

Lagoon

Rich Brian

I just took a test, it's sounding like my shit go stupid
Lil bitch, I got like 10 percent more left on my to-do list
I rolled by with my old car, it's a coup, his name is Lucas
Mimosa with my old girl, frag grenade, that pussy boomin'
I took that flight and got a big bag, man this shit is so taxin'
I set goals then beat it like Jackson
Black on black, my shirt from PacSun
You not fye, your homie just gassin'
Phone, going through my IG top request
These hoes trippin' like banana peels are raining up and down the road, ah
Pussy bald like Joe Rogan
Take her phone away
That bitch tryna get photos
Driving me loco
Tippin on 44s
Back to the bathroom (Ayyyyy)
Permanent racks
I'm getting my plaques
I'm paying the tax
Your pocket is lighter so we'll never match
No square in my circle
No time for all that

I'm ridin' 'round the city with the mothafuckin' bros, yeah
Driving till the sun is up, that's how it tends to go, yeah
Whippin' cutlass, causing ruckus
But I'm on that visa
Me not fucking with you boys
You actin' like a diva

I'm cuttin' that track and I'm rapping
And getting that bag but I'm missin' that terminal 3
I just quit the pack and the stoges
But if he want the smoke, he could get it like Bella Hadid
I don't do that violence but come at me crazy
I'll Michael B Jordan yo ass (I promise)
My biggest motivation is my dad and some kid saying that shit was trash
I count it, I count it, I count it
Like I cannot sleep
And I'm counting the sheeps on my bed
I miss when the shit I was scared of was eating the seeds and the tree that
would grow on my head
I ain't seen the fam in a couple of months
It's been 22 months that shit's almost 2 years
I promise that when I come back to Jakarta
That y'all gon' be proud of the shit that I built
My neck is a mortgage
She got an iPhone but don't got no storage
550k for the DP
The crib is 4 milli
I'm never gon' drive in no Porsche
Maybe a Tes-la
Ain't got no guns but the wheels automatic
Not boutta drop no bands for no Lambos
The shit is too fast just to sit in some traffic (Ayy, bitch)
Uh
How the fuck you hate and resent me for doing and trying my best, uh

I don't remember your birthday but I know my billing address, uh
Que sera sera, lil bitch
Maybe this life is not fun as you think
I never look at my phone when it ring

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