

Yeah-ha (Yeah), yeah-ha (Yeah)
Yeah-ha, yeah-ha (Yeah)
Yeah-ha, yeah-ha
Yeah-ha, yeah-ha

Faygo, yeah-ha, that lil' nigga there
She must really be off thirty if she think a nigga care
I ain't nothing like these rap niggas, it ain't even fair
Hittin' on that nigga's mama, huh, grip her by her hair (We love you, Tecca)
No, you can't have the sauce, yeah, I'ma walk it off
Yeah, she like the way I floss, think he above me, nigga, nah
Think he gon' touch me, nigga, nah, no, I ain't ever falling off
Get you disappeared like magic, all it takes is one call

Hitting on your main, I be all up in her drawers
These niggas in my DM wanna do a song
Stay right where you at, bae, I won't be long
It won't stay long, my word is bond (Oh)
Baby, I mix the cup
Niggas in my DM, ain't no cash, no convo'
Rollin' up a 'Wood and it burns real slow
Take it real slow, I don't wanna have to burn you
Baby, I had to swerve you
Now you mad that I curved you
Out late for my niggas livin' life, I ain't got no curfew
Stay away from these bitches, they ain't gon' do nothin' but hurt you
Stay away from them haters, they ain't gon' do nothin' but irk you

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