

# Just Saying

Rod Wave

Ooh

I be runnin' up that check, chasin' the bag  
Niggas think that they got next, I'm on that ass  
Ooh, ayy

I be runnin' up that check, chasin' a bag (Chasin' that bag)  
Niggas think that they got next, I'm on that ass (I'm on that ass)  
Life a bitch with one-sixty on the dash  
Big homie told me, "Woadie spun off 'fore you crash" ('Fore you crash)  
"You livin' a little too fast"  
Feds watchin', [?], and the feds got him  
See, if he come home, it's a damn problem  
'Cause he stuck himself 'cause the feds got you  
You want beef then we headshot him, red dot him, everybody  
She a freak, she for everybody  
She gon' freak for them red bottoms

Ayy, woah-oh (Ayy, ayy)  
Woah-oh (Ayy, ayy)  
And woah-oh (Ayy, ayy)  
And woah-oh-oh, ayy

I can't love her, she for everybody  
It's a shame what they do for them red bottoms  
It's the shame how they play, better headshot him  
It's a shame what they say when the feds pop up  
It's my damn problem, niggas get caught with them narcotics  
I understand that you got the bands, but I ain't see a man beat the fuckin'  
feds since John Gotti  
But I feel that something ain't right  
But I feel, fuck this shit, it's life  
And shawty out in the cold, a nigga since ice  
So I feel you need me in your life  
Niggas hidden rumors, ain't that fuckin' stupid  
Reachin' for my cuban, I'm gon' fuckin' shoot you  
Runnin' up them bands for the future, here go thirty cash, but I fuckin' ble  
w it  
I been runnin' to it, runnin' through it like a athlete  
Jump through your window like a track meet  
I be prayin' to God they don't snatch me

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