

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' blew 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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