

Lean

Robb Bank\$

(I think I might be happy)
Where the roofs?
Roof loose nigga

(Happy)
And the finest of the Actavis

I get it 25-8, still put that dick in her face
If you don't get shoot, you get played
I ate her out in a Wraith
You broke, you pussy and lame
I roast her, you don't get no fades
Fuck nigga look at your tape
I gave her so much dick that she need a break

Clean, clean, I'm only sippin' clean
Nigga sleep, bleed, lookin' like a walkin' dream
In Supreme, 'preme, got your bitch all on a bean
Need a screen, queens, your new boyfriend look like me
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I walk right with rifles, sure
I'm shootin' at vitals, sure
Bitch I am so viral, sure
My mixtape on Tidal, sure
You ain't nobody on Tidal, sure
Bitch I'm at a piano recital, sure
Hey Dooney pass me that lighter, sure
Got two hoes, I can't choose, indecisive, sure
Bitch you know I pull up in the Benz truck
I tell that ho shut the fuck up
She smokin' Flockaveli, Part 1
I put a pill up that bitch butt
I ain't got no roof so I move up
Your bitch is so loose my dick had enough
She choked on that nut, got her stomach pumped
I sold her my [?] but I nip tuck
You a queer but you square, yeah
These niggas puppets, Zatch Bell, yeah
Your funeral is next year
I'm already pickin' out what I'm gonna wear, yeah
And banned me from Carls Square
Still got some socials from Macy's the next day
Read her stomach, see my name
Still at LaQuinta, all day
Nigga you quarter five, he half a five, I'm whole five, rank
Hundred and fifty packs back in the day
Our plug caught a case and got out the next day
Snitch like a bitch and got 'tron on your face
And smoke 301, boy you know that the rank
I wore out my fans when they asked me to break
I go on vacation after my teenage, ay

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