

Twelve Twenty Five

SoFaygo

(Ayy, Woods, light that shit up)
(SethInTheKitchen)
(Ronny J, what's up, nigga?)

Golden, I got niggas that'll do something to ya
Holdin', she holdin' on to my love, love
It's funny how the tables turn
It's funny how these bridges burn
Late night creepin', late night creep
I had to realise these niggas ain't nothing like me
Thanking God for these racks 'fore I go to sleep
Why that nigga falling off, he ain't 'bout his business
If I booked this BnB, I'ma put your main ho in it
And the boy can't flex like me, that nigga ain't 'bout his fitness
Ayy, she complaining all the time, she hate the way I'm living
I got tunnel vision, I only got one mission
Why you wanna waste my time? Bitch, get out my mentions
We gonna be alright 'long as you keep your distance
Baby, you look puzzled, I'm not the one you missing
Me and that nigga ain't even in the same division
Put that shit on, when I hit the Gram, I go viral
I feel like I can't trust nobody, I can't lie to you
When them niggas see that you going up, they gon' wanna try you
I can't be nobody but myself, nigga, I don't really like you
I don't really like you
"Do you like getting money?" Baby, is the sky blue?
I just spent two bands on this fucking Rick coat
I'm not tryna brag, I just had to let you know
It's not a game, it's not a game (Woo)

(Zetra)

I gotta handle my business
I gotta go to the dentist, I went and hit Alex to handle my dentures
You niggas never had shit on me, you niggas going out sad like bitches
I got this shit in my kidneys
You niggas fake, I ain't with it
I just been making it happen, you niggas been capping a lot like fitted
And shoutout to my niggas trapping, them niggas been getting it off of the g
riddy
Why you so goddamn loud? A nigga can't even take you serious
Big boy money, I'm serious, I'm tryna rack up and cop me a Urus
Fuck all you niggas, I'm serious, block out the hate like I got no ears
Faygo the man of the year, look how he stand over all of his peers, nigga
You can't have no fear, nigga
Can't be scared out here, nigga
Been getting so much money, might put karats in my ear, nigga
Shooter got Tommy's, no Hilfiger
And shoutout to my real niggas
Talking 'bout steel niggas, for me, they gon' kill niggas
I been in the deep, feel like I ain't gotta tell niggas (For real)
Summer's over, now it's cold

Summer's over, now it's cold, I been losing my control
In a whole different zone, what's really going on?
What he really up to? I don't have no clue
Niggas watching my move, bitch better get in tune

Yeah, do what I do, they know what I does
I got the magical touch, Midas, all of my opps dust
I cannot hype this shit up, this just the process, trust
I'm with the gang, it's up, send shots at them, they bluff
Don't know how you hate and how you envy
I been getting it Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Yeah, question marks like something's missing
Been flexing, no fitness
Yeah, bitch, yeah
Haha, I'm finna bring it back in
Two different visas, Jesus watching me
Gotta watch out for the skeezers, demons all on me
Yeah, fuck all the teachers that didn't believe in me
Now my features is 3X your whole salary
Come through black Rick Owens like it was a tragedy
Yeah, black Rick Owens boots, how can you step on me?
Dress assassin but come in with that fucking melody, yeah
Pushing 'til that fucking tank on E