

(Project, project)
Woah
I get my shooter to hit him
Woah
(Damn, Trgc made that)
(Ayy Woods, light that shit up)
Okay
Okay
Okay
Okay
Okay
Okay
Okay
Okay
Okay

I'm rocking Vetements
I told my shooter to hit him
I told my shooter to take that nigga off 'cause we are not feeling him (No, no)
We are not feeling his energy (No)
I know that his shawty feeling me (No)
The coat, you know she digging it (Yuh)
She wanna go down, she wanna go down, she wanna go down (She wanna go down, yuh)
And I know what these bitches want, yeah
And you know, they run off with your heart
Run off with your heart, run off with your heart
Run off with your heart, run off with your heart

Hey!
Run off with it, she gon' slice you, right down the middle
He got rounds, get him
We draw down, get him
Them niggas really can't fuck with us
I'm on a whole 'nother level, yo
Lil shawty thick as a Chevy truck
I know my bro keep a toolie tucked
You know Faygo keep a toolie tucked
Don't even think about trying us
Or you gon' think about dying
What you gon' do for them diamonds?
Even for that new designer
You lil niggas declinin'

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