

Precision

SoFaygo

(We love you, Tecca)

Flex on all these bitches, black out on these bitches
Racks I count up digits, you never stand on business (Hot)
I never ate at Denny's (Hot), I hate to shop at Lenox
I'm picky with my women, I see bullshit with precision
I know that she gotta be kidding (Yup), I knew that' the route when I hit it
(Yup)
I knew I was not trippin' (Yeah), I knew I was havin to meet (Yeah)
I knew I was gon' be the one (Yeah), I knew I would go to the sun (Yeah)

Got racks on my wrist and they crush (Yeah)
I step in and make a hoe blush (Yeah)
He said he want smoke, he a dutch (Hush)
She said that she good, she a slut (Yeah, go)
D-D-Don't believe it (Yeah, yeah), don't believe it (Yeah, yeah)
Start the whip (Yeah, yeah), crank the demon
Know I been gone for a while but baby I'm holding it down (Ah)
How could you copy the sound when Faygo got so many styles?
Okay I been in my lane, I been in my own isle
You-
you can just give me the bread, I feel like a cash cow (Ah, pow, pow, yeah)

Bitch I'm married to the money like I'm Mitch
I put 5 band' on your fit
My bitch bad and she ain't gotta do no OnlyFans because I'm lit
Sometimes I be rocking Rick, sometimes I be rocking Raf
Sometimes I be in the mix, most days I be in my bag (Woo, pow, woo)
(Woo, pow)

Flex on all these bitches (Yeah), black out on these bitches (Yeah)
Racks I count up digits (Yeah), you never stand on business (Hot)
I never ate at Denny's, I hate to shop at Lenox (Hot)
I'm picky with my women, I see bullshit with precision (She)
I know that she gotta be kidding (Yeah), I knew that' the route when I hit i
t (Yeah)
I knew I was not trippin' (Yeah), I knew I was havin to meet (Yeah)
I knew I was gon' be the one (Yeah), I knew I would go to the sun

Damn, that boy in here booted (Huh)
Damn, she got a big booty (Ha)
Kali Uchis, I'mma stuff my face in her coochie (Huh)
Pour the lean in kombuchy, I put 12 mans out here fuelling shit (Uh, uh)
In Atlanta like Future, got a bad lil' bitch to seduce shit (Uhh)
She wanna lick my private parts, I bought a pill, It's a autobot
I'm feeling geeked, she get down on her knees
I really be out in the mix (Woo), I be at the house by 6 (No)
Instead of lying on your dead (Hit), nigga go get my blick (Yuh)
Why do these niggas be lying to me? They lying like it's a skit
I just went and took a 10, I'm riding in my coupé
If you play with Faygo you can die, I'mma shoot (Pow)
I don't fuck around, I'm gon' tell the truth
Woo (Huh)
Woo (Grah)
Woo
Woo (Pow)

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