

Pony Tail

Rylo Rodriguez

(Kasino done told you)

Stuff eleven in the Backwood, VLONE my cologne, yeah
I never drop the addy, make the ho get a room, yeah
I don't like twenties and a lot of niggas dubs, yeah
Blue eyes, she was a cougar, so I know that I'm a cub, yeah
If I can't bring the blicky, fuck the club, I ain't going in
Line up, stick you like a switch-up, tree branch
Tick, tick, tick, that ain't my watch
Pull up new-school, but I'm a dropout
Scary-ass nigga don't hit licks, you just the watch-out
'Fore these rappers change my name to Patek, better watch out
Cannot hear the haters, but I do not got on AirPods
I'ma hit her later, then play her like an iPod
I'm the type of nigga cock the gun, hang up outside
You the type of nigga pass the gun and be like, "I'll drive"
Buy my own jewelry, got tired of hearing, "All rise"
Five Amiris, could've bought the whole rack at Levi's
Where I come from, you niggas glorify racks, ayy
Where I come from, your ho'll go and fuck your dad, ayy
Where I come from the South, nigga got a MAC
Where I'm from they say you rich if you got fifty racks, ayy
Nigga hit your block, don't trip, spin back
The street life real, know a rebel got jacked, ayy
Country boy drove three hours, got taxed
Shit I rap no cap like I don't wear hats

Rubber band the money like a ponytail
Rubber band the money like a ponytail
I rubber band the money like a ponytail
Put the rubber band on money like braids
I'm Fear of God drippin', but them demons drivin'
I'm Fear of God drippin', but them demons drivin', yeah
I'm Fear of God drippin', but them demons drivin'
I blocked her number 'cause her head ain't get the semen out me

Pay for the pussy, it don't matter if the moan real
Ratchet-ass ho tryna fuck for her phone bill
Motor in the trunk, tryna figure if the car hears
Pull up in a orange Hellcat like I'm Garfield
I wrapped them racks up with rubber band, ponytail
All of this bread got her head by my underwear
Wockhardt PT, I mix with an eight of red
I know trappers who go and score more than created players
At the show, niggas better not try, I brought the carbine out
Can't get in with the Glock, I perform in the parking lot
Put a rack on cologne, I just ordered some Baccarat
I flew to the club in the chopper with choppers out
Three in exotic pop, street sweeper, we ain't gotta mop
I talk to the priest, hope my niggas don't cross me out
I talk to the gang, pray I get us all off the block
I don't see how niggas play gangster when they get shot
I know some niggas with war wounds
I be with Dugg, no cartoon
Keep swimmin' I sent her an Uber, it was carpool
Got so many shots, I might go buy some barstools
Ride 'round with fifty like I don't fuck with Ja Rule

Used to DM, they left me on read like Piru
The same hoes wan' give me head, but I'm bool (Bool on that)

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