

Uber

Roddy Ricch

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Pinnacle at the top

Tryna show you how I ball baby
I be driving foreign cars baby
Bring you shopping at the mall baby
I'm just tryna show you off baby
Wanna shoot you to the stars baby
Wanna shoot you to the stars baby
You are baby
iPhone making money moves
You know I'm tryna make a mil baby
I don't need to pop a silly front
She wanna tell you how I feel baby
Let me know you keep it real baby
When I slide you hold the steel baby
You already know they deal baby
Please don't ever fight the feel baby yeah, yeah

I'm taking her home cause she seem that she don't [?] when I'm flexin
I'm running it up for me and you, don't ask me no questions
A lot of niggas try to hate on me but I'm just running up a bag
Three Jane don't miss a nigga riding up in a Jag
I cannot trust your word I know what you niggas is for
You ain't gotta roll a lease I don't got a minute at all
Smoking that moon and she said he's gon send her tomorrow
Cousin was yesterday, fuck her today then I'm gon fuck ehr lil sister tomorrow

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She be showing me her real colors, yes sometimes I gotta let it go
And sometimes I gotta let her know, change the bag with me baby
She finessing on these bitches got me feeling like I'm a make a pass on the daily
Get the dome put them peas in [?] we going half on a baby
Introduce you to real niggas you can detect that these niggas is lame
And she know that I'm balling she see the gold Cartier on the frame
Rolls Royce without the brain thousand dollar bottle mane
Bet you know how it came
Bitch I do it all for the fortune I don't do it for the fame

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