

I don't get these niggas saying that they looking for love  
If you out here catching feelings, cool, but I'm backing up  
I'm just playin' but a nigga know what he dreaming of  
Nigga that's cheeks, free them like Meek, I need them on me, whassup?

I need that ass, nigga, ain't no other way to get the point across  
You can skip me and grip that loss but my stroke better than Bob Ross  
I need that ass, baby, let me beat both at night and in the morning  
Sunrise nut is so important and your stank ass breath done made me horny

The nigga in me is me  
Songs To Yeet, Soul Glo 3 peat  
Lasting this long, shit's a feat  
It's much harder when you wanna do it properly

Nigga, I'm a plug for the scene  
Pop out with the PGW, know I mean?  
Pop out with a stinky pocket for quick cheese  
Make a fast 40 around the corner, my nigga, please  
Archangel

Doin' estrogen in the back of a Chick-Fil-A  
Ain't know the weather but I know I want some dick today  
She ask me how I shake it and I told her automatic  
Then he broke my back, call that stroke chiropractic  
Black superhero hair twist, bitch, I'm Static  
Slap a politician, now he say he democratic  
Uh, shock to your head and your system  
Don't it shine? Don't it glisten?  
Evil laugh I'm a villain  
Hahahahahahaha

My mans Moneynicca ate some ass in a cornfield  
Or was it pumpkins? Fuck it, dog, it's the same deal  
Told this nigga how I got my whole damn life changed  
Fucked in a Trader Joe's and gave my nigga good brain  
They asked me who to choke and I said yours truly  
Always keep it strapped and I ain't talkin' bout a toolie  
Bitch, I'm 23, take 11, I put 12 in a tree  
Lynch mob shit, bitch I'm cra-

You ever fuck in the back of a U-Haul  
In the early fall, Super Smash Brothers Brawl?  
I beat it up, back shots and all  
Making shordy have to crawl to the window to the wall  
I need that mothafuckin' ass, nigga  
I'll make our stranger status something of the past, nigga  
I ain't afraid of the taste of the crack, nigga  
I'll show you everyone you fucked is fuckin' wack, nigga  
I need the mothafuckin' ass, shordy  
I'll make you wonder if a nigga took a class, shordy  
I'll leave you feeling like a bath with some hash, shordy  
You'll hit your ex just to tell them they was trash, shordy

My nigga Angel with a foot on every neck  
Her ride wait outside while she making niggas beg  
She told me she got bopped off in a gift shop

And I ain't seen nobody look as good in a crop top  
You could say she gave Richmond Ice Cream  
You could say she obsessed with a pipe dream  
You could say she obsessed with a pipe dream  
And we both obsessed with that pipe dream  
And we both obsessed with that pipe...