

Ballet

Smino

Niggas be like "Hey what's good smi bruh. I seen your little Soundcloud pack or whatever. Got you some little plays and shit. Little comments and shit. You got you some little fans too. I guess you just doing your little thang, huh? I remember when you was a little nigga." I be like "Bitch! Get off my.. . dick!"

(Yeah) Keep my
Hoes on they toes, all my booches do ballet
(Yeah, yeah)
Dance with the devil, man life just a ballet
(Yeah, yeah)
They recite all my shit, all my shows be a ballad
(Yeah, yeah)
Gotta eat better I need that cheese on my salad, green
(Yeah, yeah)
(Are we done yet? Are we done yet? Are we done yet?)
I been on my wait too long
(Are we done yet? Are we done yet? Are we done yet?)
I been waiting way too long
(Are we done yet? Are we done yet? Are we done yet?)
I don't wanna wait no more
Yeah

This my shit
Every time I walk in, play my shit
Dark Liquor, dark shades, dark ass skin
Bright future so the booches wanna choose up quick
Yeah she want me to poke her mind, she a little freak-a-chu
Shockingly bad, little thang electrocute
(Oh my God, Smi. You like God, Smi!)
Nah, don't call me that
I be where the zombies at, insomniac
'Member sippin' lean in a clean white Pontiac, Bonneville
That's before I lost the weight I had, no Jonah Hill
Running up a lonely hill, feeling like I fell off
Bosses take a L as a lesson, not a real loss
About to spark a L in the elevator, getting real elevated
Make my little bitch feel celebrated
I be all frigid just, bool la rouge
Got a boo right now she tryna Vo Lay Voo coo
Say a say squa

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(Yeah, yeah)
Gotta eat better I need that cheese on my salad, green
(Yeah, yeah)
(Are we done yet? Are we done yet? Are we done yet?)
I been on my wait too long
(Are we done yet? Are we done yet? Are we done yet?)
I been waiting way too long
(Are we there yet? Are we done yet? Are we done yet?)
I don't wanna wait no more

(Yeah) Keep my
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(Yeah, yeah)
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Hoe ain't no sleep, bitch we pull up pallets, uh
Remember cuzzo used to trap out the Galant, naw
Naw, I mean GaLLant
Read and react like I'm Marcus Trufant
I ain't gone stop till I cop off the lot
Press buttons to start, yeah, I crash when I stop (ooh)
Nigga too cool in the Cuban links
Bruh, you cool, nigga you with me
Muhfucka, you through if it's you or me
Yeah I put that stone on her
Hard Rock Cafe took her dome from her
Red Cafe, this a shake down
Got the bitch bussin', got that moan from her
Yeah I had her assed up, face down
This dick ain't free, got a loan from her

I don't want her
Fuck around, gave her ass the wrong number
Nigga been hot all year like a long summer
Bread winning ahead, getting ahead
Give me the head, shawty be cool
Before I take it back like my Force 1s see through
Politicking with a little chicken saying we rude
Fuck the White house, this the ice house, igloo
I see no evil, I never switch up on my people

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I don't wanna wait no more

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I don't wanna wait no more

(Yup yup yup yup, yup yup yup yup)

"Oh, so you're really gon' keep sending me to voicemail like this? Like, for real? I don't understand, like, you f..ing with the wrong one. You keep f..

ing with me, you wanna f..ing lay with me, you wanna play with my head, you wanna do me dead f..ing wrong. But then you don't want to pick up the phone. .. I'm dead-ass never fucking with rappers again, like, all of this fucking talk that you do-like, Smi, you're-honestly, your music is not that good... honestly don't got fucking time, you think I got time to just be f..ing calling you, every f..ing day? Getting sent to f..ing voicemail, like, that is f..ing... but I'ma show you f..ing insane, dead-ass, for real. Bet it up. Call me back though"