

Pipe up! Pipe up!
Ooh, Pipe up!
Ooh, Pipe up!
Yah, ayy, ohh
Ayy, ayy, Smokeypurpp!

I don't need no friends I got my pole
I don't need no friends I got my pole
I don't need no friends I got my pole
I don't need no friends I got my pole
I don't need no friends I got my pole

I smash that bitch and then she gotta go
Shootin' out the Phantom, holy ghost
I can't trust no one, can't trust no soul
Call up the plug and I'm gettin' the lean
Yeah you know right I'm a fiend
I'm feenin', I'm feenin' codeine
Someone come give me codeine
Yeah she buggin' on my phone
Why the hell she buggin' on my phone?
Yeah she know the kid a lil' old (Skrt, skrt)
Strapped up, nigga hella poles (yah!)
Yaya! I might pull up on your block
Yaya! I might let this shit pop
I don't need no friends I got my pole
When they put me in that room I never fold
I got Rick Owens all up in my clothes
I got Margielas on my feet, designer on my toes

I don't need no friends I got my pole
I don't need no friends I got my pole
I don't need no friends I got my pole
I don't need no friends I got my pole

Yeah I keep a pole, I can't trust a soul
Yeah we really glow, shoot up on the low
Lil' Smoke could keep a scope
While his bitch up on the stove
I can't do no Xans I don't wanna sleep no more
Only day ones (Ay!) I ain't got no friends (Ay!)
All I count is bands (Ay!) watch me do my dance (Ay!)
They just feeling sauce, I can't get them off (Ay!)
I need green like golf (Ay!) your boy flex so false (Ooh!)
Don't touch on my back (Ay!) you makin' me mad (Ay!)
Got all the racks, smokin' the gas
Servin' the packs, servin' the swag
My belt is from Saks, she call me lil' Swag
Yeah I keep a pole, yeah I keep a pole
I don't need no friends I keep the pole
I don't need no friends I keep the pole
I don't need no friends I keep a pole
I don't need no friends I keep the pole
Hit that bitch then kick her out the door