
In the Maybach, she giving me neck
Get out the car, she looking a mess (Mess)
Look at me, I am the catch
I ask a bitch if she said yes (Yes)
We twenty deep on the island, missing my blood, my dog, my flesh (Flesh)
Working my one, just vibing, never let the next man know what's next (No)
Backend come to my nest, lil' bad bitch wanna be a part of my flex (Flex)

And she know how to handle when stars in the building
And she fuck with the galaxy, stars in the ceiling
When I was broke, I was looking like millions
That's the feeling you get when you pull up and kill 'em

Came from the bando, baby, now I'm backstage
Rehearsing, pregame, baby, call it foreplay
And you better put that shit on 'cause we 'bout to show your face
I let you ride my wave but you gotta love my campaign
Popping what she take
Hope this night be great
Tell 'em it's okay
We won't wear no shades
I wanna see everything, baby, yes, I do wanna see everything
Hit that shit one time now she fan on my dick like a fanpage
She take notes, she don't cry, everything she do is fire
Hair so long down to her thigh
Heard she grouped out, that's a lie

And she know how to handle when stars in the building
And she fuck with the galaxy, stars in the ceiling
When I was broke, I was looking like millions
That's the feeling you get when you pull up and kill 'em

When you killing 'em
Oh, when you killing 'em
Love on me, love on me
Love on me, love on me, baby
Love on me, love on me
Love on me, love on me, baby