

List

SOB x RBE

She only want a nigga 'cause I'm on
I been clutchin' on this plastic, on this chrome
Only take one call to get him goin'
Young nigga had to learn to make decisions on my own

No it ain't shit, spent plenty on my 'fit
Got a Gleezy on my hip, hold fifty in its clip
S five-fifty, five-fifty on my bitch
Did everything I want, I had to rearrange that list
Aye, had to rearrange that list
Bad mouth since a kid, all I do is talk shit
I remember I was broke, now a young nigga rich
Now a young nigga have it, used to never have shit

Young nigga never had shit
Now a bag on my wrist and a bag on my bitch
Cooks in the whip, yeah that's tack in the whip
Nieman's in the summer, that's a bag on my bitch
Twitter talkin' on the net, nigga we gon' miss that
Y'all don't want a nigga, I'll pull up where yo' crib at
You the type of nigga that'll beg to get your bitch back
So you the type of nigga that'll pay to get your shit back
Cooks in the whip, back to back, I be cloudy
Fours after fours, pourin' up, I be drowsy
Loaf after loaf, OMG I be countin'
Good D' make her smile, back wit' you she be frownin'

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Bitch we dipped up the neck
Fifty in that clip, fifty shots out that TEC
Used to hop on the bus, now I hop on the jet
Switchin' states for that check, young nigga from the Crest
Thirty bands on my wrist, thirty slugs in this clip
Never pay for the pussy, I'm a P, not a trick
Bought the whole fuckin' mall, had to take two trips
Out the pole on a opp, left 'em froze like a glitch
Tats on my face, big Glock on my waist
Bands saved for the lawyer, if I ever catch a case
Benz coup 4matic, every time I lane change
Get the check, fuck fame
SOB gang gang

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