

New Wave

Real Boston Richey

Can we go back home?

Go back to my place?

Uh, uh, uh, uh

Mhm

(Damn, Pablo)

Yeah

Can we go back home? Go back to my place?

New wave

Nigga, I'm drippin' tax 'cause I'm the new age

Ho, I'll pipe you up, drip you up in Saint Loewe

But I don't listen, bitch, I only listen to what my funds say

This a Porsche coupe, red guts leakin' on the Broadway

Bring them whores through, bitch, we ain't chillin', this ain't a spa date

I'm gonna avoid you, bitch, you playin' hella games like parlay

I'm tryna warn you, these youngins shoot whenever I say

I'm forever out here trappin' bags

Ridin' fast cars, nigga, I'm out here livin' fast

Fell out with a couple niggas, these days, I'm kind of glad

Cheated on a couple bitches, some days, I want 'em back

'Cause I done did 'em sad

She say that she hate broke bitches, I'm like, "Me too"

The type that play it rich, but you know them bitches be see-through

The type that say they left their card at home, yeah, we onto you

I done piped it up, only rich bitches up in this booth

I done piped it up, now when I slide, it's stars in the roof

He got more than who? Bitch, a rich nigga walked up in this room

Teach you how to be around a rich nigga, bitch, cut that attitude

You could be my queen, never drip you in Alexander, boo

I'ma be your king, type of nigga stay down, boss you up

You know what I did, but on the 'Gram, bae, ain't fuckin' up

You take lil' B back one more time, bae, it won't cost you nothin'

Hitter done popped his top, now when he move, he move cautious, huh?

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Uh, all them times it was hard, I ran it up alone

Uh, every day I'm gone, my mama call my phone

Uh, uh, all these cars I bought, I never got a loan

Uh, uh, all these times we fucked, we never got along

Bitch look like Gabrielle Union, okay, bring it on

None of these bitches can't even fool me, they can't lead me on

I make you mad, then eat that pussy like filet mignon

Bad bitches support me, her nigga hate my songs

Uh, all this shit in my head just like a chromosome

I learnt myself, I burnt my hand when I was home alone

Niggas keep on dyin', pussy bitch, you better keep your chrome

Slippers count, so when you move, be on point 'cause slippers don't

All this shit I did, I'll never tell a nigga some shit I won't
I done seen a nigga get his shit split, don't ask me what I'm on
It's late as fuck, I'm tryna fuck, don't ask me what I'm on
Tryna run another milli' up, you ask, "What Boston on?"
A bitch embarrassin' me, still'll wake up and probably call her phone
A bitch went down on me, swear to God, I ain't have to leave the phone
The feds tappin' in, so when you want it, call my people phone
She put the police on me, that's the only way I'ma leave her 'lone

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