

## Cuffin Season

Red Café

Let's keep that music rolling  
Start the shakedown  
Dj Sour Milk, huuuuuu  
L.A. leakers, who kid, yeah?

These hoes keep calling, I ain't picking up  
I'm getting chicken in Vegas, I ain't pimping up  
All gold, check the barcode

These hoes keep calling, I ain't picking up  
Told these hoes I'll be back around June  
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Better yet I'll change my numbers for the whole winter  
Damn, it's so cold in the fucking winter  
These hoes keep calling, I ain't picking up  
Damn, I'm so cold in the fucking winter  
My niggas doin' numbers, fall in, doing hundreds  
It's so cold in the fucking winter  
These bitches can't lose when they fucking winnin'  
I tell a bitch anything to get her spleen popped  
That's my disclaimer, in case you see a screenshot  
Outfool right, I know these chicks out fonce right  
If you knock out, she record it with her I-Phone  
Chicks wanna be famous  
Ain't nothin' worse than being broke and being famous  
In the club, grab 'em bottles that ain't yours  
Then you IG phose, you hot? That's menopause  
Shallow chick, closet full of LV  
Kanye got gas, and bank account, er'thing  
The club dream on Saturday,  
Ex had his new chick, he told you go that way  
How you gonna fuck his man on spite?  
And do them freak shows on skype  
New album, but my car don't even got keys  
Don't ever tell that to a rat that don't got G's  
Niggas hate and bitches throw cheap shots  
I'm in the CL, smooth, like Pete Rock  
I ain't got worries, I got get money honeys  
And straight stunting girls, playboy bunnies  
Pretty mixed chicas that go both ways  
That one on your buns is mayonnaise