

Suspects

Rob Stone

Yuh, hit my pinnacle, I'm eatin' up like dinner rolls
Yuh, I'm the friend that's used to fuckin' on your Twitter boo
Damn, keep the swisher too, I roll a wood like what it do
Smash, and I'm runnin' through your fuckin' town with out a roof
My cup be tippin', drippin' but I'm winnin' so it's fuck it
Oops, these bitches didn't get it when I said that if you with it
[?] I'm in it too, my denims too
Eat bubblegums for dinner, too
Think I bumped noggin', got a problem I'ma clear the room
Came out the womb thuggin', I'm a stone cold stunna
Bet a fat bitch love me, gettin' guapa for the burger
Fuck that shit you heard, it's still that nigga slurrin' words up
I could see you check this winner, I could splurge all through the summer
Nigga move, bitch move, nigga move, clear the room
Trippin', paranoia
Hope my mind could stay in order
I don't wanna cause this order, when they try to leak this order
Nigga move

Aye, bitch, I swah swah, I'm with yo' bitch okay
Aye, I told her break it down like Ronald Reagan
Aye, I told her "Lady, hey, now by the way we cannot fuck, I hit my swah with my lemonade"
Aye, she break it down and then I smoke it up
Bitch, I'm lookin' for that cash, no not no double cups
Aye, she tell me "Spooky, give me all your love"
I told her "Bitch, I want no love I want some fuckin' grub"
Cause everywhere I fuckin' go I get a lot of love
And I might be with yo' bitch and yeah she roll my woods
And you cannot live this life, but hoe you wish you could
I was bored all through high school, I never understood
Bitch, pick up ya fuckin' face, I know you wanna look
I'ma pimp out with my squad, bitch, just like how I should
Yeah I get it how I live it, hoe, I'm livin' good
Rich as fuck is comin soon, yeah yo' man hate me too

Aye, aye, swah, swah, swah
Aye, aye, get yo' muthafuckin' swah up
Aye, you ain't swahin', you ain't swahin', bruh
You ain't know 'bout the muthafuckin' swah swah, bruh