

Whoa

I got skinnys up on my Glocks, still fit in those
I put a hole in him, now he a walking Cheerio
Type to fuck your bitch inside your house and eat your cereal
He said he a tough guy, turn his bitch into a widow
I'm the type to fuck your bitch and sneak out through the window

You the type to not fuck and start talking to the pillow
I'm the type to walk inside the store and tell 'em "bill those"
You the type to walk inside the store and try to steal clothes

And I keep that Glockie, bitch I'm quick to blow a face off
I got two white bitches topping me, having a face-off
And I keep my 'migos with me, like my name is Takeoff
How the fuck you ballin' and don't got a Ben-10 layout?
I be on my Elon Musk shit, so hard that I'm out in space
Bitch, don't get too cocky, there's hoes in line that want your place

If it sops in here then fuck it, we 'gon let it spray
Them 223s will turn your head into a different shape
I flew the bitch here, fucked her then I flew her back
I might vacuum shit a bitch, and treat her like a pack
You can turn the lights off and my diamonds tell you where I'm at

Run off on me, I'll leave ketchup stains on your back
I fucked her, I passed her, hot potato
Bitch, I'm playing with this money like this shit is Playdoh
I'll knock his head down to his feet, he Mr. Potato
He came looking for a lick, he left with a halo

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