

POINTERS/ACT UP

SoFaygo

Hey, hey, hey
Rock out with these diamonds
Watch on, perfect timing (Yeah)

Rock out with these diamonds
Watch on, perfect timin'
I can't feel my eyelids
I'm up ain't no reclinin'
Fashion, I'm flashing, I'm blindin' these folks (Yeah)
Bitch I ain't no lame, I know to never trust these hoes (Yeah)
When they see that green they know a nigga tryna go (Yeah)
Bitch I hit that green, they know a nigga tryna score (Yeah)
Every time I hit the scene I pull up with some dough (Yeah)
Diamonds in my fuckin' teeth, got pointers, I got stones
(Yeah)

(Yeah)

I can't feel my legs (Go), I can't feel my head (Go)
Say "she wanna stay" (Stay), bitch called it a day (Day)
Shot my shot, D-Wade (Yeah), she just want the cake (Yeah), yeah
And she just me for these racks, pull up, windows tinted black, told the driver, "Pull 'round back"
Rockstar lifestyle, yeah that's that (Yeah)
Bad bitch, she don't even know how to act (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Runnin' up racks like a nigga run track

Puttin' the keys in the Track' and then I'm going over the map (Yeah, skr)
I couldn't even hate on these niggas, they mention my name in they cap (Yeah)

Rock out with these diamonds
Watch on, perfect timin' (What)
I can't feel my eyelids
I'm up ain't no reclinin'
Fashion, I'm flashing, I'm blindin' these folks (Yeah; Woah)
Bitch I ain't no lame, I know to never trust these hoes (Yeah)
When they see that green they know a nigga tryna go (Yeah)
Bitch I hit that green, they know a nigga tryna score (Yeah)
Every time I hit the scene I pull up with some dough (Yeah)
Diamonds in my fuckin' teeth, got pointers, I got stones
(Yeah)

Go (Yeah)
Go (Yeah)
Go (Yeah)
Go (Yeah)
Go (Yeah)
Go (Yeah)
Go (Yeah)
Go (Yeah)

Okay, we in the field
Making plays for real
I just hopped out of the black truck
I went down now I'm back up
Get off me, back up
Know the money make her act up

And I'm ballin' like a athlete
Runnin' shit up like a track meet (Woah)

Shots like I'm Iverson, oh no we not like them (Yeah)
Worried 'bout none (Yeah), she wanna have fun (Yeah)
Said fuck it we young, last year that wasn't nothin' crazy
Lil' mami you way too enticin' and I'm tryna hit it like Tyson
Watch out, I know where they hidin' as soon as I wake up
Look at my earrings again, yeah, I need my dividend, pay up
I went and scored on the 50, huh, yeah, that was a layup
I wanna know if you're with me, yeah, bitch you gotta say sum'

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And I'm ballin' like a athlete
Runnin' shit up like a track meet (Woah)

Yeah (Do it), yeah (Do it), yeah (Do it)
Yeah (Do it), yeah (Do it)
Yeah, yeah, yeah