

# Martin & Gina

Summrs

(Exqzt)  
(Brrrr, I just bought a bust down plain for my main)  
(Double R, Bird Bidness)

Bust down plain for my main  
The more money shit they be doing they be lame (Tell 'em Wick)  
I don't care about the timing you be on  
'Cause 9 out of 10 I'm the same  
I'm wit' Wick in this bitch, pray he don't crash the Porsche  
On the highway going insane  
I just do my thang, hop out the range  
The flawless diamonds on my ring  
Yeah, that drank patchin' my pain  
Yeah, I'm not with the Devil  
I'm on a whole new level  
Diggin' that K' like a shovel  
Tote heavy metal, everything I do special  
Oh no, I heard she's a eater  
Sippin' in my wife beater, baddie from Argentina  
Glock wit' a switch, call it Martin and Gina

That Glock wit' a switch, call that Martin and Gina  
That Draco gon' rip him to parts and pieces  
I mix on the mic but I started wit' beats  
Yo' circle get small when you cut off the leeches  
All of my niggas some dog wit' no leashes  
Pussy, don't get double crossed for no reason  
Walk in this bitch, it's just me and my season  
Fallin' in love with the money, and I'mma spend it for the darkest reasons  
He tryna beef over nothing, we sendin' his soul to the darkest regions  
I remember way back, bitches used to leave me in the friendzone  
Now she tryna be my main squeeze, but I'm tryna see what her friends on  
I remember way back it was i8's, 350's, now it's Benzo  
But this one a Maybach, not the C-Class, you already know what we on  
I'm in the A, my niggas throwin' up B's  
Niggas want smoke, come C  
She want the D  
Bitch booted up off the E  
F what you think I'm a G  
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, uh-huh  
Bitch know I'm keeping it P  
Countin' the Q  
We in the RS2  
Shoutout my mama, that's T  
I'm missing you  
Baby, come hop in the V  
It's a W when you with me  
Fuck my X  
Y would I care what you think  
I'm in Florida with all my Z's  
I'm back talkin' that hot shit  
These niggas love to talk that hot shit  
But they never really 'bout shit  
Every time I drop it's some hot shit  
They like, "Damn, who gon' top this?"  
Rino and Wick, who gon' stop this?  
I fly with the birds, my niggas sippin' on syrup



Cup so muddy, It's purple  
Blue tips hurt you  
Aimin' at you, and yo circle  
Told you that switch got 'em nervous  
My niggas purgin', she eat me up get to slurpin'  
She told me she was a virgin  
I got rich as fuck, don't know what I did but it's working  
Now everyday we splurgin', yeah

Yeah, bust down plain for my main  
The more money, shit they be doing, they be lame  
I don't care about the timing you be on  
Cause 9 out of 10, I'm the same  
I'm with Rino, he just put the Maybach in sport  
On the highway going insane  
I just do my thang, I just do my thang

(Exqzt)  
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Glock wit' a switch, call it Martin and Gina (Woah, woah, woah)