

(H2O)

Look

I'm with the treeshas and boppas

I came with the shottas so don't make me air it out (Brrt, bah)

You ain't talkin' money, you ain't talkin' nothin' I care about (Nope)

When I'm in the spot, I make a move (Woo), uh

You better not stand around

Shake it (Shake it), shake it (Shake it), shake it (Shake it)

Clear it out (Woo)

She on my line, runnin' me down

She keep on sayin' she's tired of waitin'

Had to give her some rounds, hosted her down

I beat the pussy, retaliation

I sat down from the blow, she like how I talk

I get her wet from the sound I'm makin'

Hold on, hold on

No, I get her wet from the conversation

We sit 'em down, we pick 'em up

Don't talk to me if it ain't 'bout the gust (Bah)

No, we can't link if you ain't with the sluts

I need a lot, baby, you not enough (Woo)

In the car with six bitches and they lappin' up

Tellin' me 'bout a man and he actin' up

He could get shot or he could get punched with that thing

Wouldn't you want to keep that on the hush?

You all in my phone, you doin' too much

You livin' annoying, I'm movin' 'em up

Only me in the driver, that's two in the front

Feelin' like I got asthma, I move with a pump

Ain't no one-on-ones, you'll get jumped

Her ex was a lame, that nigga a punk (Lame)

Her pops is a bitch, that nigga a chump

Fuck is you smokin'? Nigga, that's wets

If you ain't with that shit, better go in the house

These niggas the same, they owe us some clout

She just did her hair, I can't go in her scalp (Uh)

Hit from the front with her toe in my mouth (Woo)

I don't understand what you talkin' about

Always in the ten near my Louis pouch

She's got the drop, they said they in route

Tell 'em to spin, the shooters is out

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