

Skrr

(I miss you, Bryce)

(Ayy yo, is that twoprducers?)

I swear that I'm having no heart for these hoes
I fuck 'em and tell 'em to leave me alone
I'm breaking the bank and I'm living like this every day
And some days, I don't wanna go home
I'm leaving you shitty, I'm showing these bitches no pity
I wanna go straight for the dome
I'm all in your city, if you wanted beef, get up with me
I knock off his head with the chrome
Knock off his head with the chrome
Knock off his head with the chrome (Knock off his head with the)
Rocking designer cologne
Don't want your heart if it's not Chrome
(Huh, yeah, skrr)

You're not about your bread, yeah, I can tell these niggas scared, yeah (Scared of it)

You know me, I'ma go take me a risk, Russian roulette, yeah

Can't wait to put water all over my wrist with the fucking baguettes, yeah

She hitting my DM, said she wanna link, I think you know the rest, yeah (Rest of it)

And how I went up, believe what you want, but I'm getting them blessings

Girl, you better get away with all them feelings, it's gonna get messy

We got two different destinies

Yeah, I know he feeling some way (Woah, okay, okay)

Yeah, I shoot, it come with a snipe, and it came with a scope (Go, brr)

You putting the monkey bullets in the chopper then letting it go

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I'm breaking the bank and I'm living like this every day
And some days, I don't wanna go home (Yeah, this shit crazy)
I'm leaving you shitty, I'm showing these bitches no pity
I wanna go straight for the dome (Hahahaha)
I'm all in your city, if you wanted beef, get up with me
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(I just want you to be gone)

I do not want your heart if it's not Chrome, I only wanna see you gripping t
his pole

She shaking that ass, I double back, I might just touch it if she wanna shak
e it for gold (Shake it for- shake it for gold)

All of the hating, yes, all of that old

And if I say I love you then I really mean that shit, I'm never switching on
you, that's fasho

I'm hanging with demons, I know that you wouldn't believe it, you run up, you
u gonna get smoked (Do-do-do-fa)
My chopper go do-do-do-fa, he don't want no war with the guys
We up up on you, surprise (Okay, okay), we up up on a nigga
Got a ho and she looking model figure, if I let that ho go, I won't even miss her
Helmut Lang jacket from Neiman, nigga, what the fuck did you say? Let me hear you clearer
I get head in the car, I can't even steer, I don't go to no bar, I'm not drinking beer
With my niggas, they sipping that Wock' (Oh yeah), and he might just throw that shit up (Oh yeah)
Said we gotta run this shit up (Oh yeah), twin that money, it never enough
I said that we having the way

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