

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
Hahahahahahahaha

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...