

(I love you, Consent)
(Level)

My girl so bad she'll be a modeling
Demons, demons, get 'em off of me
You want a feat, then pay, can't talk for free
I'm smoking gas and I'm coughing
Big wood, don't care 'bout shit
In that Wraith, baby, not a jeep
Plenty bands, putting on my team
Get that money, I been getting green

Talk on my baby, get fired on
Spark up the wood, say the light off
Yeah, my niggas tote tools, not a fighter
We got them choppers, get sliced off
(Pssh, pssh) Wiped off
I'm still praying for my dawg
Drip drip, they want my sauce
Balling hard, you get crisscrossed
I'ma get my nigga bail
Walk around, got Chanel
I was skipping class, fuck the bell
Driving in your hood like a nail
Running to that bag but you slow like a snail
F-ing up the traffic, I cannot fail
Hop up on the beats, spit heat like it's hell
Baby, yeah, I'm stuck to you like some gel
Maya, yeah, I'm stuck to you like some glue
I got diamonds on me and my crew
Bought a Sprite, pour that shit in my deuce
Black Bimmer, man, I feel like I'm Bruce
In the city, I might take off the roof
Brand new Patek bustdown
New AP and it's bustdown, yeah, yeah

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