

Apes

Summrs

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

Cop a flight to Saint Tropez
I'ma blow that lil rack every day
Used to say that I'm broke now I'ma rub that lil rack in they face
Whole gang shootin' like Klay
Got a band now, yeah, ok
That nigga cappin' you know that you fake
I bring the heat like D Wade
Now they want to hop on my wave
They bite me like a lil snake
Red beam on the Glock finna raid, ye
Turn that hoe to my slave
Chanel I don't rock no Bape, yeah
Don't make me call up them ape's
She stuck on me like some tape
Riding 'round in that Wraith
Nigga, what you got to say?
Fuck is a four I pour the eighth
She want to fuck with me it's too late, woah, yeah
Tell the bank teller ándale
Pull the b-rolls out in Chase
Take a band out just to pay, yeah
I'm off the lean my speech delayed
Crunch a nigga, Frito-Lay
Quit the Juul that shit was gay
Five-star well-done steak
clip bigger than the ape
In a Trackhawk, yeah, it's gone
Don't know why she keep callin' my phone
Prolly because my money so damn long
She want to suck me up, baby, c'mon
Let's go to Beni's eat filet mignon, yeah
I'm finna slide up in the Glowzone
That didn't slide he in the ozone
Money control my life like a fuckin' drone
Yeah, she down she too prone
Balenci puffer got me too warm
Watch my rollie turn into a storm
We got clips bigger longer than a arm
Hoe gon peel the boy like a orange
Hop in that yeern, it's foreign, woah
Yeezy Boost I don't rock Jordan
I'm eating the crab legs in Florence
Ain't 'bout the money then I'm ignoring, yeah
20 pointers I'm scoring, woah
That piston gon sing it's lil chorus, yeah
Crush the Oxy and snort it
Soon as she love me I'ma abort it, woah
New Louis bag 'cause I ran out of storage, yeah
Got too many sons I'ma send 'em to the fucking orphanage