

Over Here

Robb Bank\$

I mean, I ain't fuckin' with no one like that, like heavy, like
Know what I mean?
Come out and play
I still say [?] no nigga
I was just playin' with them
[?] with me and I can't [?] myself, so
I don't really feel like
I don't really feel like I need to fuck with, like, niggas like that on that
level, you feel me?
What?
That's a cap

Y'all niggas ain't gettin' shit, huh
Young nigga gettin' to a check, huh
Whippin' up the baby, no crisp, huh
Walkin' with your ol' lady no hip, huh
Couldn't stay solid, you switched, huh
When you see me, better dump it off the rip
I'ma break the plot down, now we at the end
I'm a break the Glock down and show your ass the lead
Tell 'em nigga, yeah, over here, yeah yeah
Over here, yeah, yeah, over here
We ain't shootin' in the air
Fuck nigga, over here, yeah yeah
Over here, yeah yeah, over here
We ain't shootin' in the air fuck nigga
Gang in here, gang in here, your hoe in here, hoe in here
Bow your head, bow your head, the pope in here, fuck nigga
Where we at? Where we at? Where we is? Where we is?
Give a fuck about what they doin' over there, fuck nigga

Love and affection, you gon' tell me everything that I'm neglectin'
Eat that pussy while I listen, on your IG story in my necklace
Chunk you till you get breathless, bitch try to play me, in your mentions
Keep my gun on me like we Texas, tell you lil' boyfriend don't get reckless
Baby, he should fuck with me, I tote them seeds, I own, no lease
I split my pill down into three ways
Got a hold of me and talk to me
You wanted me, I'm still sneakin' and geekin'
Bentley with the ostrich seats, the Dream Mode jeans
Adjust my seat, and Rick smoke like he from Cali
Nigga I'm a walkin', talkin', poppin' brick
Got hand on my dick, got percocets on a off day

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Yeah, I'm on than a bitch
When it rain these niggas get wet
I'm that nigga, you don't miss
I'ma drop a baby Phone and name his ass Sprint
See me, I'm the Eclipse
I'ma give y'all life to be the King, not the Prince
I'ma burn in hell for the things that I did
You might go to heaven bein' as pussy as you is
Tell 'em that you lookin' at a boss not a rookie
New teeth, yeah, it's a look, bae
Off that adderall when you booked me
I am armed to the teeth like Sasuke
When I go to Tampa Bay, you my roommate
Fuckin' in the front seat, they ain't lookin'
Hand my nine to you, you know where to put it
Yeah, I lied to you, know that brand new bag

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SSET, SSET
DJ Both Legs in the mix
(Hi)
Walkin' on your bitch for the '99 to 2000s
(I miss the way you touch me)
[?] shit, DJ Both Legs ready for my mix
This is a e-e-e-exclusive
(I think I might be)
Grey Honda, move your shit
Don't bump the DJ table
(I miss fucking you)
We're turnin' up, Bold Choice Ballroom, 95 door
(You touch me)
Broward County
(Do you miss me?)
Walk in on your bitch
(Mmhmm)
(Do you miss me?)
Right leg, left leg
It's the real DJ Both Legs
(I love you too)

(Talk to you later)
(Bye)