

I love you Balmain

Aye, and I got a TIKI on me, If these niggas wanna see me
I be smokin' on tree tree, when I'm smokin' on 3D
Chop- choppa click clack, burn a nigga up, just like a CD
And my diamonds on piss mode, look like they pee, pee
If a nigga want a verse, then he gotta pay a fee, fee
If a nigga want a hip, then It's gon' be a fee, fee
And these Gucci slippers, right on my feet, feet
If a nigga say, "It's up", then It's goin' down (Whew)
Put a red beam on his nose, just like he a clown
Suppressor, on that 30 Glock, It won't make a sound
And my bitch pussy so wet, It feel like I'm finna drown
Call up Autumn, he be pourin' up that lean
Call up Deuce, he got that Glocky with' a beam
If a nigga try us, we gon' put him on the scene
Bitch just text me, I'ma leave her on read
I'ma fuck her tomorrow, I'ma fuck her today
I used to have a lot of friends, but they turned into snakes
I used to have a dime bitch, but she turned out gay
But, when I ran them racks up, she was tryna fuck on me
How the fuck that go?, I be movin' with' the pole
Lil huncho in the back, and he totin' on that pole
And my diamonds moonwalk, and this 30 on go, go, go
I just got some lean and, I'm finna pour, pour, pour
R.I.P. Fredo, but I can't stop bro
Niggas stealin' swag, like they can't stop bro
Hell nah, this ain't mid, this some Gelato
And I walk in this bitch, like I hit the Lotto'