

Yeah  
Yeah  
Aye  
Okay

Off the wake up, fuck up the make-up  
She ain't want shit, just Marc Jacobs  
Playing with them, okay then, Sega  
All I need one shot, no Kraber  
Aye, yeah, aye, yeah  
Off the wake up, fuck up the make-up  
She ain't want shit, just Marc Jacobs  
Playing with them, okay then, Sega  
All I need one shot, no Kraber  
Aye, yeah, aye, yeah

Make them disconnect, make them DC  
Straight out a comic book, this DC  
Making moves on the board, Ouija  
Laughing to the bank, ke-ke-ke  
And I'm Cole like I'm with CP  
I-D-K why they sleep on me  
Freddy Krueger shit, getting creepy  
And I'm throwing like a fucking QB  
With the migos like it's fucking QC  
Like the clothing brand, we ten deep  
And I'm up like I get no sleep  
These niggas ass like what goes in a seat  
Like a bird beak, they reached their peak  
I been sick like I just caught Zika  
Like it's Rondonumbanine on the speaker  
Call of Duty thermal scope, heat seaker

Fuck it, think I might change up the subject  
Hate you niggas just like Uncle Ruckus  
Finger fuck the money, give it nuggie  
Feeling so damn good, might hit the Dougie  
Like a cup, we in the function mugging  
Jimmy Buckets how a nigga clutching  
Two sticks on me like some crutches, yeah

Off the wake up, fuck up the make-up  
She ain't want shit, just Marc Jacobs  
Playing with them, okay then, Sega  
All I need one shot, no Kraber  
Aye, yeah, aye, yeah  
Off the wake up, fuck up the make-up  
She ain't want shit, just Marc Jacobs  
Playing with them, okay then, Sega  
All I need one shot, no Kraber  
Aye, yeah, aye, yeah