

## Pick Your Poison

Rob49

Yeah (Go crazy), uh  
(Whew) You recordin'? (Whew, whew)  
I'm rollin' (Go crazy)  
Cut the vibe to this (Ah, I sure can, go crazy) yeah  
(Known to let that MAC fly just like my nigga Doe, bah, yeah)

You tryna cry in New England or New Orleans? (What you doin'? Yeah)  
Huh, you tryna cry in a Nissan or a 'Rari? (Or that 'Rari car)  
Huh, you tryna cry in G-Shocks or a Carti'? (Or that Carti' watch)  
Yeah, you tryna fuck a boss or your stalker? (What you doin'?)  
Yeah, you tryna fuck a runner or a baller? (Or a baller, bitch)  
Yeah, you tryna be a bum or a boss bitch? (I bet a boss bitch, huh?)  
Huh, you tryna cry on houses or apartments? (I bet them houses, huh?)  
Yeah, you tryna cry in Miami or Milwaukee? (I best [?], huh?)  
Yeah, you tryna cry in Saint Lucia or Saint Thomas? (What you doin'? Yeah)  
Huh, huh, you tryna cry in a Buick or a Barbara's? (Ayy, that Barbara's, yeah)  
You tryna live at home or a coffin? (Pussy, yeah)  
If I was you, pussy, I'd stop that talkin', huh (Hoo)

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh (Yeah, huh, huh, huh)  
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh (Yeah, huh, huh, huh)  
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh (Yeah, huh, huh, huh)  
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh (Yeah, alright, huh, huh)

Yeah, I done counted the green so long, my thumb look just like a fuckin' pickle (Yeah)  
I ain't leavin' the studio, we in Houston, tell [?], "Bring the strippers" (Yeah)  
She tell me she on the game, but I like it, baby, I'll play it with you (Shit)  
She ain't puttin' on no [?], my bitch bossed up in Chanel [?] (Alright)  
Nigga, fuck Comme des Garçons, I can't come cheap, I'm dripped in the Chrome (For real)  
Ten thousand for these Givenchy pants and I can't put this shit back on, nigga (At all)  
I don't get high off weed, when they looked, they had pills in my lungs, yeah (Pills in my lungs)  
I ain't even tryna get killed, still got a pill powder on my tongue (Hoo), yeah (Yeah, yeah)  
My ho so full of anger  
I'm goin' out with my banger  
Maybach backed in at the hanger  
You don't need keys for this bitch to crank up  
Young don dada, Ronald Reagan  
I remember hoes who was tryna play me  
Now I'm sayin', "Who tryna have my baby?" Hoo

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh (Yeah, huh, huh, huh)  
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