

Lose Control

Real Boston Richey

Yeah
Yeah, yeah
(Ayo, Flame, how you made this one, man?)
BTM shit, nigga yeah
Uh, ayy

Ridin' with some shit, I let it bust, I might just lose control
Brand-new Supreme 'fit, color somethin' you put up your nose
Stunna heavy yammin', but I can take you where they get it sold
Ayy, ridin' through my hood, you stop, check in like we control the tolls
Used to gettin' shit up out the mud, so I don't want for shit
Call my main thing "baby girl" and all my hoes "bitch"
Got this baddie geeked up off the 'yac just like she Lil Crix
Better arch it right or get from 'round with all that movin' stiff, uh

You would second guess to pay what I be spendin' on a tee
Ain't no limit to this trickin', you could say I'm Master P
All this stuntin', gettin' fly as fuck, I do that casually
Oh, you think that this a game? I swing the stick like playin' Wii
I ain't worried 'bout no broke ho, ain't nothin' to get you built
Last week, I flicked up with a hundred like my name Wilt
You don't know that playin' both sides can damn near get you killed?
I don't listen to T.I., so you won't see me sendin' tips
Wanna see a jit ballin'? Check my 'Gram to sit courtside
BTM the gang, we shake our hands and get our fingers tied
Youngest turnt nigga out the city, they know not to try
She say, "Stunna Man, you is that boy," I said, "You never lied"

Ridin' with some shit, I let it bust, I might just lose control
Brand-new Supreme 'fit, color somethin' you put up your nose
Stunna heavy yammin', but I can take you where they get it sold
Ridin' through my hood, you stop, check in like we control the tolls
Used to gettin' shit up out the mud, so I don't want for shit
Call my main thing "baby girl" and all my hoes "bitch"
Got this baddie geeked up off the 'yac just like she Lil Crix
Better arch it right or get from 'round with all that movin' stiff

Half of these pussy-ass nigga wrong, I came up trappin' marijuana
I don't even fuck with these cap-
ass rap nigga, came up trappin', nigga that's an honor
Disrespectful, bitch play with me, I'ma spit on a bitch like a fuckin' llama
Better go buy the bitch a watch or chain, ain't buyin' no fuckin' bundles
Nigga, I balled the winter, spring, and fall, I ain't waitin' on no fuckin' summer
Might go get my bitch from Miami pregnant and name my baby Summer
Bitch know I like big ol' trucks, I might just come through H2 Hummer
Too piped up, got a hundred thousand cash in the Goyard, on my mama, Richey

Ridin' with some shit, I let it bust, I might just lose control
Brand-new Supreme 'fit, color somethin' you put up your nose
Stunna heavy yammin', but I can take you where they get it sold
Ridin' through my hood, you stop, check in like we control the tolls
Used to gettin' shit up out the mud, so I don't want for shit
Call my main thing "baby girl" and all my hoes "bitch"
Got this baddie geeked up off the 'yac just like she Lil Crix
Better arch it right or get from 'round with all that movin' stiff