

Brown skin's all fine
Puerto Rican offline, Cuban shorty all fine
Get your badass with me no left goin' sixteen
Same bag in the trunk
Bitches switch ways now her nigga got it in the trunk
I was for her when you were ready to give her up
I was on it, makin' missions just to pick her up
Floppin', never showing up, she she did religiously
I can't trust a nigga or I treat the friends my enemy
You ain't got sauce like I got sauce (No)
Bitch I got juice, quench your thirst with Ciroc
All the baddies on top don't know what I got
No boy, no man could handle my spot
Think you know right, but I'm changin' a lot
Can't be no Ma, who you knew from the block?
Wait until you got it then your loss

With my instinct
Just following my instinct
Just know that I stay in-sync
Never wrong, anyting or anyting in the South

I'm just following my instinct
Just following my instinct
Just know that I stay in-sync
Never wrong, anyting or anyting in the Southside
Following my...

Hit me up when you get this
Talk to you girl cause you listen (Hey)
I still love you when you're bitchin'
She bite her lips when Tokyo switch positions
You ain't gotta call the Uber when you're with me (Skrt)
She say she miss her Mother, yeah she from Philly
Rocks in your ear, you know I'm wavy (Skrt, skrt)
Yeah, I'm just following my instincts (Ooh)
Yellow stones like I'm simpsons
I'm just following my instincts (Hey)
Yea I'm ballin' like a Piston (Ooh)
Tell me what you wanna do
Yeah, I'm just following my instincts (Hey)
Tell me what you wanna do
Yea I'm in the Six, baby coming' through

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