Index on the trigger
You stacking your paper
I'm rolling my hair up
We get on the liquor
(Nice)

You kicking your feet up I say we are twenty I say this is the life You say it will keep us (Till when)

I'm counting those ounces While my booty bounce You tell me I like it I tell you I love it (Uh)

You pull up your trousers And knocks at the door And you climb out the window I say that you're not here (Huh)

Oh yeah you know I ride and die For you I ride and die For my baby yeah I ride and die I ride and die He knows I ride and die

Don't think they know the truth
(I ride and die 'cause I'm down)
Save their soul
How could they know
How could they know
(I ride and die no doubt)

Don't think they know the truth (I ride and die 'til we're out) Save their soul How could they know
How could they know

Your feet on the peddle We're driving like 60 You lean in and kiss me It makes me feel special (Hehaha)

I'm holding the medal
We drive to the country
I think that you love me 'cause you let me meddle
(Huh)

My mother is calling
She text me a scripture
I tell her I miss her and that I am ballin'

(Woo woo)

She tells me she's praying I don't wanna hear it The way that I'm living don't fit my religion

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How could they know
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Don't think they know the truth (I ride and die 'til we're out)
Save their soul
How could they know
How could they know

I hear sirens while we make love Loud as hell but they don't know (Cliche cliche cliche)

I will hold your heart and your gun
I don't care if they come
No
(Cliche cliche cliche cliche)

Who wants that perfect love story anyway (Anyway anyway anyway anyway)