Smino

Ballin' out like alopecia Smell the liquor when I'm breathin' Slice the money up like pizza, Jesus, made enough for all my people, yeah Type of shit that make me grin though When ya win be a win for ya kinfolk Watch the ones who don't clap when you touch down Cut 'em off, put they ass in the endzone, yeah Lil' shawty wanna chill with the Zero Only way she rockin' if she knockin' with the boots though Ima beat the shit up in the mirror Get it from the back like a muhfuckin' shoe store Her lil' friend tryna run an interference Got boys sittin' in the other room hearin' Meanwhile my old thing textin' me Why she always gotta question me Pull out the bitch then I blow in her face Last thing I'm worried about is catchin' a baby (I swear) Out the jam like a coupe in traffic Back to the money, make it do gymnastics (huh, woah) Serious, I just been, really been, on my shit, yeah (no) Told her ass, get a grip, I'm just tryna, get a grip My Ciabatta, my bread my prophecies...and I not be on track But my mind be callin' private, I pick up and it's you right there Don't got time to be movin' backwards, fuck nah, I can't think bout that Coz my squad been doin' backflips with the money (flip it, flip it, flip it) Scrollin' through my Motorola makin' plays Hold up, I just came across some paper, wait Sauce drip, laid with pussy, I'm so motivated Cautious with new niggas, they be watchin', waitin' Zero operation, no inaguration, perfect posture, I'm a stand-up nigga Been around the way and I done felt the real ones, I was down and it was jus t us nigga, I To new niggas, I ain't got too much to say (no, no, no, no) Kick it, keep it pushin', swear it's like I skate Fuck y'all mad for, I'm celebratin' Said she pop it, just on occasions Ass like 2 big ol' pillow cases I can't see no future with you (with you) Judgin' by that past behind ya I can kama sutra, super flex ya, fuck ya stupid My roof missin' coupe Laced out, might loosen a tooth Zero my family, my crew I make this shit just for you Serious, I just been, really been, on my shit, yeah Told her ass, get a grip, I'm just tryna, get a grip My Ciabatta, my bread my prophecies...and I not be on track But my mind be callin' private, I pick up and it's you right there Don't got time to be movin' backwards, fuck nah, I can't think bout that Coz my squad been doin' backflips with the money (flip it, flip it, flip it)

Whoa, before you know You'll have everything you wanted And plus a lil' mo', before you know You'll have everything you wanted And plus in lil' mo', before you know You'll get everywhere you wanna be Just keep goin', goin', goin' Just keep goin', goin', goin', my nigga