

411

Ryan Trey

She wanna come to the telly, she wanna fly
She wanna live a little, she wanna party, private island
Wanna be more than friends, she bringin' all her friends, all her friends
Wanna feel live again, she wanna, oh, we outside
Fuck it, let's get her outside

Give her the 4-1-1, give her the 4-1-1, give her the 4
Give her the 4-1-1, give her the 4-1-1
(Load up the spot, load up the spot, her too, uh, her too, brr
Her too, uh, her too, uh, come on, uh, her too, uh, come on, uh)

Yeah, rollin', I'm rollin', I'm rollin', I'm rollin', I'm rollin', I'm rollin',
n', oh, yeah (I'm rollin', oh, yeah)
Rollin', I'm rollin', I don't fly commercial, the G6 went straight to the air
(The G6 went straight to the air)
I'm in L.A. with some sticks from Atlanta, my young niggas ready to crash (Crash)
I crack the seal of that Dirty Diana, she tell me she ready to smash
2019, I was fucked up, I told all my brothers, "Let's go get this cash", yeah
20-2-3, I just buss down my bitch a new business, she got her own bag
Foreign outside, it just got out of service, strawberry guts on the dash, huh
It's her and her friends in the back, yeah
They know what it is when I'm back
Feel like a thief in the night (Yeah)
The hideaway spot, it looks nice (Oh)
Can tell she freak by her sign (Look)
She told me, "Don't open the blinds" (Hey)
The tat' on her neck it says, "Ryan" (Yeah)
The Cartier is 2005 (Yeah)
Don't feed him but keep him alive (Yeah)
She says she with friends, what's the vibe?

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Her too, uh, her too, uh, come on, uh, her too, uh, come on, uh)
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Feeling cold?
Oh, I'm so cold
That's what I thought you may say
Streets say you miss me
Missy, hang on
Streets say you miss me, haha, haha