

# Nauseous

Sleepy Hallow

(Great John on the beat, by the way)

Look, I came from the trenches, swear I could've lost it all  
All I ever wanted was baguettes and Audemars  
Know they wonder how I'm winnin', I done took too many losses  
I don't like people, broke bitches make me nauseous

Baby, I got racks, I spend it, I make it back  
This some real rap, no mumble, I'm sayin' facts  
Yeah, all I ever did was drill, steal, and trap  
Been up in the field, you get killed if you lack  
Yeah, shooters on call, we do this shit for practice  
I know they love how I'm drippin', they tryna match it  
All blue hundreds, I'm Crippin', my money matchin'  
Opp get to trippin', we flippin' him like a mattress  
Runnin' through this money, I know you wish you was here, huh  
Go buy some Cartiers just to make it clear  
I know they don't really love me, they switchin' like underwears  
(Nobody listened, now they all wanna hear, look)

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Late nights and my shooters spinnin' 'til they nauseous  
Great white sharks up in the water, you a dolphin  
Them niggas said it's on when they see us, so then we offed 'em  
They fiendin' for clout, but we fiendin' to give 'em coffins  
Every time I'm out, I get money, I do it often (I do it often)  
And they still playin' games, they takin' losses  
I had to go and take all my pain and do some boss shit (Some boss shit)  
A nigga think he touchin' my chain, he must've lost it (Hey)  
I'm doin' better now (Better now)  
Brodie locked, I'm screamin' let him out (let him out)  
Got me feelin' like I let him down  
But we could never drown (Never drown)  
Got it poppin' like the kettle now (Kettle now)  
f\*ck these bitches, I won't settle down  
You know they get around (Get around)  
If you ballin', then you gettin' fouled (Gettin' fouled)  
They be talkin' what we been about  
Ridin' with that (Boom, boom)  
Ridin' with that sit 'em down  
Foreign bitch, I flew her to the towns (To the towns)  
I get big amounts

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