

It's surreal gang Lil bitch a-ha
Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah, woah

Gave you another chance, but you blew that shit again
I be smokin' on cherry pie, so high I can't even land
I just ran off with his (Sack)
That lil nigga was a fan
I might blow this bitch like a fan
And run off with his advance

Come on bro you know you broke
In the McLaren candy coat
I put the red dot on his nose
Clown, I'm takin him as a joke
I'm doin' the tough drugs, hardcore, lil' nigga til' I croak
I'm smokin the juul and I'ma give him smoke
Autumn just pulled up, they got ghost
I'm pressing these lil' niggas just like a remote
And me and my bitch headed to devote
He said that I'm broke I was like nope
I know you see this Prada all on my coat
Subtracting these niggas I don't do no slopes
And my bankroll fat, knot, like a rope
Prada slides, I don't do no Coach
I'm blowing the gas like a referee
Can't fuck with him he not a friend of me
And I'm V-Lone cause I got enemies
I'm fuckin his bitch frequently
I'm rollin the wood yeah easily
I'm breaking it down yeah evenly
And I'm kicking shit yeah peacefully
They stealing my flow they love my frequency
They know I'm they dad, yeah secretly
And my pockets on fat obesity
I'm pushing the coupe illegally
I dress in designer conveniently
I was just in her mouth yeah recently
You kissing that hoe couldn't be me
I'm trynna be on your tv
Smokin' that gas seein 3D
Smokin that gas seeing E.T
I got them shooters like its P.E
I want everything I'm needy
The CLS it's speeding
Jugg that boy guap I'm keeping
She giving brain like she teaching
I'm getting guap 'cause I'm eating

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